

HOMER'S ODYSSEES.  
 Translated according to the Greeke.  
 By Geo. Chapman  
 At mihi q̄ viuo detraxerit inuida Turba  
 Post obitum duplici fauore reddet Honor.



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# TO THE MOST WORTHILY HONO-

RED, MY SINGVLAR

GOOD LORD, ROBERT,

Earle of SOMERSET,

Lord Chamber-

laine, &c.

**H**ave adventured (Right Noble Earle) out of  
my vermost, and ever-vowed service, to your  
Vertues, to entitle their Merits to the Patro-  
nage of Homers English life: whose wishe  
naturall life, the great Macedon would  
haue protected, as the spirit of his Em-  
pire,

That he to his vnmeasur'd mightie Acts,  
Might adde a Fame as vast; and their extracts,  
In fires as bright, and endlesse as the starres,  
His breast might breathe; and thunder out his warres.  
But that great Monarks loue of fame and praise,  
Receiues an enuious Cloud in our foule daies:  
For since our Great ones, cease themselues to do  
Deeds worth their praise; they hold it folly too,  
To feed their praise in others. But what can  
(Of all the gifts that are) be giuen to man,  
More precious then Eternitie and Glorie,  
Singing their praises, in ynclemt storie?  
Which No blacke Day, No Nation, nor no Ages,  
No change of Time, or Fortune, Force, nor Rage,

THE EPISTLE

Shall euer race? All which, the Monarch knew,  
Where *Homer* liu'd entitl'd, would ensue:

*Cuius de gurgite viuo*

Ex Angeli Po-  
litiani Ambra.

*Combibit arcanos datum omnis turba furor, &c.*  
From whose deepe Fount of life, the thirstie rout  
Of Thespian Prophets, haue lien sucking out  
Their sacred rages. And as th'influent stone  
Of Father *Ioues* great and laborious Sonne,  
Lifts high the heauie Iron; and farre implies  
The wide Orbs; that the Needle rectifies,  
In vertuous guide of euery sea-driuen course,  
To all aspiring, his one boundlesse force:  
So from one *Homer*, all the holy fire,  
That euer did the hidden beate inspire  
In each true Muse, came cleerly sparkling downe,  
And must for him, compose one flaming Crowne.

He, at *Ioues* Table set, fills out to vs,  
Cups that repaire Age, sad and ruinous;  
And giues it Built, of an eternall stand,  
With his all-fine-wie *Odyssian* hand  
Shifts Time, and Fate; puts Death in Life's free state;  
And Life doth into Ages propagate.  
He doth in Men, the Gods affects inflame;  
His suell Vertue, blowne by *Praise* and *Fame*.  
And with the high soules, first impulsions driuen,  
Breakes through rude Chaos, Earth, the Seas, and Heauen.  
The Nerues of all things hid in Nature, lie  
Naked before him; all their Harmonie  
Tund to his Accents; that in Beasts breathe Minds;  
What Fowles, what Floods, what Earth, what Aire, what Winds,  
What fires Ethereall; what the Gods conclude  
In all their Counsels, his Muse makes indude  
With varied voices, that euen rocks haue mou'd.  
And yet for all this, (naked Verie loudly)  
Honors without her, he, as abiect, prizes;  
And foolish Fame, deris'd from thence, despises.  
When from the vulgar, taking glorious bound,  
Vp to the Mountaine, where the Muse is crown'd;

He

DEDICATORIE.

He sits and laughs, to see the iaded Rabbie,  
Toile to his hard heights, call accesse vnable. &c.

Thou for Angel  
Politianus, for  
the most part  
translated.

And that your Lordship may in his Face, take view of his Mind: the  
first word of his *Iliads*, is *μῆνιν* wrath: the first word of his *Odysses*,  
and *εἶσα*, Man: contracting in either word, his each workes Proposition. In  
one, Predominant Perturbation; in the other, ouer-ruling Wise-  
dome: in one, the Bodies seruour and fashion of outward Fortitude, to  
all possible height of Heroicall Action; in the other, the Minds inward,  
constant, and vnconquer'd Empire; vnbroken, vnalter'd, with any most  
insolent, and tyrannous infliction. To many most soueraigne praises is this  
Poeme entitl'd; but to that Grace in chiefe, which sets on the Crowne,  
both of Poets and Orators; *πτα μέγα, μεγਾਲος; και τα κληρα καίτος*: that is,  
*Parua magnè dicere; perungata nouè; ieiuna plene*: To speake  
things litle, greatly; things commune, rarely; things barren and emptie,  
fruitfully and fully. The returne of a man into his Countrey, is his whole  
scope and obiect; which, in it selfe, your Lordship may well say, is ieiune  
and fruitlesse enough; affoording nothing feastfull, nothing magnificent.  
And yet euen this, doth the diuine inspiration, render vast, illustrious, and  
of miraculous compofure. And for this (my Lord) is this Poeme pre-  
ferred to his *Iliads*; for therein much magnificence, both of person and  
action, giues great aide to his industrie; but in this, are these helpes, ex-  
ceeding sparing, or nothing; and yet is the Structure so elaborate, and  
pompous, that the poore plaine Ground worke (considered together) may  
seeme the naturall rich wombe to it, and produce it needfully. Much won-  
derd at therefore, is the Censure of *Dionysius Longinus* (a man o-  
therwise affirmed, graue, and of elegant iudgement) comparing *Homer*  
in his *Iliads*, to the Summe rising; in his *Odysses*, to his descent or set-  
ting. Or to the Ocean robd of his esture; many tributorie foulds and  
riuers of excellent ornament, withheld from their obseruance. When this  
his worke so farre exceeds the Ocean, with all his Court and concourse;  
that all his Sea, is onely a seruiceable streame to it. Nor can it be com-  
pared to any One power to be named in nature; being an entirely wel-sorted  
and digested Confluence of all. Where the most solide and graue, is made  
as nimble and fluent, as the most aire and fire; the nimble and fluent, as  
firme and well boundd as the most graue and solid. And (taking all to-  
gether) of so tender impression, and of such Command to the voice of the  
Muse; that they knocke heauen with her breath, and discover their foun-  
dations as low as hell. Nor is this all-comprising Poetic, phantastique,

A 4

or

THE EPISTLE

or meere fiction; but the most material, and doctsmall illations of Truth; both for all manly information of Manners in the yong, all prescription of Justice, and euen Christian pietie, in the most graue and high-gouern'd. To illustrate both which, in both kinds, with all height of expression, the Poet treats both a Bodie and a Soule in them. Wherein, if the Bodie (being the letter, or historie) seemes fictiue, and beyond Possibilitie to bring into Act: the sence then and Allegorie (which is the Soule) is to be sought: which intends a more eminent expresseure of Vertue, for her loueliness, and of Vice for her ugliness, in their seuerall effects; going beyond the life, then any Art within life, can possibly delineate. Why then is Fiction, to this end, so basefull to our true Ignorants? Or why should a poore Chronicler of a Lord Maiors naked Truth, (that peraduenture will last his yeare) include more worth with our moderne wixerds, then Homer for his naked Vlysses, clad in eternall Fiction? But this Proxer Dionysius, and the rest of these graue, and reputeatiuely learned, (that dare undertake for their granities, the headstrong censure of all things; and challenge the vnderstanding of these Toyes in their childhoods: when euen these childish vanities, retaine deepe and most necessarie learning enough in them, to make them children in their ages, and teach them while they liue) are not in these absolutely diuine Infusions, allow'd either voice or relisb: for, Qui Poeticas ad fores accedit, &c. (sayes the Diuine Philosopher) he that knocks at the Gates of the Muses, sine Musarum furore, is neither to be admitted entrie, nor a touch at their Thresholds: his opinion of entrie, ridiculous, and his presumption impious. Nor must Poets themselves (might I a litle insise on these contemptes, not tempting too farre your Lordships Vlyssian patience) presume, to these doores, without the truly genuine, and peculiar induction. There being in Poetic a twofold rapture, (or alienation of soule, as the abovesaid Teacher termes it) one Infania, a disease of the mind, and a meere madnesse, by which the infected is thrust beneath all the degrees of humanitie: & ex homine, Brutum quodammodo redditur: (for which, poore Poetic, in this diseas'd and impostorous age, is so barbarously qualified) the other is, Diuinus furor; by which the found and dimely beatefull, supra hominis naturam erigitur, & in Deum transit. One a perfection directly infused from God: the other an infection, obliquely and degenerately proceeding from man. Of the diuine Furie (my Lord) your Homer hath euer bene, both first and last Instance; being pronounced absolutely, *ἡ ἀριστεύουσα, καὶ τῆς ἀθανάτου θεοῦ ὅμοιωτος*; the most wise and most diuine Poet.

DEDICATORIE.

Poet. Against whom, whoeuer shall open his prophane mouth, may worthily receiue answer, with this of his diuine defender; (Empedocles, Heraclitus, Protagoras, Epichar: &c. being of Homers party) *τῷ ὄντι*. who against such an Armie, and the Generall Homer dares attempt the assault, but he must be reputed ridiculous? And yet against this host, and this invincible Commander, shall we haue euerie Belogne and foole a Leader. The common herd (I assure my self) readie to receiue it on their hornes. Their infected Leaders, Such men, as fideling ride the ambling Muse; Whose saddle is as frequent as the stile. Whose Raptures are in euerie Pageant scene; In euerie Waffall rime, and Dancing greene: When he that writes by any beame of Truth, Must diue as deepe as he; past shallow youth. Truth dwels in Gulphs, whose Deepes hide shades so rich, That Night sits muff'd there, in clouds of pitch: More Darke then Nature made her; and requires (To cleare her tough mists) Heauens great fire of fires, To whom, the Sunne it selfe is but a Beame. For sicke soules then (but rapt in foolish Dreame) To wrestle with these Heau'n-strong mysteries; What madnesse is it? when their light, serues eies That are not worldly, in their least aspect; But truly pure; and aime at Heauen, dire &. Yet these, none like; but what the brazen head Blatters abroad; no sooner borne, but dead.

Holding then in eternal contempt (my Lord) those short-lived Bubbles; eternize your vertue and iudgement with the Grecian Monark; esteeming not as the least of your New-yeares Presents, Homer (three thousand yeares dead) now reui'd, Euen from that dull Death, that in life he liu'd; When none conceited him; none vnderstood, That so much life, in so much death as blood Conueys about it, could mixe. But when Death Drunke vp the bloudie Mist, that humane breath Pourd round about him (Poueritie and Spight, Thickning the haplesse vapor) then Truths light Glimmerd about his Poeme: the pinch't soule,

(Amidst



THE EPISTLE

(Amidst the Mysteries it did enroule)  
 Brake powerfully abroad. And as we see  
 The Sunne all hid in clouds, at length, got free,  
 Through some forc't couert, ouer all the wayes,  
 Neare and beneath him, shootes his vented rayes  
 Farre off; and stickes them in some litle Glade;  
 All woods, fields, riuers, left besides in shade:  
 So your *Apollo*, from that world of light,  
 Closde in his Poems bodie, shot to light  
 Some few forc't Beames, which neare him, were not seene,  
 (As in his life or countrie) Fate and Spleene,  
 Clouding their radiance; which when Death had clear'd;  
 To farre off Regions, his free beames appear'd:  
 In which, all stood and wonderd; struing which,  
 His Birth and Rapture, should in right enrich.

Twelue *Labours* of your *Thessian Hercules*,  
 I now present your Lordship: Do but please  
 To lend Life meanes, till th'other Twelue receaue  
 Equall atchieuement; and let Death then reauce  
 My life now lost in our Patrician Loues,  
 That knocke heads with the herd: in whom there moues  
 One blood, one soule: both drown'd in one set height  
 Of stupid Enuie, and meere popular Spight.  
 Whose loues, with no good, did my least veine fill,  
 And from their hates, I feare as little ill.  
 Their Bounties nourish not, when most they feed,  
 But where there is no Merit, or no Need:  
 Raine into riuers still; and are such showres,  
 As bubbles spring, and ouerflow the flowres.  
 Their worse parts, and worst men, their Best subornes,  
 Like winter Cowes, whose milke runnes to their hornes.  
 And as litigious Clients bookes of Law,  
 Cost infinitely, taste of all the Awe,  
 Bencht in our kingdomes Policie, Pietie, State;  
 Earne all their deepe explorings; satiate  
 All sorts there thrust together by the heart,  
 With thirst of wisedome, spent on either part:

Horrid

DEDICATORIE.

Horrid examples made of Life and Death,  
 From their fine stufte wouen: yet when once the breath  
 Of sentence leaues them, all their worth is drawne  
 As drie as dust; and weares like Cobweb Lawne:  
 So these men set a price vpon their worth,  
 That no man giues, but those that trot it forth,  
 Through Needs foule wayes; feed *Humors*, with all cost,  
 Though *Iudgement* sterues in them: *Roue*: *State* engross  
 (At all Tabacco benches, solemne Tables,  
 Where all that crosse their Enuies, are their fables)  
 In their ranke faction: Shame; and Death approu'd  
 Fit Penance for their Opposites: none lou'd  
 But those that rub them: not a Reason heard,  
 That doth not sooth and glorifie their preferd  
 Bitter Opinions. When, would *Truth* resume  
 The cause to his hands; all would flie in fume  
 Before his sentence; since the innocent mind,  
 Iust God makes good; to whom their worst is wind.  
 For, that I freely all my Thoughts expresse,  
 My Conscience is my Thousand witnesses:  
 And to this stay, my constant Comforts vow;  
 You for the world I haue, or God for you.



Certaine ancient Greeke Epigrammes

Translated.

All fares are drunke up by the fire Sonne;  
And in so much a flame, hee strunke the Moone:  
Homer told a Name, all Names leanes in Death;  
whose splendor dwels, dwells in his own breath.

Another.

Heav'n's fire shall first fall dar'd from his Sphere,  
Grave Night, the light weed of the Day shall weare;  
Fresh streames shall chase the Sea, tough Plowes shall reare  
Her fishie bottoms: Men in long date dead,  
Shall rise, and live before Oblivion shed  
Those still-green leanes shall crowne great Homers head.

Another.

The great Mazonides doth onely write,  
And to him dictates the great God of Light.

Another.

Seven king domes frame, in which should swell the wombe  
That bore great Homer; whom Fame freed from Tombe:  
Argos, Chius, Pylos, Smyrna, Colophon;  
The learn'd Athenian, and Vlyscan Throne.

Another.

Art thou of Chios? Not of Salamin?  
As little was the Smyrnenian thine?  
Nor so, which thou? Not of Colophon?  
Nor any other. Art thou then of none?  
That Fame proclames thee? None. Thy Reason saith  
If I confesse of none, I anger all.

THE FIRST BOOKE  
OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Gods in counsaile sit, to call  
Vlysses from Calypso's thrall;  
And order their high pleasures, thus;  
Gray Pallas, to Telemachus  
(in Ithaca) her way adrest;  
And did her heavenly lims smelt  
In Menta's likeness; that did raigue  
King of the Taphians (in the Maine,  
Whose rough waves weare Leucadia's rime)  
Advising wise Vlysses sonne  
To seek his father; and adreste  
His counse to yong Tantalides  
That govern'd Sparta. Thus much said,  
She shew'd she was Heav'n's marshall Maid,  
And vanish from him. Next to this,  
The Banquet of the wooers is.

Another.

ANON. The Deities sit;  
The Man retir'd;  
Th' Vlyscan wis,  
By Pallas fir'd,

HE Man (O Muse) informe, that many a way,  
Wound with his wisedome to his wished stay.  
That wandred wondrous farre, when, He, the towne  
Of sacred Troy, had sackt, and thiurd downe.  
The cities of a world of nations,  
With all their manners, mindes, and fashions  
He saw and knew. At Sea felt many woes;  
Much care sustaine, to saue from ouerthrowes  
Himselfe, and friends, in their retreat for home.  
But so, their fates, he could not overcome,  
Though much he thirsted it. O men vnwife,  
They perisht by their owne impieties,  
That in their hungers rapine would not thunne  
The Oxen of the loslie-going Sunne:

given him in the first verse: *non bene significans*, Homo cuius ingenium velut per multas, & varias vias, collatum in vltim.

B

Who

The information  
or fashion of an  
absolute man;  
and necessarie  
for fast passage  
through many  
afflictions (ac-  
cording with the  
most sacred I, co-  
ter) to his natu-  
ral haven and  
country, is the  
whole argument  
and scope of this  
epicureal, and  
miserable Po-  
eme. And there-  
fore is the opi-  
nion, that these  
words were  
written by

Who therefore from their eyes, the day bereft  
Of safe returne. These acts in some part left,  
Tell vs, as poets, desired seed of Ioue.

Now all the rest that austere Death out-throve  
At *Troy*: long siege, at home safe anchor'd are,  
Free from the malice both of sea and warre;  
Onely *Vlysses* is denide access  
To wife and home. The Grace of Goddesses  
The reuerend Nymph *Calypso* did detain  
Him in her Caves: past all the race of men,  
Enflam'd to make him her lou'd Lord and Spouse.  
And when the Gods had destin'd that his house,  
Which *Ithaca* on her rough bosome beares,  
(The point of time wrought out by ambient yeares)  
Should be his haven; Contention still extends  
Her enuie to him, euen amongst his friends.  
All Gods tooke pittie on him: onely he  
That girds Earth in the cincture of the sea,  
Diuine *Vlysses* cuer did enuie,  
And made the first port of his birth to flie.

But he him selfe solemnis'd a retreat  
To th' *Aethiops*, farre dislunder'd in their seat;  
(In two parts parted; at the Sunnes descent,  
And vnderneath his golden Orient,  
The first and last of men) reioy their feast  
Of buls and lammes, in Hecatombs addrest:  
At which he sat, giuen ouer to Delight.

The other Gods, in heauens supremest height  
Were all in Councell met: To whom began  
The mightie Father, both of God and man,  
Discourse, inducing matter, that inclind  
To wife *Vlysses*, calling to his mind  
A Faultfull *Agamemnon*, who to death was done,  
By yong *Orestes*, *Agamemnon*'s sonne.  
His memorie to the Immortals then,  
Mou'd Ioue thus deeply: O how fallly, men  
Accuse vs Gods, as authors of their ill,  
When, by the bane their owne bad liues in still,  
They suffer all the miseries of their states,  
Past our inflictions, and beyond their fates.  
As now *Agamemnon*, past his fate, did wed  
The wife of *Agamemnon*; and in dread  
To suffer death him selfe) to thumpe his ill,  
Incurr'd it by the loose bent of his will,  
In slaughtering *Atrides* in retreat.

In slaughtering *Atrides* in retreat.

Diuine, or Deo Which, we foretold him, would fo hardly set

*Agamemnon* pro-  
gress to the  
*Aethiops*.

These verses fol-  
lowing, I am in-  
ferred to inferre,  
(since the words  
they containe,  
differ from all  
other translati-  
ons) lest I be  
thought in erre-  
our of that igno-  
rance that may  
perhaps passe  
my depreuati-  
on, a quorum  
translated in this  
place inculpabi-  
lity made the  
epithete of *Al-  
gizthim*, is from  
the true sense of  
the word, as it is  
here to be under-  
stood, which is  
quite contrary.  
As *Agamemnon* is  
to be expounded  
in some place  
Diuine, or Deo

similitudine in a-  
nother (Ioue after) contrarius Deo. The person to whom the epithete is giuen, giuing reason to distinguish it And so amongst an  
Epithete giuen to *Atlas* instantly following, in one place signifies Mente perniciosus in the next, qui vnucta mente gerit.

To

To his murderous purpose, sending *Mercurie*  
(That slaughterd *Argus*) our confederate spie,  
To giue him this charge: Do not wed his wife,  
Nor murder him; for thou shalt buy his life,  
With ranome of thine owne; imposable on thee  
By his *Orestes*; when, in him shall be  
*Atrides* selfe renewd; and but the prime  
Of youths spring put abroad; in thirst to clime  
His haughtie Fathers throne, by his high acts.  
These words of *Hermes*, wrought not into facts  
*Agizthim* powres; good counsell he despide,  
And to that Good, his ill is sacrifice.

*Pallas* (whose eyes did sparkle like the skies)  
Answerd: O Sire! supream of Deities,  
*Agizthim* past his Fate, and had desert  
To warrant our infliction; and conuert  
May all the paines, such impious men inflict  
On innocent sufferers; to reuenge as strict,  
Their owne hearts eating. But, that *Ithacus*  
(Thus neuer meriting) should suffer thus;  
I deeply suffer. His more pious mind  
Diuides him from these fortunes. Though vnkind  
Is Pietie to him, giuing him a fate,  
More suffering then the most infortunate;  
So long kept friendlesse, in a sea-girt soile,  
Where the seas nauile is a syluane Ile,  
In which the Goddess dwels, that doth deriue  
Her birth from *Atlas*; who, of all aliue,  
The motion and the fashion doth command,  
With his wife mind, whose forces vnderstand  
The inmost deepes and gulfes of all the seas:  
Who (for his skill of things superiour) staves  
The two steepe Columnes that prop earth and heauen.  
His daughter tis, who holds this homelesse-driuen,  
Still mourning with her. Euermore profuse  
Of soft and winning speeces; that abuse  
And make so languishingly, and posselt  
With so remisse a mind; her loued guest  
Manage the action of his way for home.  
Where he (though in affection ouercome)  
In iudgement yet; more longs to fiew his hopes,  
His countries smoke leape from her chimney tops,

express *Vlysses* desire errors, vna to clime, vt sit, qui vix locum inuenire potest ubi consistat. d This is thus transla-  
ted; she rather to express and approve the Allegorie driuen through the whole *Odyssee*. Disciphering the intangling of the wifely  
in his afflictions; and the torments that breed in euery pious minde: to be thereby hindered to arrive so directly as he desires, at the  
proper and onely true natural countrie of euery worthy man, whose haven is heauen: and the next life, to which, this life is but a  
sea, in continuall affyre and vexation. The words occasioning all this, are *uanoas*, *uanoas*; *uanoas* signifying, qui languide, &  
mimo remitto rem aliquam gerit; which being the effect of *Calypso*'s sweet words in *Vlysses*; is here applied passively to his  
owne sufferance of their operation.

*Pallas* to *Iupi-  
ter*.

b In this place  
is *Atlas* giuen  
the Epithete  
*uanoas*, which  
signifies qui vn-  
ucta mente a-  
gitat. here giuen  
him, for the po-  
wer the starres  
hauie in all  
things: For this  
receiues other  
interpretation  
in other places,  
as aboue said,  
c. *uanoas* is  
here turned by  
others, in *infelix*  
in the generall  
collektion: when  
it hath here a  
particular expo-  
sition, applied to  
him.

B 2

And

And death asks in her armes. Yet neuer shall  
Thy lou'd heart be conuerted on his thrall,  
(Austere *Olympus*;) did not euer he,  
In ample *Troy*, thy altars grauise?  
And Grecians Fleete make in thy offerings swim?  
O *Ioue*, why still then burnes thy wrath to him?

The Cloud-assembler answerd: What words stie  
(Bold daughter) from thy Pale of *Iuonice*?  
As if I euer could cast from my care  
Diuine *Vhysses*, who exceeds so farre  
All men in wisdome: and so oft hath giuen  
To all th'Immortals thron'd in ample heauen,  
So great and sacred gifts: But his decrees,  
That holds the earth in with his nimble knees,  
Stand to *Vhysses* longings to extreme,  
For taking from the God-foe *Polypheme*  
His onely eye; a *Cyclop*, that excell'd  
All other *Cyclops*: with whose burthen swell'd  
The Nymph *Theosea*, the diuine increafe  
Of *Phorcis* seed, a great God of the seas,  
She mixt with *Neptune* in his hollow caues,  
And bore this *Cyclop* to that God of waues.  
For whose lost eye, th'Earth-shaker did not kill  
Erring *Vhysses*; but reserues him still  
In life for more death. But vse we our powres,  
And round about vs cast these cares of ours,  
All to discouer how we may preserue  
His wisht retreat; and *Neptune* make forbear  
His sterne eye to him: since no one God can  
In spite of all, preuaile, but gainst a man.

To this, this answer made the gray-eyd Maide:  
Supream of rulers, since so well apaide  
The blessed Gods are all then, now, in thee  
To limit wise *Vhysses* miserie;  
And that you speake, as you refer to me  
Prescription for the meanes, in this fort be  
Their sacred order: let vs now addresse  
With vtmost speed, our swift *Argicides*,  
To tell the Nymph that beares the golden Tresse  
In th'ile *Ogygia*, that tis our will  
She should not stay our lou'd *Vhysses* still;  
But suffer his returne: and then will I  
To *Ithaca*, to make his sonne apply  
His Sires inquest the more; infusing force  
Into his soule, to summon the concourse  
Of curd-head Greekes to counsaile: and deterre  
Each wooer that hath bene the slaughterer  
Of his fat sheepe and crooked-headed beemes,

*Impious to Pallas*  
*e. spous adorn.*  
*val. cultum or*  
*clausum deum:*  
*tionis: which for*  
*the better found*  
*in our language,*  
*is here turned,*  
*Pale of Iuonice.*  
*The teeth being*  
*that rampler or*  
*pale, given vs by*  
*nature in that*  
*part, for vs-*  
*traine and com-*  
*pression of our*  
*speech, till the*  
*imagination, ap-*  
*petite and soule*  
*(that ought to*  
*vale in their ex-*  
*amination, be-*  
*fore their delu-*  
*sion) have giuen*  
*worth by passe to*  
*them. The most*  
*grace and diuine*  
*Power, teaching*  
*showing that not*  
*so much for the*  
*necessarie*  
*showing of our*  
*suffrance, our*  
*teeth are giuen*  
*vs, as for their*  
*flay of our*  
*words, left we*  
*utter them*  
*rashly.*

Calypso.

From

From more wrong to his mother; and then leaues  
Take in such termes, as fit defects so great.  
To *Sparta* then, and *Pylor*, where doth beat  
Bright *Amathus*, the flood and epithere }  
To all that kingdome; my aduice shall send  
The spirit-advanc'd Prince, to the pious end  
Of seeking his lost father, if he may  
Receiue report from Fame, where rests his stay;  
And make, besides, his owne successiue worth,  
Knowne to the world; and set in action forth.

This said, her wing'd shoes to her feete she tied,  
Form'd all of gold, and all eternified;  
That on the round earth, or the sea, sustaind  
Her rauisht substance, swift as gusts of wind.  
Then tooke she her strong Lance, with Steele made keene,  
Great, massie, actiue, that whole hoasts of men  
(Though all Heroes) conquers; if her ire  
Their wrongs inflame, backt by so great a Sire.  
Downe from *Olympus* tops, she headlong dlu'd;  
And swift as thought, in *Ithaca* arriu'd,  
Close at *Vhysses* gates; in whose first court,  
She made her stand; and for her breasts support,  
Leand on her iron Lance: her forme intprest  
With *Mentis* likenesse, come, as being a guest.  
There found she those proud wooers, that were then  
Set on those Oxe-hides that themselves had slaine,  
Before the gates; and all at dice were playing.  
To them the heralds, and the rest obaying,  
Fill'd wine and water; some, still as they plaid;  
And some, for solemne suppers stare, puruaid;  
With porous sponges, cleming tables, seru'd  
With much rich feasts; of which to all they keru'd.

God-like *Telemachus*, amongst them sat,  
Griev'd much in mind; and in his heart begat  
All representment of his absent Sire;  
How (come from far-off parts) his spirits would fire  
With those proud wooers fight, with slaughter parting  
Their bold concourse; and to himselfe conuiering  
The honors they vsurpt, his owne commanding.

In this discourse, he, first, saw *Pallas* standing  
Vnbidden entrie: vp rose, and addrest  
His pace right to her; angrie that a guest  
Should stand so long at gate; and coming neare,  
Her right hand tooke; tooke in his owne, her speare;  
And thus saluted: Grace to your repaire,  
(Fairst guest) your welcome shall be likewise faire.  
Enter, and (hear'd with feast) disclose th'intent  
That caus'd your coming. T his said; first he went,

B 3

And

The preparation  
of Pallas for  
Ithaca.

Pallas like  
Mentis.

And *Pallas* followd. To a roome they came,  
 Steepe, and of state; the Laurel of the Dame,  
 He set against a pillar, vast and high,  
 Amidst a large and bright-kept Armoire,  
 Which was, besides, with woods of Lances grac'd,  
 Of his graue fathers. In a throne, he plac'd  
 The man-turnd Goddess, vnder which was spread  
 A Carpet, rich, and of deucefull thred,  
 A footstool staying her feet; and by her chaine,  
 Another seate (all garnisht wondrous faire,  
 To rest, or sleepe on in the day) he set  
 Farre from the prease of woocers, lest at meate  
 The noise they still made, might offend his guest,  
 Disturbing him at banquet or at rest,  
 Euen to his combat, with that pride of theirs,  
 That kept no noble forme in their affaires.  
 And these he set farre from them, much the rather  
 To question freely of his absent father.

A Table fairely polish't then, was spread,  
 On which a reuerend officer set bread;  
 And other seruitors, all sorts of meate,  
 (Salads, and flesh, such as their haste could get)  
 Seru'd with obsequance in. And then the Sewer,  
 Prow'd water from a great and golden Ewe,  
 That from their hands, t'a silver Caldron ran;  
 Both washt, and seated close, the voicefull man  
 Fetcht cups of gold, and set by them; and round  
 Those cups with wine, with all endeavour crown'd.

Then rush in the rude woocers, themselves plac'd;  
 The heralds water gauc; the maids in haste  
 Seru'd bread from baskets. When, of all prepar'd,  
 And set before them; the bold woocers shad;  
 Their Pages plying their cups, past the rest.  
 But lustie woocers must do more then feast;  
 For now (their hungers and their thirsts allaid)  
 They call'd for songs, and Dances. Those, they said,  
 Were th'ornaments of feast. The herald strait  
 A Harpe, caru'd full of artificial sleight,  
 Thrust into *Phemius* (a leard fingers) hand,  
 Who, till he much was vrg'd, on termes did stand;  
 But after, plaid and sung with all his art.

*Telemachus*, to *Pallas* then (apart,  
 His eare inclining close, that none might heare)  
 In this sort said: My Guest, exceeding deare,  
 Will you not sit incens't, with what I say?  
 These are the cares these men takes feast and play:  
 Which easly they may vie, because they eate,  
 Free, and vnpunisht, of anothers meate.

And

And of a mans, whose white bones wasting lie  
 In some farre region, with th'incessancie  
 Of showres powr'd downe vpon them; lying ashore;  
 Or in the seas washt nak'd. Who, if he wore  
 Those bones with flesh, and life, and industrie;  
 And these, might here in *Ithaca*, set eye  
 On him return'd; they all would wish to be,  
 Either past other, in celeritie  
 Of feete and knees; and not contend t'exceed  
 In golden garments. But his vertues seed  
 The fate of ill death: nor is left to me  
 The least hope of his lifes recouerie;  
 No not, if any of the mortall race  
 Should tell me his returne; the chearfull face  
 Of his return'd day, neuer will appeare.  
 But tell me; and let Truth, your witnesse beare;  
 Who? and from whence you are? what cities birth?  
 What parents? In what vessell set you forth?  
 And with what mariners arriu'd you heret?  
 I cannot thinke you a foote passenger.  
 Recount then to me all; to reach me well,  
 Fit vlage for your worth. And if it fell  
 In chance now first that you thus see vs here;  
 Or that in former passages you were  
 My fathers guest? For many men haue bene  
 Guests to my father. Studious of men,  
 His sociable nature euer was.  
 On him againe, the grey-eyd Maide did passe  
 This kind reply; Ile answer passing true,  
 All thou hast askt: My birth, his honour drew  
 From wife *Anchialus*. The name I beare,  
 Is *Mentus*, the commanding Ilander  
 Of all the *Taphians*, studious in the art  
 Of Nauigation. Hauing toucht this part  
 With ship and mens of purpose to maintaine  
 Course through the darke seas, to other languag'd men.  
 And *Temestis* sustaines the cities name,  
 For which my ship is bound, made knowne by fame,  
 For rich in brasse; which my occasions need;  
 And therefore bring I shining Steele in steed,  
 Which their vse wants; yet makes my vessels freight;  
 That neare a plowd field, rides at anchors weight,  
 Apart this citie, in the harbor call'd  
*Reibrus*, whose waues, with *Neius* woods are wall'd.  
 Thy Sire and I, were euer mutuall guests,  
 At eithers house, still interchanging feasts.  
 I glorie in it. Aske, when thou shalt see  
*Laertes*, th'old *Heret*, these of mee,

*Pallas* to *Telemachus*.

B 4

From

From the beginning. He, men say, no more  
 Visits the Citie, but will needs deplore  
 His sonnes beleu'd losse, in a priuate field,  
 One old maide onely, at his hands to yeeld  
 Fooode to his life, as oft as labour makes  
 His old limbs faint, which though he creepes, he takes  
 Along a fruitfull plaine, set all with vines,  
 Which, husbandman-like (though a King) he prizes.  
 But now I come to be thy fathers guest,  
 I heare he wanders, while these wooers feast.  
 And (as th'Immortals prompt me at this houre)  
 Ile tell thee, out of a propheticke powre,  
 (Not as profest a Prophet, nor cleare seene  
 At all times, what shall after chance to men)  
 What I conceiue, for this time, will be true:  
 The Gods inflictions keepe your Sire from you.  
 Diuine *Phyfes*, yet, abides not dead  
 Abooue earth, nor beneath; nor buried  
 In any seas, (as you did late conceiue)  
 But, with the broad sea sieg'd, is kept alive  
 Within an Ile, by rude and vp-land men,  
 That in his spite, his passage home detaineth.  
 Yet long it shall not be, before he tread  
 His countries deare earth; though solicited,  
 And held from his returne, with iron chaines.  
 For he hath wit to forge a world of traines,  
 And will, of all, be sure to make good one,  
 For his returne, so much relide vpon.  
 But tell me, and be true: Art thou indeed  
 So much <sup>f</sup> a sonne, as to be said the seed  
 Of *Ithacus* himselfe? Exceeding much  
 Thy forehead and faire eyes, at his forme touch:  
 For oftentimes we met, as you and I  
 Meete at this houre, before he did apply  
 His powres for *Troy*. When other Grecian States,  
 In hollow ships were his associates.  
 But since that time, mine eyes could neuer see  
 Renownd *Phyfes*; nor met his with me.  
 The wife *Telemachus* againe replide:  
 You shall withall I know, be satisfide.  
 My mother, certaine, sayes I am his sonne:  
 I know not, nor was euer simply knowne  
 By any child, the sure truth of his Sire.  
 But would my veines had rooke in liuing fire  
 From some man happie, rather then one wife,  
 Whom age might see seiz'd, of what youth made prize.  
 But he, whoeuer of the mortall race  
 Is most vnblest, he holds my fathers place.

*f. quod erat,  
 Tantus filius.  
 Pallastus en-  
 forcing her ques-  
 tion to stirre up  
 the sin the more  
 to the fathers  
 worthinesse.*

*Telemachus to  
 Pallast.*

This

This, since you aske, I answer. She, againe:

The Gods sure did not make the future straine  
 Both of thy race and dayes, obscure to thee,  
 Since thou wert borne so of *Penelope*.  
 The stile may by thy after acts be wonne,  
 Of so great Sire, the high vndoubted sonne.

Say truth in this then: what's this feasting heres?  
 What all this rout? Is all this nuptiall cheare?  
 Or else some friendly banquet made by thee?  
 For here no shots are, where all sharers be.  
 Past measure contumeliously, this crew  
 Fare through thy house; which should th'ingenuous view  
 Of any good or wise man come and find,  
 (Impietie seeing playd in euery kind)  
 He could not but through euery veine be mou'd.

Again *Telemachus*: My guest much lou'd,  
 Since you demand and list these fights so farre,  
 I grant twere fit, a house so regular,  
 Rich, and so faultlesse, once in gouernment,  
 Should still, at all parts, the same forme present,  
 That gaue it glorie, while her Lord was here.  
 But now the Gods, that vs displeasure beare,  
 Haue otherwise appointed; and disgrace  
 My father most, of all the mortall race.  
 For whom I could not mourne so, were he dead,  
 Amongst his fellow Captaines slaughtered  
 By common enemies; or in the hands  
 Of his kind friends, had ended his commands;  
 After he had egregiously bestow'd  
 His powre and order in a warre so vow'd;  
 And to his tombe, all Greekes their grace had dones  
 That to all ages he might leaue his sonne  
 Immortall honor: but now *Harpies* haue  
 Digg'd in their gorges his abhorred graue.  
 Obscure, inglorious, Death hath made his end;  
 And me (for glories) to all griefes contend.  
 Nor shall I any more mourne him alone;  
 The Gods haue given me other cause of mone.  
 For looke how many Optimates remaine  
 In *Samos*, or the shoares *Dulichian*,  
 Shadie *Zacynthus*; or how many beare  
 Rule in the rough browes of this Iland here;  
 So many now, my mother and this house,  
 At all parts make defam'd and ruinous.  
 And she, her hatefull nuptials, nor denies,  
 Nor will dispatch their importunities:  
 Though she beholds them spoile still, as they feast,  
 All my free house yeelds: and the little rest

*Pallast to Tele-  
 machus.*

Of

Of my dead Sire in me, perhaps intend  
 To bring, ere long, to some vntimely end.  
 This *Pallas* sigh'd, and answer'd: O (said she)  
 Absent *Vlysses* is much mist by thee:  
 That on these shamelesse suiters he might lay  
 His wreakfull hands, Should he now come, and stay  
 In thy Courts first gates, arm'd with helme and shield,  
 And two such darts as I haue seene him wield,  
 When first I saw him in our *Taphian* Court,  
 Feasting, and doing his deserts disport,  
 When from *Ephyra* he returned by vs  
 From *Iuu*, sonne to *Centaur Mermerus*,  
 To whom he traueled through the watric dreads,  
 For bane to poison his sharpe arrowes leads,  
 That death, but toucht, caufde; which he would not giue,  
 Because he fear'd, the Gods that euer liue,  
 Would plague such death with death; and yet their feare  
 Was to my fathers bosome not so deare  
 As was thy fathers loue; (for what he sought,  
 My louing father found him, to a thought.)  
 If such as then, *Vlysses* might but meete  
 With these proud wooers; all were at his feete  
 But instant dead men; and their nuptials  
 Would proue as bitter as their dying galls.  
 But these things in the Gods knees are reposed;  
 If his returne shall see with wreake inclosed,  
 These in his house, or he returne no more.  
 And therefore I aduise thee to explore  
 All waies thy selfe, to set these wooers gone;  
 To which end giue me fit attention;  
 To morrow into solemne counsell call  
 The Greeke *Heroes*; and declare to all  
 (The Gods being witnesse) what thy pleasure is:  
 Command to townes of their natiuities,  
 These frontlesse wooers. If thy mothers mind,  
 Stands to her second nuptials, so encline;  
 Returne she to her royall fathers towers,  
 Where th'one of these may wed her, and her dowers  
 Make rich, and such as may consort with grace,  
 So deare a daughter, of so great a race.  
 And thee I warne as well, (if thou as well  
 Wilt heare and follow) take thy best built faile,  
 With twentie owers mann'd, and haste t'enquaine  
 Where the abode is of thy absent Sire;  
 If any can informe thee, or thine care  
 From *Ioue* the fame of his retreat may heare,  
 (For chiefly *Ioue* giues all that honours men).  
 To *Pylus* first be thy address then

To

To god-like *Neilor*. Thence, to *Sparta*, haste  
 To gold-lockt *Menelaus*, who was last  
 Of all the brasse-arm'd Greekes that saild from *Troy*.  
 And trie from both these, if thou canst enioy  
 Newes of thy Sires returne life, any where,  
 Though sad thou sufferst in his search, a yeare.  
 If of his death thou hearst, returne thou home;  
 And to his memorie erect a tombe:  
 Performing parent-rites, of feast and game,  
 Pompous, and such as best may fit his fame;  
 And then thy mother a fit husband giue.  
 These past, consider how thou maist deprive  
 Of worthlesse life, these wooers in thy house;  
 By open force, or proiects ingenious.  
 Things childish fit not thee, th'art so no more:  
 Hast thou not heard, how all men did adore  
 Diuine *Orestes*, after he had slaine  
*Aegisthus*, murdering by a trecherous traine  
 His famous father? Be then (my most lou'd)  
 Valiant and manly; euery way approu'd  
 As great as he. I see thy person fit,  
 Noble thy mind, and excellent thy wit;  
 All giuen thee, so to vse and manage here,  
 That euen past death they may their memories beare.  
 In meane time Ile descend to ship and men;  
 That much expect me. Be obseruant then  
 Of my aduice, and carefull to maintaine  
 In equall acts thy royall fathers raigne.

*Telemachus* replide: You open faire Guest  
 A friends heart, in your speech; as well exprest,  
 As might a father serue t'informe his sonne:  
 All which, sure place haue in my memorie wonne.  
 Abide yet, though your voyage calls away;  
 That hauing bath'd, and dignified your stay  
 With some more honour; you may yet beside,  
 Delight your mind, by being gratified  
 With some rich Present, taken in your way;  
 That, as a Jewell, your respect may lay  
 Vp in your treasure; bestow'd by me,  
 As free friends vse to guests of such degree.

Detaine me not (said she) so much inclinde  
 To haste my voyage. What thy loued minde  
 Commands to giue; at my returne this way,  
 Bestow on me; that I directly may  
 Conuey it home; which (more of price to mee)  
 The more it asks my recompence to thee.

This said, away gray-eyd *Athena* flew,  
 Like to a mounting Larke; and did endue

His

His mind with strength and boldnesse, and much more  
Made him, his father long for, then before.  
And weighing better who his guest might be,  
He stood amaz'd, and thought a Deitie  
Was there descended: to whose will he fram'd  
His powres at all parts; and went, to inflam'd  
Amongst the wooers; who were silent set,  
To heare a Poet sing the sad retreat  
The Greekes perform'd from *Troy*: which was from thence  
Proclaim'd by *Pallas*, paine of her offence.

When which diuine song, was perceiu'd to beare  
That mournfull subiect, by the listning eare  
Of wise *Penelope* (*learius* feed,  
Who from an vpper roome had giu'n it heed)  
Downe the descended by a winding staires;  
Not solely; but the State, in her repaire,  
Two Maides of Honour made. And when this *Queene*  
Of women, stoopt so low, she might be seene  
By all her wooers. In the doore, aloofe  
(Entuing the Hall, grac'd with a goodly rooffe)  
She stood, in shade of gracefull vailes implide  
About her beanties: on her either side,  
Her honor'd women. When, (to teares mou'd) thus  
She chid the sacred Singer: *Paminius*,  
You know a number more of these great deeds,  
Of Gods and men (that are the sacred seeds  
And proper subiects of a Poets song,  
And those due pleasures that to men belong)  
Besides these facts that furnish *Trois* retreat,  
Sing one of those to these, that round your feate

They may with silence sit, and taste their wine:  
But cease this song, that through these eares of mine,  
Conuey deseru'd occasion to my heart  
Of endlesse sorrowes; of which, the desert  
In me, vnmeasur'd is, past all these men;  
So endlesse is the memorie I retaine,  
And so desertfull is that memorie  
Of such a man, as hath a dignitie  
So broad, it spreds it selfe through all the pride  
Of *Greece*, and *Argos*. To the *Queene*, replide  
Inspir'd *Telemachus*: Why thus enuies  
My mother, him that fits & societies  
With so much harmonic, to let him please  
His owne mind, in his will to honor these:  
For these <sup>b</sup> ingenuous, and first sort of men,  
That do immediately from *Ioue* retaine

<sup>g</sup> *epoque* *anthe*.  
Cantor, cuius  
tam arta est fo-  
cietas homini-  
bus,  
h. *anthe*,  
antheus.  
Antheus is an  
Epithete proper  
to Poets: for their  
first finding  
out of Arts and  
documents bend-  
ing to elocution  
and government:  
inspired onely by  
*Ioue*: and are  
here called the  
first of men: since  
first they gave  
rules to manly  
life: and haue  
their informatiō

immediately from *Ioue*: (as *Plato* in *Ion* witnesseth) The word deduced from *anthe* which is taken for him, qui primas tenet aliqui  
in res. And will aduance then be sufficiently express'd with ingenuitate then which, no exposition goes further.

Their

Their singing raptures, are by *Ioue* as well  
Inspir'd with choice, of what their songs impell.  
*Ioue* will is free in it; and therefore theirs;  
Nor is this man to blame, that the repaires  
The Greekes make homeward, sings: for his fresh Muse,  
Men still most celebrate, that sings most newes.

And therefore in his note, your eares employ:  
For, not *Ulysses* onely lost in *Troy*  
The day of his returne; but numbers more,  
The deadly ruines of his fortunes bore.  
Go you then, In; and take your worke in hand;  
Your web, and distaffe, and your maids command  
To plie their fit worke. Words, to men are due,  
And those reprocuing counsels you pursue;  
And most, to me, of all men; since I beare  
The rule of all things, that are manag'd here.  
She went amaz'd away; and in her heart,  
Laid vp the wisedome *Pallas* did impart  
To her lou'd sonne so lately, turn'd againe  
Vp to her chamber; and no more would raigne  
In manly counsels. To her women, she  
Applied her sway; and to the wooers, he  
Began new orders; other spirits bewraid  
Then those, in spite of which, the wooers swaid.  
And (whiles his mothers teares, still wash't her eies,  
Till gray *Minerva* did those teares surpise  
With timely sleepe; and that her woo'rs did roufe  
Rude *Tumult* vp, through all the shade house,  
Dispos'd to sleepe because their widow was)  
*Telemachus*, this new-giuen spirit did passe  
On their old insolence: Ho! you that are  
My mothers wooers! much too high ye beare  
Your petulant spirits: sit; and while ye may  
Enioy me in your banquets: see ye lay  
These loud notes downe; nor do this man the wrong,  
(Because my mother hath dislik't his song)  
To grace her interruption: tis a thing  
Honest, and honour'd too, to heare one sing  
Numbers to like the Gods in elegance,  
As this man flowes in. By the mornes 'first light,  
He call ye all before me, in a Court,  
That I may cleerly banish your resort  
With all your rudenesse, from these roofes of mine.  
Away; and elsewhere in your feasts combine:  
Consume your owne goods, and make mutuall feast  
At eithers house. Or if ye still hold best,  
And for your humors more suffic'd fill,  
To feed, to spoile (because vnpunish'd still)

*Telemachus* in  
new termes  
with the wooers.

1 *anthe*,  
prima luce.

C

On



On other findings: spoile; but here I call  
Th' eternal Gods to witness, if it fall  
In my wish reach once, to be dealing wrecks,  
(By *Ioues* high bountie) these your present checks,  
To what I giue in charge, shall adde more reines  
To my reuenge hereafter: and the paines  
Ye then must suffer, shall passe all your pride,  
Euer to see redrest, or qualifide.

At this, all bit their lips; and did admire  
His words sent from him, with such phrase, and fire:  
Which so much mou'd them; that *Antinous*  
(*Egyptus* sonne) cried out: *Telemachus*!  
The Gods, I thinke, haue rapt thee to this height  
Of elocution; and this great conceit  
Of selfe-abilitie. We all may pray,  
That *Ioue* inuict nor in this kingdomes sway,  
Thy forward forces, which I see put forth  
A hote ambition in thee, for thy birth.

Be not offended, (he replide) if I  
Shall say, I would assume this empirie,  
If *Ioue* gaue leaue. You are not he that singe;  
The rule of kingdoms is the worst of things.

Nor is it ill, at all, to sway a throne:  
A man may quickly gaine possession  
Of mightie riches; make a wondrous prize  
Set of his vertues; but the dignities  
That decke a King, there are enough beside  
In this circumfluous Ile, that want no pride  
To thinke them worthy of; as yong as I,  
And old as you are. An ascent so hie,  
My thoughts affect not: dead is he that held  
Desert of vertue to haue so exceld.  
But of these turrets, I will take on me  
To be the absolute King; and reigne as free  
As did my father, ouer all, his hand  
Left here, in this house, slaues to my command.

*Eurychus*, the sonne of *Polybus*,  
To this, made this reply: *Telemachus*!  
The Girland of this kingdom, let the knees  
Of deitie runne for: but the faculties,  
This house is leas'd of, and the turrets here,  
Thou shalt be Lord of; nor shall any beane  
The least part of, of all thou doest possesse,  
As long as this land is no wilderness,  
Nor rul'd by out-lawes). But giue these their passe,  
And tell me (best of Princes) who he was

From this answer  
of Telemachus  
because it hath  
sodain a change  
and is so farre  
deuotely by late  
height of heat  
altering or com-  
pe. for so climan-  
dingly his affe-  
ctions I thought  
not amisse to in-  
sert here: sponda-  
nus further An-  
notation, which  
is this: Pruden-  
te Telemachus  
ioco, furor em  
Antinoi ac alpe-  
ritate emollit  
Nam ita dicti  
Illius interpreta-  
tur ut exilime-  
tur consere io-  
cole illa etiam  
ab Antinoi ad-  
uersum se pro-  
nunciata. Et pri-  
mum ironice se  
Regem esse ex-  
copiat propter  
commoda que  
Reges solent  
comitari. Ne ta-  
men inuidiam  
in se ambitionis  
e-necitet testa-  
tur se regnum  
libere non am-  
bare, mortuo Vlyse, cum id alijs possidere queat: se longe praestantiores ac digniores hoc vnum ait, se moliri, ut proprium  
adum & bonorum solus sit dominus, ijs exclusis ac excelsis, qui vi illa occupare ac dispendere conantur.

That

That guested here so late: from whence? and what  
In any region boasted he his state?  
His race? his countrie? Brought he any newes  
Of thy returning Father? Or for dues  
Of moneys to him, made he fit repaire?  
How sodainly he ruht into the aire?  
Nor would sustaine to stay, and make him knowne?  
His Port shewd no debauch companion,

He answerd: Thereturne of my lou'd Sire,  
Is past all hope; and should rude Fame inspire  
From any place, a flattring messenger,  
With newes of his suriuall, he should beare  
No least belife off, from my desperate loue.  
Which if a sacred Prophet should approue,  
(Cald by my mother for her cares vnrest)  
It should not moue me. For my late faire guest,  
He was of old my Fathers: touching here  
From Sea-girt *Taphos*; and for name doth beare  
*Mentus*; the sonne of wife *Anchialus*;  
And gouernes all the *Taphians*, studious  
Of Navigation. This he said: but knew  
It was a Goddesse. These againe withdrew  
To dances, and attraction of the song.  
And while their pleasures did the time prolong,  
The fable Euen descended; and did steepe  
The lids of all men in desire of sleepe.

*Telemachus*, into a roome built hie,  
Of his illustrious Court; and to the eie  
Of circular prospect; to his bed ascended;  
And in his mind, much weightie thought contendd.  
Before him, *Eurycles* (that well knew  
All the obseruance of a handmaids due,  
Daughter to *Opis Pyfenorides*)  
Bore two bright torches. Who did so much please  
*Laertes* in her prime; that for the price  
Of twentie Oxen, he made merchandize  
Of her rare beauties; and Loues equal flame  
To her he felt, as to his nuptiall Dame.  
Yet neuer durst he mixe with her in bed;  
So much the anger of his wife he fled.  
She, now growne old, to yong *Telemachus*  
Two torches bore; and was obsequious,  
Past all his other maids; and did apply  
Her seruice to him, from his infancie.  
His wel-built chamber, reacht; she op't the dores,  
He, on his bed sat. The soft weeds he wore,  
Put off; and to the diligent old maid  
Gaue all, who sitly all in thicke folds laid,

C 2

And

And hung them on a beame-pin neare the bed;  
That round about was rich embroidered.  
Then made she haste forth from him, and did bring  
The doore together with a silver ring;  
And by a string, a barre to it did pull.  
He laid, and couerd well with curled wooll,  
Wouen in filke quilts: all night employd his minde  
About the taske that *Pallas* had design'd.

*Finis libri primi Hom. Odysf.*

THE



## THE SECOND BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGUMENT.

**T**elemaachus to Court doth call  
The wooers; and commands them all  
To leaue his house: and, taking then  
From wise Minerua, ship and men;  
And all things fit for him beside,  
That Euryclæa could prouide  
For sea-rites, till he found his Sire;  
He hoist: saile, when heauen stoopes his fire.

Another.

*Bala.* The old Maids store  
The voyage cheres;  
The ship leaues shore,  
Minerua steres.

**N**ow when with rose fingers, th'early borne,  
And, throwne through all the aire, appear'd the morne,  
*Ulysses* lou'd sonne from his bed appeard;  
His weeds put on; and did about him gird  
His sword, that thwart his shoulders hung; and tied  
To his faire feete, faire shooes; and all parts plied  
For speedie readinesse; who when he trod  
The open earth, to men, shewd like a God.

The Heralds then, he strait charg'd to confor  
The curld-head Greekes, with lowd calls to a Court.  
They summon'd; th'other came, in vntost haste;  
Who, all assembl'd, and in one heape plac't;  
He likewise came to counsell; and did beare  
In his faire hand, his iron-headed spear:  
Nor came alone; nor with men troopes prepar'd;  
But two fleet dogs, made, both his traine, and Guard.  
*Pallas* supplied with her high wisedomes grace,  
(That all mens wants supplies) *Stases* painted face.  
His entring presence, all men did admire;  
Who tooke seate in the high throne of his Sire;  
To which the graue Peeres gaue him reuerend way.  
Amongst whom, an *Egyptian Heros*,  
(Crooked with age, and full of skill) begun  
The speech to all. Who had a loued sonne,  
That with diuine *Ulysses* did ascend  
His hollow fleet to *Troy*: to serue which end,

C 3

*The Greekes; cal-  
led to counsell  
by Telemaachus.*

He

He kept faire horse, and was a man at Armes;  
 And in the cruell Cyclops steme alarmes,  
 His life lost by him, in his hollow caue;  
 Whole entrailes open'd his abhorred graue;  
 And made of him (of all *Vlysses* traine)  
 His latest supper, being latest staine.  
 His name was *Antiphus*. And this old man,  
 This crooked growne; this wife *Egyptian*,  
 Had three sonnes more; of which, one riotous,  
 A wooer was, and call'd *Eurydamus*;  
 The other two, tooke both, his owne wisht course.  
 Yet, both the best fates, weigh'd not downe the worse;  
 But left the old man mindfull still of monie;  
 Who, weeping, thus bespake the Scellion:

Heare, *Ithacensis*, all I fityly say;  
 Since our diuine *Vlysses* parting day  
 Neuer was counsell call'd, nor scellion;  
 And now, by whom is this thus vndergone?  
 Whom did Necessitie so much compell,  
 Of yong or old? Hath any one heard tell  
 Of any coming armie; that he thus now  
 May openly take boldnesse to arowe?  
 First hauing heard it. Or will any here  
 Some motion for the publicke good preferre?  
 Some worth of note there is in this command;  
 And, me thinkes, it must be some good mans hand  
 That's put to it: that either hath direct  
 Meanes to assist; or, for his good affect,  
 Hopes to be happie in the prooffe he makes;  
 And that, *Ioue* grant, what ere he vndertakes.

*Telemachus* (reioycing much to heare  
 The good hope, and opinion men did beare  
 Of his yong actions) no longer sat;  
 But long'd to approue, what this man pointed at;  
 And make his first prooffe, in a cause so good:  
 And in the Councels chiefe place, vp he stood;  
 When strait, *Pyfenor* (Herald to his Sire,  
 And leard in counsels) felt his heart on fire,  
 To heare him speake; and put into his hand  
 The Scepter that his Father did command;  
 Then (to the old *Egyptian* turn'd) he spoke:  
 Father, not farre he is, that vndertooke  
 To call this counsell; whom you soone shall know.  
 My selfe, whose wrongs, my griefes will make me shew,  
 Am he that author'd this assembly here;  
 Nor haue I heard of any armie neare;  
 Of which, being first told, I might iterate;  
 Nor for the publicke good, can aught, relate;

*Telemachus pro-  
 poseth his estate  
 to the Greekes.*

Only

Onely mine owne affaires all this procure,  
 That in my house a double ill endure;  
 One, hauing lost a Father so renown'd,  
 Whose kind rule once, with your command was crown'd;  
 The other is, what much more doth augment  
 His weightie losse, the ruine imminent  
 Of all my house by it, my goods all spent.  
 And of all this, the wooers, that are sonnes  
 To our chiefe Peeres, are the Confusions:  
 Importuning my Mothers mariage  
 Against her will; nor dares their blouds bold rage  
 Go to *Icarus*, her fathers Court,  
 That, his will askt, in kind and comely sort,  
 He may endow his daughter with a dowre;  
 And, she consenting, at his pleasures powre,  
 Dispose her to a man, that (thus behau'd)  
 May haue fit grace; and see her honor sau'd;  
 But these, in none but my house, all their liues  
 Resolue to spend; slaughtring my sheepe and beecus;  
 And with my fattest goates, lay feast on feast;  
 My generous wine, consuming as they lift.  
 A world of things they spoile; here wanting one,  
 That like *Vlysses*, quickly, could set gone  
 These peace-plagues from his house, that spoile like warre.  
 Whom my powres are vnfit, to vrge so farre,  
 My selfe immartiall. But had I the powre,  
 My will should serue me, to exempt this houre  
 From out my life time. For past patience,  
 Base deeds are done here, that exceed defence  
 Of any honor. Falling is my house,  
 Which you should shame to see so ruinous.  
 Reuerence the censures, that all good men giue,  
 That dwell about you; and for feare to liue  
 Expolde to heauens wrath (that doth euer pay  
 Paines, for ioyes forfait) euen by *Ioue* I pray  
 Or *Themis*; both which, powres haue to restraine  
 Orgather Councels; that ye will abstaine  
 From further spoile; and let me onely waste  
 In that most wretched griefe I haue embrac't  
 For my lost Father. And though I am free  
 From meriting your outrage; yet, if he  
 (Good man) hath euer, with a hostile heart  
 Done ill to any Greeke; on me conuert  
 Your like hostilitie; and vengeance take  
 Of his ill, on my life; and all these, make  
 Ioyne in that iustice; but to see abuse,  
 Those goods that do none ill, but being ill vsde,  
 Exceeds all right. Yet better tis for me,

C 4

My

My whole possessions, and my rents to see  
 Consum'd by you; then lose my life and all;  
 For on your rapine a reuenge may fall,  
 While I live, and so long I may complain  
 About the Citie; till my goods againe  
 (Oft askt) may be with all amends repaid.  
 But in the meane space, your mis-rule hath laid  
 Griefes on my bosome, that can onely speake,  
 And are denied the instant powre of wreake.

This said, his Scepter gainst the ground he threw,  
 And teares still'd from him; which moud all the crew:  
 The Court strooke silent; nor a man did dare  
 To giue a word, that might offend his care.

*Antinous* onely, in this sort replied:

High-spoken, and of spirit vn pacified;  
 How haue you sham'd vs, in this speech of yours?  
 Will you brand vs, for an offence not ours?  
 Your mother (first in craft) is first in cause.  
 Three yeares are past, and neare, the fourth now drawes,  
 Since first she mocked the Peeres *Achaian*.  
 All, she made hope, and promist euery man:  
 Sent for vs euer; left loues shew in nought;  
 But in her heart, conceald another thought.  
 Besides, (as curious in her craft) her loorne  
 She with a web charg'd, hard to ouercome;

And thus bespake vs: Youths that seeke my bed;  
 Since my diuine Spouse rests among the dead,  
 Hold on your suites, but till I end, at most  
 This funerall weed; lest what is done, be lost.  
 Besides, I purpose, that when th'austere fate  
 Of bitter death, shall take into his state,  
*Laertes* the *Heroe*; it shall decke  
 His royall corse; since I should suffer checke  
 In ill report, of euery common dame,  
 If one so rich, should shew in death his shame.  
 This speech she vsde; and this did soone perswade  
 Our gentle mindes. But this, a worke she made  
 So hugely long; vndoing still in night  
 (By torches) all, she did by dayes broade light;

That three yeares her deceit, diu'd past our view;  
 And made vs thinke, that all she said, was true.  
 But when the fourth yeare came; and those sicke houres,  
 That still surpris at length, Dames craftiest powres;  
 One of her women, that knew all, disclosde  
 The secret to vs; that she still vnlosde  
 Her whole daies faire affaire, in depth of night.  
 And then, no further she could force her sleight,  
 But, of necessitie, her worke gaue end.

*Antinous to Telemachus.*

*The wife of Penelope to her woovers.*

*Telem Penelope, retexere, Prouerbiū.*

And

And thus, by me, doth euery other friend,  
 Professing loue to her, reply to thee;  
 That euen thy selfe, and all Grecks else may see;  
 That we offend not in our stay, but thee. }  
 To free thy house then, send her to her Sire;  
 Commanding that her choice be left entire  
 To his election, and one sett'd will.  
 Nor let her vex with her illusions still,  
 Her friends that woo her; standing on her wit;  
 Because wife *Pallas* hath giuen wiles to it,  
 So full of Art; and made her vnderstand  
 All workes, in faire skill of a Ladies hand.  
 But (for her working mind) we reade of none  
 Of all the old world; in which *Greece* hath showne  
 Her rarest peeces, that could equal her:

*Tyro*, *Alcmena*, and *Myceua* were  
 To hold comparison in no degree  
 (For solide braine) with wife *Penelope*.  
 And yet in her delays of vs, she shoues  
 No profits skill, with all the wit she owes;  
 For all this time, thy goods and victuals go  
 To viter ruine, and shall euer so  
 While thus the Gods, her glorious mind dispose.  
 Glorie, her selfe may gaine; but thou shalt lose  
 Thy longings euen for necessary food;  
 For we will neuer go, where lies our good;  
 Nor any other where; till this delay  
 She puts on all, she quits with th'endlesse stay  
 Of some one of vs; that to all the rest  
 May giue free farewell with his nuptiall feast.

The wife yong Prince replide: *Antinous*!  
 I may by no meanes turne out of my house;  
 Her that hath brought me forth, and nourisht me.  
 Besides, if quicke or dead my Father be  
 In any region, yet abides in doubt;  
 And twill go hard, (my meanes being so runne out)  
 To tender to *Scarius* againe  
 (If he againe, my mother must maintaine  
 In her retreat) the dowre she brought with her.  
 And then, a double ill it will conserue,  
 Both from my Father, and from God, on me;  
 When (thrust out of her house) on her bent knee,  
 My Mother shall the horrid Furies raise  
 With imprecations: and all men dispraise  
 My part in her exposure. Neuer then  
 Will I performe this counsell. If your spleene  
 Swell at my courtes; once more I command  
 Your absence from my house. Some others hand

*Telemachus to Antinous.*

Charge

Charge with your barquers. On your owne goods cate;  
And either other mutually intrate,  
At either of your houses, with your feast.  
But if ye still esteeme more sweete and best,  
Anothers spoile; so you still wreakelesse liue:  
Gnaw (vermine-like) things sacred: no lawes giue  
To your deuouring; it remains that I  
Inuoke each euer-living Deitie;  
And vow if *Ioue* shall daigne in any date,  
Powre of like paines, for pleasures so past rate;  
From thenceforth looke, where ye haue reueld so,  
Vnwreakt, your ruines, all shall vndergo.

Augurium

Thus spake *Telemachus*, t'assure whose threat,  
Farte-seeing *Ioue*, vpon their pinions set  
Two Eagles from the high browes of a hill,  
That, mounted on the winds, together still  
Their strokes extended. But arriuing now  
Amidst the Councell, ouer euery brow,  
Shooke their thicke wings; and (threatning deaths cold feares)  
Their neckes and cheekes tore with their eager Seres.  
Then, on the Courts right-hand away they flew,  
About both Court and Citie: with whose view  
And studie what euents they might forestill,  
The Councell into admiration fell.  
The old *Herse*, *Halistherfes* then,  
The sonne of *Nestor*; that of all old men  
(His Peeres in that Court) onely could foresee  
By sight of fowles, mans fixed destinie;  
Twixt them and their amaze, this interposide:

Halistherfes an  
Augur.

Hearc (*Ithacensians*) all your doubts discolde;  
The wooers most are toucht in this offence,  
To whom are dangers great and imminent.  
For now, not long more shall *Ulysses* beare  
Lacke of his most lou'd; but firs some place neare,  
Addresseing to these wooers, Fate and Death.  
And many more, this mischiefe menaceth  
Of vs inhabiting this famous Ile.  
Let vs consult yet, in this long forewhile,  
How to our selues we may preuent this ill.  
Let these men rest secure, and reuell still:  
Though they might find it safer, if with vs  
They would in time preuent what threats them thus:  
Since not without sure triall, I foretell  
These coming stormes; but know their illue well.  
For to *Ulysses*, all things haue euent,  
As I foretold him; when for *Uliou* went  
The whole Greeke flecte together; and with them,  
Th'abundant in all counsels, tooke the streame.

I told

I told him, that when much ill he had past,  
And all his men were lost; he should at last,  
The twentieth yeare turne home; to all vnknowne;  
All which effects are to perfection growne.

*Eurymachus*, the sonne of *Polybus*,  
Oppoide this mans preface, and answerd thus:  
Hence, Great in yeares; go, prophecie at home;  
Thy children teach to shun their ils to come.  
In these, superiour farre to thee, am I.  
A world of fowles beneath the Sunne-beames flie.  
That are not fit t'enforme a prophecie.  
Besides, *Ulysses* perisht long ago,  
And would thy fates to thee had destin'd so;  
Since so, thy so much prophecie had spar'd  
Thy wronging of our rights; which for reward  
Expect. I, home with thee, hath summon'd vs  
Within the anger of *Telemachus*.

Eurymachus en-  
cesps against the  
prophecie.

But this will I preface, which shall be true,  
If any sparke of anger, chance t'ensue  
Thy much old art, in these deepe Auguries,  
In this yong man: incensed by thy lies;  
Euen to himselfe, his anger shall confere  
The greater anguish; and thine owne ends erre  
From all their objects: and besides, thine age  
Shall feele a paine, to make thee curse preface,  
With worthy cause, for it shall touch thee neare.  
But I will soone giue end to all our feare,  
Preuenting what (euere chance can fall,  
In my suite to the yong Prince, for vs all  
To send his mother to her fathers house,  
That he may fort her out a worthy spouse;  
And such a dowre bestow, as may best  
One lou'd, to leaue her friends, and follow it.  
Before which course be, I beleue that none  
Of all the Greekes will cease th'ambition  
Of such a match. For, chance what can to vs,  
We, no man feare; no not *Telemachus*,  
Though ne're so greatly spoken. Nor care we  
For any threats of austere prophecie  
Which thou (old dotard) vanist of so in vaine.  
And thus shalt thou in much more hate remaine;  
For still the Gods shall beare their ill expence;  
Nor euer be disposide by competence,  
Till with her nuptials, she dismisst our suites.  
Our whole liues dayes shall low hopes for such fruites.  
Her vertues we contend to; nor will go  
To any other, be the neuer so  
Worthy of vs, and all the worth we owe.

He

*Telemachus to  
the wooers.*

He answerd him: *Eurymachus*! and all  
Ye generous wooers, now, in generally,  
I see your braue resolute; and will no more  
Make speeche of these points; and much lesse implore.  
It is enough, that all the Grecians here,  
And all the Gods besides, iust witness beare,  
What friendly premonitions haue bene spent  
On your forbearance; and their vaine euent.  
Yet with my other friends, let loue preuaile  
To fit me with a vessell, free of saile;  
And twentie men; that may diuide to me  
My readie passage through the yeelding sea.  
For *Sparta*, and *Amathoon* *Pyles* shore  
I now am bound; in purpose to explore  
My long lackt Father; and to trie if Fame  
(Or *Ioue*, most author of mans honourd name)  
With his returne and life, may glad mine eares;  
Though toild in that prooffe, I sustaine a ycare.  
If dead, I heare him, nor of more state, here  
(Retir'd to my lou'd countrie) I will reere  
A Sepulcher to him, and celebrate  
Such royall parent-rites, as fits his state.  
And then, my mother to a Spouse dispose.

*Mentor for  
Telemachus.*

This said, he sat; and to the rest, arose  
*Mentor*, that was *Ulysses* chosen friend;  
To whom, when he set forth, he did commend  
His compleate family; and whom he wuld  
To see the mind of his old Sire fulfild;  
All things conseruing safe, till his retreat;  
Who (tender of his charge, and seeing so set  
In sleight care of their King, his subiects there;  
Suffering his sonne, so much contempt to beare)  
Thus grauely, and with zeale to him began:

No more, let any Scepter-bearing man,  
Beneuolent, or milde, or humane be;  
Nor in his minde, forme acts of pietie,  
But euer feed on blood; and facts vnjust  
Commit, euen to the full (winge of his lust;  
Since of diuine *Ulysses*, no man now  
Of all his subiects, any thought doth show.  
All whom, he gouern'd; and became to them  
(Rather then one that wore a diadem)  
A most indulgent father. But (for all  
That can touch me) within no enuie fall  
These insolent wooers; that in violent kind,  
Commit things foule, by th'ill wit of the mind;  
And with the hazard of their heads, deuoure  
*Ulysses* house; since his returning houre,

They

They hold past hope. But it affects me much,  
(Ye dull plebeians) that all this doth touch  
Your free States nothing; who (stooke dumbe) afford  
These wooers, not so much wreake as a word;  
Though few, and you, with onely number might  
Extinguish to them, the prophaned light.

*Euenors* sonne (*Licritus*) replide;  
*Mentor*! the railer, made a foole with pride;  
What language giu'st thou: that would quiet vs,  
With putting vs in storme: exciting thus  
The rout against vs: who, though more then we,  
Should find it is no easie victorie  
To driue men, habited in feast, from feasts;  
No not if *Ithacus* himselfe, such guests  
Should come and find so furnishing his Court,  
And hope to force them from so sweete a fort.  
His wife should little ioy in his arriue,  
Though much she wants him: for, where she, aliuie  
Would hers enioy; there Death should claime his rights:  
He must be conquerd, that with many fights,  
Thou speakest vnfit things. To their labours then  
Disperse these people; and let these two men  
(*Mentor* and *Halietheres*) that so boast,  
From the beginning to haue gouern'd most  
In friendship of the Father; to the soone  
Confirm the course, he now affects to runne.  
But my mind sayes, that if he would but vse  
A little patiecer; he should here heare newes  
Of all things that his wish would vnderstand;  
But no good hope for, of the course in hand.

This said; the Councell rose; when euerie Peere  
And all the people, in dispersion were  
To houses of their owne; the wooers yet  
Made to *Ulysses* house their old retreat.

*Telemachus*, apart from all the prease,  
Prepar'd to shore; and (in the aged seas,  
His faire hands washt) did thus to *Pallas* pray:  
Heare me (O Goddesse) that but yesterday  
Didst daigne access to me at home; and lay  
Graue charge on me, to take ship, and enquire  
Along the darke seas for mine absent Sire;  
Which all the Greekes oppose; amongst whom, most  
Those that are proud still at anothers cost,  
Past measure, and the ciuill rights of men,  
(My mothers wooers) my repulse maintaine.

Thus spake he praying; when close to him came  
*Pallas*, resembling *Mentor*, both in frame  
Of voice and person; and aduise him thus:

D

*Licritus to  
Mentor.*

*Telemachus  
prays to Pallas.*

Those

*Minerva in the person of Mentor exhorts to the voyage.*

Those woovers well might know; *Telemachus*!  
Thou wilt not euer weak and childish be;  
If to thee be intilld the facultie  
Of mind and bodie, that thy Father grac't.  
And if (like him) there be in thee enchat  
Vertue to giue words works, and works their end;  
This voyage, that to them thou didst commend  
Shall not so quickly, as they idly weene,  
Be vaine, or giuen vp, for their opposit spleene.  
But if *Rhysse*, nor *Penelope*  
Were thy true parents, I then hope in thee  
Of no more vrging thy attempt in hand;  
For few, that rightly bred on both sides stand,  
Are like their parents; many that are worse;  
And most few, better. Those then that the nurse,  
Or mother call true borne; yet are not so;  
Like worthy Sires, much lesse are like to grow.  
But thou shewst now, that in thee fades not quite  
Thy Fathers wisdom; and that future light  
Shall therefore shew thee farr from being vnwise,  
Or toucht with staine of bastard cowardize.  
*Hope* therefore sayes, that thou wilt to the end  
Pursue the braue act, thou didst erst intend.  
But for the foolish woovers, they bewray  
They neither counsell haue, nor soule; since they  
Are neither wife nor iust; and so must needs  
Rest ignorant, how blacke about their heads  
Fate hovers, holding Death; that one sole day  
Will make enough to make them all away.  
For thee; the way thou wishest, shall no more  
Flie thee a step; I that haue bene before  
Thy Fathers friend; thine likewise now will be;  
Prouide thy ship my selfe, and follow thee.  
Go thou then home, and sooth each woovers vaine;  
But vnder hand, fir all things for the Maine;  
Wine, in as strong and sweete casks as you can;  
And meale, the very marrow of a man;  
Which put in good sure lether sacks; and see  
That with sweete foode, sweete vessels still agree.  
I from the people, strait will presse for you  
Free voluntaries; and (for ships) enow  
Sea-circ'd *Ithaca* contains, both new  
And old built; all which, I'll exactly view,  
And chuse what one soeuer most doth please;  
Which riggd, we'll strait lanch, and assay the seas.  
This spake *Iones* daughter, *Pallas*; whose voice heard;  
No more *Telemachus* her charge defers;  
But hastid home; and, sad at heart, did see

Amidst

Amidst his Hall, thinsulting woovers sit  
Goates, and rost wine. Mongst whom, *Antinous*  
Carelesse, (discouering in *Telemachus*  
His grudge to see them) laught; met, tooke his hand,  
And said; High spoken! with the mind to manind;  
Come, do as we do; put not up your spirits  
With these low trifles; nor our louing merits;  
In gall of any hatefull purpose, sleepe;  
But eate egregiously, and drinke as deepe:  
The things thou thinkst on, all at full shall be  
By th' *Achilles* thought on, and performd to thee:  
Ship, and choise Oares, that in a trice will land  
Thy hastic Fleet, on heau'nly *Pylas* land;  
And at the fame of thy illustrious Sire.

*Antinous to Telemachus.*

He answerd: Men whom Pride doth so inspire,  
Are no fit comforts for a humble guest;  
Nor are constraind men, merrie at their feast:  
Is't not enough, that all this time ye haue  
Op't in your entrailes, my chiefe goods a grate:  
And while I was a child, made me partaker  
My now more growth, more grown, my mind doth make  
And (hearing speake, more iudging men then you) I know  
Perceiue how much I was misgouernd now:  
I now will trie, if I can bring ye home  
An ill Fate to comfort you; if it come  
From *Pylas*, or amongst the people here:  
But thither I resolute; and know that there  
I shall not touch in vaine. Nor will I stay,  
Though in a merchants ship I take my way:  
Which shewes in your sights best, since me ye know  
Incapable of ship, or men to row.

*Telemachus answers.*

This said; his hand he coily snatcht away  
From forth *Antinous* hand. The rest, the day  
Spent through the house with banquets, some with iests,  
And some with railings, dignifying their feasts.  
To whom, a iest-proud youth, the wit began  
*Telemachus* will kill vs euery man:  
From *Sparta*, or the very *Pylus* land;  
He will raise aides to his impetuous hand.  
O he affects it strangely! Or he meanes  
To teach *Ephyra* fat shores; and from thence  
Bring deathfull poisons, which amongst our bowls  
Will make a generall shipwracke of our soules.

*The wit of the woovers upon the purpose of Telemachus to seek his Father.*

Another said: Alas who knowes, but he  
Once gone; and erring like his Sire at sea,  
May perish like him, farr from aide of friends:  
And so he makes vs worke; for all the ends  
Left of his goods here, we shall share; the house

D 2

Left

Left to his mother, and her chosen Spouse.

Thus they. While he a room ascended, his  
And large, built by his Father, where did lie  
Gold and brasse heape vp; and in coffers were  
Rich robes, great store of odorous oiles; and there  
Stood Tuns of sweete old wines along the wall;  
Neate and diuine drinke, kept to cheare withall  
His old heart, if he turn'd againe  
From labors fatall to him to sustaine.

The doores of Plauke were, their close exquisite,  
Kept with a double key; and day and night  
A woman lockt withing; and that was she,  
Who all trust had for her sufficiencie.

Old *Eurycles*, (one of *Opus* race,  
Sonne to *Pisenor*, and in passing gaue  
With gray *Minerva*; her the Prince did call;  
And said, Nurse! draw me the most sweete of all  
The wine thou keepst; next that, which for my Sire,  
Thy care referues in hope he shall retire.

Twelue vessels fill me forth, and stop them well.  
Then into well-sewd sacks, of fine ground meale,

Powre twentie measures. Nor to any one  
But thou thy selfe, let this designe be knowne.  
All this fee got together; I, it all

In night will fetch off, when my mother shall  
Ascend her high roome, and for sleepe prepare.  
*Sparta* and *Pylus*, I must see, in care

To find my Father. Out *Eurycles* cried,  
And askt with reares: Why is your mind applied  
(Deare sonne) to this countrie: whether will you go?

So farre off leaue vs: and beloued for  
So onely: and the sole hope of your race:  
Royall *Phyllis*, farre from the embrace  
Of his kind countrie, in a land unknowne  
Is dead; and you (from your lou'd countrie gone)  
The wooers will with some deceit assay  
To your destruction; making then their prey  
Of all your goods. Where, in your owne yare strong,  
Make sure abode. It sits not you so young,  
To suffer so much by the aged seas,  
And erre in such a waylesse wilde waste.

Be chear'd (lou'd nurse, said he) for not without  
The will of God, go my attempts about.  
Swear therefore, not to wound my mothers eares  
With word of this; before from heauen appears  
Th'eleventh or twelfth light; or her selfe shall please  
To aske of me; or heares me put to seas;  
Left her faire bodie, with her woe be wore.

*Telemachus to  
Eurycles.*

*Eurycles an-  
swers.*

*Telemachus com-  
forts Eurycles.*

To this, the great oath of the Gods, she swore;  
Which, hauing sworne; and of it, euery due  
Perform'd to full: to vessels, wine she drew;  
And into well-sewd sacks pow'd foodie meales;  
In meane time he (with cunning to conceale  
All thought of this from others) himselfe bore  
In broad house, with the wooers, as before.

Then grey-cy'd *Pallas*, other thoughts did owne;  
And (like *Telemachus*) trod through the Towne;  
Commanding all his men, in th'euen to be  
Aboard his ship. Againe then question'd she  
*Normon* (fam'd for aged *Phronius* sonne)  
About his ship; who, all things to be done,  
Asur'd her freely should. The Sunne then set,  
And sable shadows slid through euery streete,  
When forth they lancht; and soone aboard did bring  
All Armes, and choice of euery needfull thing;  
That fits a well-rigg'd ship. The Goddess then  
Stood in the Ports extreame part; where, her men  
(Nobly appointed) thicke about her came,  
Whose euery breath, she did with spirit enflame.

Yet still fresh proiects, laid the grey-cy'd Dame.  
Strait, to the house she hasted; and sweete sleepe  
Pow'd on each wooer, which so laid in sleepe  
Their drowfie temples, that each brow did nod,  
As all were drinking; and each hand his lode  
(The cup) let fall. All start vp, and to bed,  
Nor more would watch, when sleepe so surfetted  
Their leaden ey-lids. Then did *Pallas* call  
*Telemachus*, (in bodie, voice, and all  
Resembling *Mentor*) from his native nest:  
And said, that all his arm'd men were addrest  
To vse their Oares; and all expected now  
He should the spirit of a souldier show.  
Come then (said she) no more let vs deferre  
Our honor'd action. Then she tooke on her  
A rauisht spirit, and led as she did leape;  
And he her most haste, tooke out, step by step.

Arriu'd at sea, and ship; they found ashore  
The souldiers, that their fashion'd long haire wore;  
To whom, the Prince said: Come, my friends; let's bring  
Our voyages prouision: euery thing  
Is heapt together in our Court; and none  
(No not my mother, nor her maids) but one  
Knowes our intention. This exprest; he led;  
The souldiers close together followed;  
And all together brought aboard their store.  
Aboard the Prince went; *Pallas* still before

*The care of Mi-  
nerua for Tele-  
machus.*

*Telemachus to  
his souldiers.*



Sat at the Sterne: he close to her; the men  
Vp, hasted after. He, and *Pallas* then,  
Put from the shore. His souldiers then he had  
See all their Armes fit; which they heard; and had.

Nauigatur.

A beechen Mast then, in the hollow bafe  
They put, and hoisted; fixt it in his place  
With cables; and with well-wreath'd halfers hoise  
Their white sailes; which gray *Pallas* now employes  
With full and fore-gales, through the darke deep maine.  
The purple waues (so swift cut) roar'd againe  
Against the ship sides, that now ranne, and plowd  
The rugged seas vp. Then the men bestowd  
Their Armes about the ship; and sacrifice  
With crownd wine cups, to th'endlesse Deities,  
They offerd vp. Of all yet thron'd aboue,  
They most obleru'd the grey-eyd seed of *Ioue*:  
Who from the euening, till the morning tose,  
And all day long, their voyage did dispose.

xij. d.  
m. ccc. p. p. p. p.

*Finis libri secundus Hom. Odyss.*



## THE THIRD BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Telemachus, and heauen's wife Dame,  
That neuer husband had, now came  
To Nestor; who, his either guest  
Recen'd at the religious feast  
He made to Neptune, on his shore.  
And there told, what was done before  
The Trojan turrets; and the state  
Of all the Greekes, since Iliions fate.  
This booke, these three of greatest place,  
Doth serue with many a varied grace.  
(Which pass); *Minerua* takes her leaue.  
Whose state, when Nestor doth perceiue;  
With sacrifice he makes it knowne,  
Where many a pleasing rite is showne.  
Which done, *Telemachus* had gaind  
A chariot of him; who ordaind  
Pisistratus, his sonne, his guide  
To Sparta; and when starrie eyd  
The ample heau'n began to be;  
All house-rites to afford them free  
(In Pheris) *Diocles* did please;  
His surname *Ortilochides*.*

Pallas.

*Vid. Minerua,  
Nestor, & Tele-  
machus.*

### Another.

*Tayqua. Vlysses sonne  
With Nestor lieth;  
To Sparta gone,  
Thence Pallas flieth.*



He Sunne now left the great and goodly Lake,  
And to the firme heau'n, bright ascent did make,  
To shine as well vpon the mortall birth,  
Inhabiting the plowd life-giuing earth,  
As on the euer tredders vpon Death.  
And now to *Pylus*, that fogarnitheth  
Her selfe with buildings; old *Neleus* townne,  
The Prince and Goddesse come; had strange sights showne;  
For on the Marine shore, the people there  
To *Neptune*, that the Azure lockes doth weares,  
Beccus that were wholly blacke, gaue holy flame.  
Nine seates of State they made to his high name;

D 4

And

And euery Seate set with fūe hundred men;  
And each fūe hundred, was to furniſh then  
With nine blacke Oxen, euery ſacred Seate.  
Theſe, of the entrailes onely, pleaſd to eate;  
And to the God enſlam'd the fleſhie thies.

By this time *Pallas*, with the ſparkling eyes,  
And he ſhe led, within the haueu bore:

*Minerua to Telemachus.*

Strooke ſaile, caſt anchor, and trod both the ſhore.  
She fiſt, he after. Then ſaid *Pallas*: Now  
No more beſits thee the leaſt baſtull brow;  
Tembolden which, this aſt is put on thee  
To ſeek thy Father, both at ſhore, and ſea:  
And learne in what Climate, he abides ſo cloſe;  
Or in the powre of what Fate doth reſpoſe.

Come then, go right to *Neflor*; let vs ſee,  
If in his boſome any counſell be,  
That may informe vs. Pray him not to trace  
The common courtſhip; and to ſpeake in grace  
Of the Demander; but to tell the truth:  
Which will delight him; and commend thy youth;  
For ſuch preuention; for he loues no lies;  
Nor will report them, being truly wiſe.

*Telemachus to Minerua.*

He answered: *Mentor*! how alas ſhall I  
Preſent my ſelfe: how greeke his granitic  
My youth by no meanes that ripe forme affords;  
That can digeſt my minds inſtinct, in words  
Wiſe, and beſeeming th'cares of one ſo ſage.  
Youth of moſt hope, bluſh to vſe words with Age!

She ſaid: Thy mind will ſome conceit impreſſe,  
And ſomething God will prompt thy towardneſſe.  
For I ſuppoſe, thy birth and breeding too,  
Were not in ſpite of what the Gods could do.

This ſaid, ſhe ſwiftly went before, and he  
Her ſteps made guides, and follow'd inſtantly.  
When ſoone they reacht the *Pylion* throngs and ſeates,  
Where *Neflor* with his ſonnes late; and the meates  
That for the feaſt ſeru'd; round about them were  
Adherents dreſſing all their ſacred cheare,  
Being roſt and boyld meates. When the *Pylions* ſaw  
Theſe ſtrangers come in thruſt did all men draw

*They are receiued as gueſts.*

About their entrie. Tooke their hands, and praid  
They both would ſit. Their entrie fiſt aſſaid  
By *Neflor*'s ſonne, *Piſſistratus*. In grace  
Of whoſe repaire, he gaue them honor'd place  
Betwixt his Sire, and brother *T braſimides*,  
Who ſate at feaſt, on loſt Fels that were ſpred  
Along the ſea ſands. Keru'd, and reacht to them  
Parts of the inwards; and did make a ſtreame

Of ſpritely wine, into a golden boules;  
Which to *Minerua*, with a gentle ſoule  
He gaue, and thus ſpake: Ere you eate, faire gueſt,  
Inuoke the Seas King, of whole ſacred feaſt,  
Your trauell hither, makes ye partners now:

When (ſacrificing, as becomes) beſtow  
This boule of ſweete wine on your friend, that he  
May likewise vſe theſe rites of pietie:

For I ſuppoſe, his youth doth prayers vſe,  
Since all men need the Gods. But you I chuſe

Fiſt in this cups diſpoſure; ſince his yeares  
Seeme ſhort of yours, who more like me appeares.

Thus gaue he her the cup of pleaſant wines,  
And ſince a wiſe and iuſt man did deſigne

The golden boule fiſt to her free receit;  
Euen to the Goddeſſe it did adde delight.

Who thus inuokt: *Heare thou whoſe waſt embrace*  
*Enſpheres the whole earth; nor diſdaine thy grace.*

*The humanity of Piſſistratus to ſtrangers.*

*Minerua's grace.*

To vs that aſke it, in performing this:  
To *Neflor* fiſt, and theſe faire ſonnes of his,  
Pouch ſafe all honor: and next them, beſtow

On all theſe *Pylions*; that haue offer'd now  
Thiſt moſt renowned Hecatomb to thee.

Remuneration ſit for them, and free;  
And laſtly daigne *T clemechus*, and me.

(The worke performed, for whoſe effeict we came)  
Our ſafe returne, both with our ſhip and ſame.

Thus praid ſhe; and her ſelfe, her ſelfe obaid;  
In th'end performing all for which ſhe praid.

And now to pray, and do as ſhe had done;  
She gaue the faire round boule t' *Vlyſſes* ſonne.

The meate then dreſt, and drawne, and ſeru'd each gueſt;  
They celebrated a moſt ſumptuous feaſt.

When (appetite to wine and food allaid)  
Horſe-taming *Neflor* then began, and ſaid:

Now liſe deſire is ſeru'd, as ſaſe as fare;  
Time ſits me to enquire, what gueſts theſe are.

Faire gueſts, what are ye? and for what Coaſt tries  
Your ſhip the moiſt deepes: For ſit merchandize,

Or rudely coaſt ye, like our men of prize?  
The rough ſeas tempting; deſperately erring

The ill of others, in their good conſenting?  
The wiſe Prince, now his boldneſſe did begin;

For *Pallas* ſelfe had hardned him within;  
By this deuice of trauell to explore

His abſent Father; which two Girlonds wore;  
His good, by manage of his ſpirits; and then

To gaine him high grace, in th'accounts of men.

*Neflor to the ſtrangers.*

Telemachus answers.

O Nestor! still in whom *Nessus* lives!  
And all the glorie of the Greeks furniues;  
You aske, from whence we are; and I relate:  
From *Ithaca* (whose seate is situate  
Where *Nessus* the renowned Mountaine staires  
His haughtie forehead, and the honor beares  
To be our Sea-marke) we said the waues,  
The businesse I must tell; our owne good cranes,  
And not the publicke. I am come to enquire,  
If in the fame that best men deeth inspire,  
Of my most suffering Father, I may heare  
Some truth of his estate; ~~now, who did beare~~  
The name (being ioyn'd in fight with you alone)  
To euen with earth the height of *Ilium*.  
Of all men else, that any name did beare,  
And fought for *Troy*, the generall ends we beare;  
But his death, *Ioue* keeps from the world vnkowne;  
The certaine fame thereof, being told by none.  
If on the Continent, by enemies slaine;  
Or with the waues eat, of the rauinous *Maine*.  
For his loue tis, that to your knees I sue;  
That you would please, out of your owne cleare view,  
T'assure his sad end, or say, if your care  
Hath heard of the vnhappie wanderer,  
To too much sorrow, whom his mother bore.  
You then, by all your bounties I implore,  
(If euer to you, deed or word hath stood,  
By my good Father promist, rendred good  
Amongst the Troians; where ye both haue tried  
The Grecian sufferance) that, in nought applied  
To my respect or pitie, you will glorie,  
But vncloth'd Truth, to my desires disclose.

Nestor to Telemachus.

O my much lou'd, (said he) since you renew  
Remembrance of the miseries that grew  
Vpon our still-in-strength-opposing *Greece*,  
Amongst *Troys* people; I must touch a peece  
Of all our woes there; either in the men  
*Achilles* brought by sea, and led to gaine  
About the Country, or in vs that fought  
About the Citie, where to death were brought  
All our chiefe men, as many as were there.  
There *Mars*-like *Aiax* lies; *Achilles* there;  
There the-in-counsell-like the Gods, his friends;  
There my deare sonne *Antilocheus* took end;  
Past measure swift of foote, and staid in fight.  
A number more, that ils felt infinite:  
Of which to reckon all, what mortall man  
(If fife or fixe yeares you should stay here) can

Patroclus.

Scruce

Serue such enquire: You would backe againe,  
Affected with vnufferable paine,  
Before you heard it. Nine yeares siegd we them,  
With all the depth and sleight of stratagem  
That could be thought. Ill knit to ill, past end:  
Yet fill they toild vs: nor would yet *Ioue* lend  
Rest to our labors: nor will scarcely yet.  
But no man liu'd, that would in publicke set  
His wi'edome, by *Vlysses* policie,  
(As thought his equal) so excessively  
He stood superiour all wayes. If you be  
His sonne indeed, mine eyes euen raiuish me  
To admiration. And in all consent,  
Your speech puts on his speeches ornament.  
Nor would one say, that one so yong could vie  
(Vnlesse his sonne) a Rhetorique so profuse.  
And while we liu'd together, he and I  
Neuer in speech maintaind diuersitie:  
Nor set in counsell: but (by one soule led)  
With spirit and prudent counsell furnished  
The Greeks at all houres: that with fairest course,  
What best became them, they might put in force.  
But when *Troys* high Towres, we had leueld thus;  
We put to sea; and God diuided vs.  
And then did *Ioue*, our sad retreat deuise;  
For all the Greeks were neither iust nor wise,  
And therefore many felt so sharpe a fate,  
Sent from *Mineruas* most pernicious hate;  
Whose mightie Father can do fearefull things.  
By whose helpe she, betwixt the brother Kings  
Let fall Contention: who in counsell met  
In vaine, and timelesse, when the Sunne was set;  
And all the Greeks call'd; that came charg'd with wine.  
Yet then the Kings would vtter their designe,  
And why they summon'd. *Menelaus*, he  
Put all in mind of home; and cried, To sea.  
But *Agamemnon* stood on contraries;  
Whose will was, they should stay and sacrifice  
Whole Hecatombs to *Pallas*; to forgo  
Her high wrath to them. Foole, that did not know  
She would not so be wonne: for not with ease  
Th'eternall Gods are turn'd from what they please.  
So they (diuided) on foule language stood.  
The Greeks, in huge rout rose: their wine-heate bloud,  
Two wayes affecting. And that nights sleepe too,  
We turn'd to studying eithers others wo.  
When *Ioue* besides, made readie woes enow.  
Morne came, we lanch; and in our ships did stow

De Graecorum  
diffidio.

Our

Discois nauiga-  
tio Græcorum.

Our goods, and faire-girt women. Halfe our men  
The peoples guide (*Atrides*) did containe;  
And halfe (being now aboard) put forth to sea.  
A most free gale gaue all ships prosperous way.  
God sent then the huge whale-bearing lake;  
And *Tenedos* we reacht; where, for times *Salæ*,  
We did diuine rites to the Gods: but *Ioue*  
(Inexorable still) bore yet no loue  
To our returne; but did againe excite  
A second sad Contention, that turnd quite  
A great part of vs backe to sea againe;  
Which were, th'abundant in all counsels men,  
(Your matchlesse Father) who, (to gratifie  
The great *Atrides*) backe to him did flie.  
But I fled all, with all that followd me;  
Because I knew, God studied miserie,  
To hurle amongst vs. With me likewise fled  
Martiall *Tidides*. I, the men he led,  
Gat to go with him. Winds our flecte did bring  
To *Lesbos*, where the yellow-headed King  
(Though late, yet) found vs: as we put to choise  
A tedious voyage; if we saile should hoise  
About rough *Chios* (left on our left hand)  
To th' Ile of *Pipria*; or that rugged land  
Saile vnder, and for windie *Mimas* there.  
We askt of God, that some ostent might cleare  
Our cloudie businesse: who gaue vs signe,  
And charge, that all shoulde (in a middle line)  
The sea cut, for *Eubæa*; that with speed,  
Our long-sustained infortune might be freed.  
Then did a whistling wind begin to rise,  
And swiftly flew we through the fishie skies,  
Till to *Geraestus* we, in night were brought;  
Where (through the broad sea, since we safe had wrought)  
At *Neptunes* altars, many solid Thies  
Of slaughterd buls, we burnd for sacrifice.

The fourth day came, when *Tydam* sonne did grette  
The haue of *Argos*, with his complete Flecte.  
But I, for *Pylas* strait ster'd on my course,  
Nor euer left the wind his fore-right force,  
Since God fore-sent it first. And thus I came  
(Deare sonne) to *Pylas*, vninformd by fame;  
Nor know one sauld by Fate, or overcome.  
Whom I haue heard of since (set here at home)  
As fits, thou shalt be taught, nought left vnshowne.

The expert speare-men, euery Myrmidon,  
(Led by the braue heire of the mightie sould  
Vnperd *Achilles*) safe of home got hold.

Safe

Safe *Philoctetes*, *Pæans* famous feed:  
And late *Idomeneus*; his men led  
To his home, (*Crete*) who sed the armed field;  
Of whom, yet none, the sea from him withheld.

*Atrides* (you haue both heard, though ye be  
His farre off dwellers) what an end had he,  
Done by *Agisthus*, to a bitter death;  
Who miserably paid for forced breath,  
*Atrides* leauing a good sonne, that dide  
In blood of that deceitfull particide

His wreckfull sword. And thou my friend (as he  
For this hath his fame) the like spirit in thee  
Assume at all parts. Faire, and great I see  
Thou art, in all hope; make it good to th'end;  
That after-times, as much may thee commend.

He answerd: O thou greatest grace of *Greece*,  
*Oristes* made that wreake, his master peece;  
And him the Greeks will giue a master praise,  
Verse finding him, to last all after daies.  
And would to God, the Gods would fauour me  
With his performance; that my iniurie,  
Done by my mothers wooers, (being so foule)  
I might reuenge vpon their euery soule.  
Who (pressing me with contumelies) dare  
Such things as past the powre of vittrance are.  
But heauens great Powres, haue grac't my destinie  
With no such honor. Both my Sire and I,  
Are borne to suffer euerlastingly.

Because you name those wooers (Friend, said he)  
Report sayes, many such, in spite of thee,  
(Wooing thy mother) in thy house commit  
The ils thou nam'st. But say; proceedeth it  
From will in thee, to beare so foule a foile;  
Or from thy subiects hate, that with thy spoiles  
And will not aide thee, since their spirits relie  
(Against thy rule) on some graue Augurie?  
What know they, but at length thy Father may  
Come; and with violence, their violence pay?  
Or he alone, or all the Greeks with him?  
But if *Atimetus* now did so esteeme  
Thee, as thy Father, in times past; whom, past  
All measure, she, with glorious fauours grac't  
Amongst the *Troians*, where we suffered so;  
(O I did neuer see, in such cleare show,  
The Gods so grace a man, as she to him,  
To all our eyes, appeard in all her trim)  
If so, I say, she would be pleas'd to loue,  
And that her minds care, thou so much couldst mone,

E

Telemachus  
Nestor.Nestor Tele-  
macho.

As

Telemachus.

As did thy Father, every man of these,  
Would lose in death their seeking marriages.  
O Father, (answerd he) you make amaze  
Seife me throughout. Beyond the height of phrase  
You raise expressions; but twill neuer be,  
That I shall moue in any Deitie,  
So blest an honour. Not by any means,  
If Hope should prompt me, or blind Confidence,  
(The God of Fooles), or euery Deitie  
Should will it; for, tis past my destinie.

Minerva.

The burning-eyd Dame answerd: What a speech  
Hath past the teeth-guard, Nature gaue to teach  
Fit question of thy words before they flie:  
God easily can (when to a mortall eie  
Hee's furthest off) a mortall satisfie:  
And does, the more still. For thy ear'd for Sire,  
I rather wish, that I might home retire,  
After my sufferance of a world of woes;  
Farre off; and then my glad eyes might disclose  
The day of my returne; then strait retire,  
And perish standing by my household fire.  
As Agamemnon did; that lost his life,  
By false Egisthus, and his falsie wife.

Volente Deo,  
nihil est difficile

For Death to come at length, tis due to all;  
Nor can the Gods themselves, when Fate shall call  
Their most lou'd man, extend his vitall breath  
Beyond the first bounds of abhorred Death.

Telemachus.

Mentor! (said he) let's dwell no more on this,  
Although in vs, the sorrow pious is.  
No such returne, as we wish, Fates bequeath  
My erring Father; whom a present death,  
The deathlesse haue decreed. He now vie speech  
That tends to other purpose; and beseech  
Instruction of graue Nestor; since he flows  
Past shore, in all experience; and knowes  
The sleights and wiledomes; to whose heights aspire  
Others, as well as my commended Sire;  
Whom Fame reports to haue commanded three  
Ages of men; and doth in fight to me  
Shew like th'Immortals. Nestor! the renowne  
Of old Nelaus, make the cleare truth knowne,  
How the most great in Empire, Atreus sonne,  
Sustained the act of his destruction.  
Where then was Menelaus? how was it,  
That false Egisthus, being so farre vnfit  
A match for him, could his death so enforce?  
Was he not then in Argos? or his course  
With men so left, to let a coward breathe

Spirit

Spirit enough, to dare his brothers death

He tell thee truth in all (faire sonne) said he:  
Right well was this euent concei'd by thee.  
If Menelaus in his brothers house,  
Had found the idle liuer with his spouse,  
(Arriu'd from Troy) he had not liu'd; nor dead  
Had the diggd heape powrd on his lustfull head:  
But fowles and dogs had torne him in the fields,  
Farre off of Argos. Not a Dame it yeelds;  
Had giuen him any teare, so foule his fact  
Shewd euen to women. Vs Troys warres had rackt  
To euery sinewes sufferance; while \* he  
In Argos vplands liu'd; from those workes free.  
And Agamemnon's wife, with force of word  
Flattered and softn'd, who, at first abhor'd  
A fact so infamous. The heau'nly Dame,  
A good mind had; but was in blood too blame.  
There was a \*Poet, to whose care, the King  
His Queene committed; and in euery thing  
(When he for Troy went) charg'd him to apply  
Himselfe in all guard to her dignitie.  
But when strong Fate, so wrapt in her affects,  
That she resolu'd to leaue her fit respects;  
Into a desert Ile, her Guardian led,  
(There left) the rapine of the Vultures fed.  
Then brought he willing home his wills wonne prize,  
On sacred Altars offerd many Thies:  
Hung in the Gods Phanes many ornaments,  
Garments and gold; that he the vast euents  
Of such a labor, to his wish had brought,  
As neither fell into his hope, nor thought.

At last, from Troy saild Spartaking and I,  
Both, holding her vnroucht. And (that his eie  
Might see no worke of her) when both were blowne  
To sacred Sunius (of Minervas towne  
The goodly Promontorie) with his shafts seuer  
Angur Apollo slue him that did stee  
Atrides ship, as he the sterne did guide,  
And the the full speed of her saile applide.  
He was a man, that nations of men  
Exceld in safe guide of a vessell, when  
A tempest rusht in on the rusht seas:  
His name was Phrontis Onetorides.  
And thus was Menelaus held from home,  
Whose way he thirsted so to ouercome,  
To giue his friend the earth, being his pursuite,  
And all his exequies to execute.  
But sailing still the \*wind-hewd seas, to reach

E 2

Nestor Telemachus  
cho de Egisthus  
adulterio.

Egisthus.

adulterio.

Nestor Telemachus  
cho de Egisthus  
adulterio.

Some

Some shore for fit performance, he did fetch  
The steepe Mount of the *Melians*; and there  
With open voice, offended *Iapetus*,  
Proclaim'd the voyage, his repentant mind;  
And pow'd the puffes out of a threatening wind,  
That nourisht billowes, heightened like to hills.  
And with the Fleets diuision, fulfils  
His hate proclaim'd, vpon a part of *Crete*  
Casting the Nauie, where the sea-waues meete  
Rough *Iardanus*; and where the *Cydoni* line.

There is a Rocke, on which the Sea doth drine;  
Bare, and all broken; on the confines set  
Of *Gortys*; that the darke seas likewise fret,  
And hither sent the South, a horrid drift  
Of waues against the top, that was the left  
Of that torne cliffe, as farr as *Pheosus* Strand.  
A lide stone, the great seas rage did stand.  
The men here driuen, scapt hard the ships fore shocks;  
The ships themselves being wrackt against the rocks;  
Saue onely fise, that blue fone callies bore,  
Which wind and water cast on *Egyptus* shore.  
When he (there victling well, and fount of gold  
Aboord his ships brought) his wilde way did hold,  
And t'other languag'd men, was forc't to come.  
Meane space *Egishbow* made sad worke at home;

*Agamemnonis*  
intentus.

And flue his brother; forcing to his sway,  
*Atrides* subiects; and did seven yeares lay  
His yoke vpon the rich *Myceonem* State.  
But in the eight, (to his affrighting fate)  
Diuine *Orestes* home from *Athens* came;  
And what his royall Father felt, the same  
He made the false *Egishbow* grone beneath:  
*Death euermore is the reward of Death.*

*Orestes patrem*  
vicitur.

Thus hauing slaine him; a sepulchrell scatt  
He made the *Argines*, for his lustfull guest,  
And for his mother, whom he did desert.  
The selfe-same day, vpon him stole the King,  
(Good at a martiall hour) and goods did bring,  
As many as his frighted Fleet could beare.  
But thou (my sonne) too long, by no meanes ere,  
Thy goods left free for many a spoillfull guest;  
Left they consume some, and diuide the rest;  
And thou (perhaps besides) thy voyage lose.  
To *Menelaus* yet thy comfise dispose,  
I with and charge thee, who but late arriv'd,  
From such a shore, and men; as to haue liu'd  
In a returne from them; he neuer thought;  
And whom, blacke whidwinds violently brought

Within

Within a sea so vast, that in a yeare  
Not any fowle could passe it any where,  
So huge and horrid was it. But go thou  
With ship and men (or if thou pleasest now  
To passe by land, there shall be brought for thee  
Both horse and chariot; and thy guides shall be  
My sonnes themselves) to *Sparta*, the diuine,  
And to the King, whose locks like Amber shine.  
Intreate the truth of him; nor loues he lies,  
Wisedome in truth is; and hee's passing wise.

This said, the Sunne went downe, and vp rose Night,  
When *Pallas* spake; O Father, all good right  
Beare thy directions. But diuide we now  
The sacrificis tongues; mixe wine, and vow  
To *Neptune*, and the other euer blest;  
That hauing sacrific'd, we may to rest.  
The fit houre runnes now; light diues out of date,  
At sacred feasts, we must not sit too late.

She said: They heard; the Herald water gaue;  
The youths crownd cups with wine; and let all haue  
Their equall shares; beginning from the cup,  
Their parting banquet. All the Tongues cut vp;  
The fire they gaue them; sacrific'd, and rose;  
Wine, and diuinerites, v'd to each dispose  
*Minerua* and *Telemachus* desirede  
They might to ship be, with his leave, reurde:

He (mou'd with that) prouokt thus their abodes:  
Now *Ioue* forbid, and all the long-liu'd Gods,  
Your leaving me, to sleepe aboard a ship:  
As I had drunke of poore *Penias* whip,  
Euen to my nakednesse; and had nor sheete,  
Nor couering in my house; that warme nor sweete  
A guest, nor I my selfe, had meanes to sleepe;  
Where I, both weeds and wealthy couerings keepe  
For all my guests: nor shall Fame euer say,  
The deare sonne of the man *Plystes*, lay  
All night a ship boord here; while my dayes shintes  
Or in my Court, whiles any sonne of mine  
Enioyes suriuall: who shall guests receiue,  
Whom euer, my house hath a nooke to leaue.

My much lou'd Father, (said *Minerua*) well  
All this becomes thee. But perswade to dwell  
This night with thee thy sonne *Telemachus*;  
For more conuenient is the course for vs,  
That he may follow to thy house, and rest.  
And I may boord our blacke faile; that addrest  
At all parts I may make our men; and cheare  
All with my presence; since of all men there

*Pallas Nestori.*

E 3

I

I boast my selfe the senior; th others are  
 Youths, that attend in free and friendly care,  
 Great-sould *Telemachus*; and are his peeres,  
 In fresh similitude of forme and yeeres.  
 For their confirmance, I will therefore now  
 Sleepe in our blacke Bark. But when Light shall shew  
 Her siluer forehead; I intend my way,  
 Amongst the *Caucas*; men that are to pay,  
 A debt to me, nor small, nor new. For this,  
 Take you him home; whom in the morne dismiss,  
 With chariot and your sonnes; and giue him horse  
 Ablest in strength, and of the speediest course.

Dispart Mi-  
nerua.Nestor Tele-  
macho.

This said; away she flew; form'd like the fowle  
 Men call the *Ossifrage*; when euer foule  
 Amaze inuaded: euen th'old man admird;  
 The youths hand tooke, and said: O most desir'd;  
 My hope sayes, thy prooue will no coward show,  
 Nor one vnskil'd in warre; when Deities now  
 So yong attend thee, and become thy guides:  
 Nor any of the heauen-houfde States besides;  
 But *Tritogenius* selfe; the seed of Ioue;  
 The great in prey; that did in honor moue,  
 So much about thy Father; amongst all  
 The Grecian armie. Fairest Queene, let fall  
 On me like fauours: giue me good renowne;  
 Which, as on me; on my lou'd wife, let downe,  
 And all my children. I will burne to thee  
 An Oxe right bred, brode headed, and yoke-free,  
 To no mans hand yet humbled. Him will I  
 (His hornes in gold hid) giue thy Deitie.

Thus praid he; and she heard; and home he led  
 His sonnes, and all his heapes of kindred;  
 Who entring his Court royall, euerie one  
 He marshald in his feuerall seate and throne.  
 And euerie one, so kindly come, he gaue  
 His sweet wine cup, which none was let to haue  
 Before this leuenth yeare, landed him from *Troy*;  
 Which now the Butlersse had leau'd t'employ.  
 Who therefore pierst it, and did giue it vent.  
 Of this, the old Duke did a cup present  
 To euerie guest: made his maid many a praire  
 That wears the Shield fring'd with his nurses haire;  
 And gaue her sacrifice. With this rich wine  
 And food suffilde, Sleepe all eyes did decline.  
 And all for home went: but his Court alone,  
*Telemachus*, diuine *Vlysses* sonne,  
 Must make his lodging, or not please his heart.  
 A bed, all chequerd with elaborate Art,

Within

Within a Portico, that rung like brasse,  
 He brought his guest to; and his bedfere was  
*Pisistratus*, the martiall guide of men,  
 That liu'd, of all his sonnes, vnwou'd till then.  
 Himselfe lay in a by-roome, farre aboue,  
 His bed made by his barren wife, his loue.

The rosie-fingerd morne, no sooner houe,  
 But vp he rose, tooke aire, and sat vpon  
 A seate of white, and goodly polish'd stone,  
 That such a glosse as richest ointments wore  
 Before his high gates; where the Counsellor  
 That marcht the Gods (his Father) vsde to sit:  
 Who now (by Fate forc't) stoopt as low as it.  
 And here fate *Nestor*, holding in his hand  
 A Scepter; and about him round did stand  
 (As early vp) his sonnes troope; *Perseus*,  
 The God-like *Thrasimel*, and *Arctus*,  
*Echephron*, *Stratius*; the fixt and last  
*Pisistratus*; and by him (halfe embrac't  
 Still as they came) diuine *Telemachus*;  
 To these spake *Nestor*, old *Geranius*:

Haile (loued sonnes) and do me a desire,  
 That (first of all the Gods) I may aspire  
 To *Pallas* fauour; who vouchsaf't to me,  
 At *Neptunes* feast, her sight so openly.  
 Let one to field go, and an Oxe with speed  
 Cause hither brought; which, let the Heardman leade;  
 Another to my deare guests vessell go,  
 And all his souldiers bring, saue onely two.  
 A third, the Smith that works in gold, command  
 (*Laertius*) to attend; and lend his hand,  
 To plate the both hornes round about with gold;  
 The rest remaine here close. But first, see told  
 The maids within, that they prepare a feast;  
 Set seates through all the Court: see strait adrest  
 The purest water, and get fuelld.

This said; not one, but in the seruice held  
 Officious hand. The Oxe came led from field;  
 The Souldiers troopt from ship; the Smith he came,  
 And those tooles brought, that seru'd the actual frame,  
 His Art conceiu'd, brought Anvile, hammers brought,  
 Faire tongs, and all, with which the gold was wrought.  
*Minerva* likewise came, to set the Crowne  
 On that kind sacrifice, and mak't her owne.

Then th'old Knight *Nestor* gaue the Smith the gold,  
 With which he strait did both the hornes infold;  
 And trimm'd the Offering so, the Goddesse ioyd.  
 About which, thus were *Nestors* sonnes employd:

E 4

Diuine

Nestoris filij pa-  
tris iussu Miner-  
ue lacrum ap-  
parant.The forme of the  
Sacrifice.

Divine *Echebron*, and faire *Stratus*,  
 Held both the hornes: the water odorous,  
 In which they wafht, whar to the rites was vowd,  
*Aretus* (in a caldron, all bestrowd  
 With herbes and flowres) seru'd in from th' holy roome  
 Where all were drest; and whence the rites must come.  
 And after him, a hallowd virgin came,  
 That brought the barley cake, and blew the flame.  
 The axe, with which the Ox should both be feld  
 And cut forth, *Thrasimed* stood by, and held.  
*Perseus* the vessell held, that should retaine  
 The purple licour of the offering flaine.

Then wafht, the pious Father: then the Cake  
 (Of barley, salt, and oile made) tooke, and brake.  
 Askt many a boone of *Pallas*; and the state  
 Of all the offering, did initiate.  
 In three parts cutting off the haire, and cast  
 Amidst the flame. All th' invocation past,  
 And all the Cake broke; manly *Thrasimed*  
 Stood neare, and sure; and such a blow he laid  
 Aloft the offering; that to earth he sunk,  
 His neck-nerues Sunderd, and his spirites shrunke.  
 Our wicket the daughters, daughter in lawes, and wife  
 Of three-ag'd *Nestor*, (who had eldest life  
 Of *Clymens* daughters) chaft *Eurydice*.  
 The Ox on broad earth, then layd laterally,  
 They held, while Duke *Pisistratus*, the throte  
 Dissolu'd and fet, the fable blood afflote;  
 And then the life the bones left. Instantly  
 They cut him vp; apart flew either Thie,  
 That with the fat they dubd, with art alone;  
 The throte-briske, and the sweet-bread pricking on.  
 Then *Nestor* broild them on the cole-turnd wood,  
 Powr'd blacke wine on; and by him yong men stood,  
 That spits fine-pointed held, on which (when burnd  
 The solid Thies were) they transfixt, and turnd  
 The inwards, cut in cantles: which (the meate  
 Vowd to the Gods, consum'd) they rost and cate.

In meane space, *Polycaeste* (call'd the faire,  
*Nestors* yongst daughter) bath'd *Vlysses* heire;  
 Whom, hauing cleand, and with rich balmes bespred;  
 She cast a white shirt quickly o're his head,  
 And then his weeds put on; when, forth he went,  
 And did the person of a God present.  
 Came, and by *Nestor* tooke his honourd seate,  
 This pastor of the people. Then, the meate  
 Of all the spare parts rosted; off they drew;  
 Sate, and fell to. But soone the temperate few,

Rose,

Rose, and in golden bolles, filld others wine.  
 Till, when the rest felt thirst of feast decline;  
*Nestor* his sonnes bad, fetch his high-man'd horse,  
 And them in chariot ioyne, to runne the course  
 The Prince resolu'd. Obaid, as soone as heard  
 Was *Nestor* by his sonnes; who strait prepar'd  
 Both horse and chariot. She that kept the store,  
 Both bread and wine, and all such viands more,  
 As should the feast of Ioue-fed Kings compole;  
 Pouraid the voyage. To the rich Coach, rose  
*Vlysses* sonne; and close to him ascended  
 The Duke *Pisistratus*, the reines intended,  
 And scour'd, to force to field, who freely flew;  
 And left the Towne, that farre her splendor threw.  
 Both holding yoke, and shooke it all the day;  
 But now the Sunne set, darkning euery way,  
 When they to *Phris* came; and in the house  
 Of *Diocles* (the sonne of *Ortilochus*,  
 Whom flood *Alpheus* got) slept all that night:  
 Who gaue them each due hospitable rite.  
 But when the rose-fingerd morne arose,  
 They went to Coach, and did their horse inclose;  
 Draue forth the fore-court, and the porch that yeelds  
 Each breath a sound; and to the fruitfull fields  
 Rode scourging still their willing flying Steeds;  
 Who strenuously performd their wonted speeds.  
 Their journey ending iust when Sunne went downe;  
 And shadowes all ways through the earth were throwne.

Finis libri tertij Hom. Odysf.

Telemachus  
proficitur ad  
Menelaum.

THE



# THE FOVRTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

## THE ARGUMENT.

**R** Ector'd now in the Spartan Court  
Telemachus, prefers reports  
To Menelaus, of the wrong  
Of wooers with him, and their wrong.  
Atides tells the Greeks retreat,  
And doth a Prophecy repeat,  
That Proteus made; by which he knew  
His brothers death; and then doth show  
How with Calypso he'd the fire  
Of his yong guest. The wooers' confire  
Their Princes death: whose treachery knowne,  
Penelope in teares doth dronne.  
Whom Pallas by a dreame doth cheere,  
And in similitude appeare  
Of faire Iphthima, knowne to be  
The sister of Penelope.

## Another.

*Delta.* Here, of the Sire  
The Some doth heare:  
The wooers confire,  
The mothers feare.

*Antiqua an-  
tiqua which is  
expounded Spar-  
tan amplam, or  
amplam mag-  
nam, ubi dicitur  
penelope propri-  
etate, plurima cete-  
nutrientem.*

**I**N Lacedaemon now, the nurse of Whales,  
These two arriv'd, and found at festivals  
(With mightie concourse) the renowned King,  
His sonne and daughter, ioyndly marrying.  
Aleitors daughter, he did give his sonne  
Strong *Metagastis*, who his life begonne  
By Menelaus bondmaid, whom he knew  
In yeares. When *Helen* could no more renew

In issue like diuine *Hermione*,  
Who held in all faire forme, as high degree  
As golden *Venus*. Her he married now  
To great *Achilles* sonne, who was by vow  
Betrothd to her at *Troy*. And thus the Gods  
To constant loues, give nuptiall periods.  
Whose state here past, the *Myrmidons* rich towne  
(Of which the shar'd in the Imperiall Crowne)  
With horse and chariots he resign'd her to.  
Meane space, the high huge house, with feast did flow

of

Of friends and neighbours, ioying with the King.  
Amongst whom, did a heavenly Poet sing,  
And touch his Harpe. Amongst whom likewise danc't  
Two, who in that dumbe motion aduanc't,  
Would prompt \*the Singer, what to sing and play.  
All this time, in the vnder Court did stay,  
With horse and chariot, *Telemachus*,  
And *Nestors* noble sonne, *Pisistratus*.  
Whom *Eteoneus* coming forth, delcrid,  
And, being a seruant to the King, most tried  
In care, and his respect; he ranne and cried:  
Guests! Ioue-kept *Menelaus*! two such men,  
As are for forme, of high *Saturnius* straine.  
Informe your pleasure, if we shall vncluse  
Their horse from coach; or say, they must dispose  
Their way to some such house, as may embrace  
Their knowne arrivall, with more welcome grace.  
He (angry) answerd, Thou didst neuer show  
Thy selfe a soole (*Boetides*) till now;  
But now (as if turn'd child) a childish speech  
Vents thy vaine spirits. We our selues now reach  
Our home, by much spent hospitalitie  
Of other men; nor know, if Ioue will trie,  
With other after wants, our state againe:  
And therefore, from our feast, no more detain  
Those welcome guests; but take their Steeds from Coach,  
And with attendance guide in their approach.

This said, he rusht abroad, and call'd some more  
Tried in such seruice; that together bore  
Vp to the guests: and tooke their Steeds that sweet  
Beneath their yokes, from Coach. At mangers set,  
Wheate and white barley gaue them mixt; and plac't  
Their Chariot by a wall so cleare, it cast  
A light quite thorough it. And then they led  
Their guests to the diuine house, which so fed  
Their eyes at all parts with illustrious sights,  
That Admiration seild them. Like the lights  
The Sunne and Moone gaue; all the Pallace threw  
A luster through it. Satiated with whose view,  
Downe to the Kings most bright-kept Baths, they went,  
Where handmaids did their seruices present:  
Bath'd, balmd them; shirts, and well-napt weeds put on,  
And by *Atides* side, set each his throne.  
Then did the handmaid royall, water bring,  
And to a Lauer, rich and glittering,  
Of masse gold, powr'd: which the plac't vpon  
A silver Caldron; into which, might runne  
The water as they wash't. Then set the neare

*Antiqua ephemeris  
Cantum aulici-  
cantos: of which  
place, the Critics  
affirm, that sal-  
tatores mon-  
stros indicant  
cantoris, quo  
genere cantus  
saltaturi forent.  
The rapene of  
Eteoneus at fight  
of Telemachus  
and Pisistratus.*

*Menelaus re-  
bukes his friends  
for his double to  
entertaine guests  
willing.*

A

A polisht table, on which all the cheare  
The present could afford; a reuerend Dame  
That kept the Larder, set. A Cooke then came,  
And diuers dithes, borne thence, seru'd againe;  
Furnisht the boord with bolles of gold; and then  
(His right hand giuen the guests) *Atrides* said,  
Eate, and be chearfull; appetite allaid,  
I long to aske, of what stocke ye descend;  
For not from parents, whose race namelesse end,  
We must denue your offspring. Men obscure,  
Could get none such as you. The pourtraiture  
Of *Ioue*, sustaind, and Scepter-bearing Kings,  
Your either person, in his presence brings.  
An Oxes fat chine, then they vp did lift,  
And set before the guests; which was a gift,  
Sent as an honor, to the Kings owne tast.  
They saw yet, twas but to be eaten plac't,  
And fell to it. But food and wines care past,  
*Telemachus* thus prompted *Nesters* sonne;  
(His care close laying, to be heard of none)

*Telemachus* to  
*Pisistratus*, in  
observation of  
the house, not so  
much that he  
hastily admir'd  
it, as to please  
*Menelaus*, who  
he knew heard,  
though he seem'd  
desirous he should  
not heare.

Consider (thou whom most my mind esteemes)  
The brasse worke here, how rich it is in beames;  
And how besides, it makes the whole house found:  
What gold, and amber, silver, iuorie, round  
Is wrought about it. Out of doubt, the Hall  
Of *Iupiter Olympius*, hath of all  
This state, the like. How many infinites,  
Take vp to admiration, all mens sights?

*Menelaus* relates  
his travels to his  
guests.

*Atrides* over-heard, and said; Lou'd sonne,  
No mortall must affect contention  
With *Ioue*, whose dwellings are of endlesse date.  
Perhaps (of men) some one may emulate,  
(Or none) my house, or me. For I am one,  
That many a graue extreme haue vndergone.  
Much error felt by sea; and till th' eight yeare,  
Had neuer stay; but wanderd farre and neare,  
*Cyprus*, *Phoenicia*, and *Sydonia*;  
And fetcht the farre off *Aethiopia*;  
Reacht the *Erembi* of *Arabia*;

And *Lybia*, where, with hornes, Ewes yeane their Lambs;  
Where euery full yeare, Ewes are three times dams.  
Where neither King, nor shepheard, want comes neare  
Of cheefe, or feth, or sweete milke. All the yeare  
They euer milke their Ewes. And here while I  
Errd, gathering meanes to liue: one, murderously,  
Vnwares, vnseene, bereft my brothers life;  
Chiefly betraid by his abhorred wife.  
So, hold I, (not enioying) what you seee.

And

And of your Fathers (if they liuing be)  
You must haue heard this: since my sufferings were  
So great and famous. From this Pallace here,  
(So rarely well-built, furnished so well,  
And substantced with such a precious deale  
Of well-got treasure) banisht by the doome  
Of Fate; and erring as I had no home.  
And now I haue, and vse it; not to take  
Th' entire delight it offers; but to make  
Continuall wishes, that a triple part  
Of all it holds, were wanting; so my heart  
Were easde of sorrowes (taken for their deaths  
That fell at *Troy*) by their reuiued breaths.  
And thus sit I here, weeping, mourning still  
Each least man los; and sometimes make mine ill  
(In paying iust teares for their losse) my toy.  
Sometimes I breathe my woes; for in annoy,  
The pleasure soone admits fatietie.  
But all these mens wants, wet not so mine eie;  
(Though much they moue me) as one sole mans misse;  
For which, my sleepe and meate, even losbome is,  
In his renewd thought; since no *Greece* hath wonne  
Grace, for such labours, as \**Laertes* sonne  
Hath wrought and sufferd: to himselfe, nought else  
But future sorrowes forging; to me, hel  
For his long absence, since I cannot know.  
If life or death detain him: since such woe  
For his loue, old *Laertes*, his wife wife,  
And poore yong sonne sustaines, whom new with life,  
He left as firelesse. This speech, grieft to teares  
(Powrd from the sonnes lids on the earth) his cares  
(Told of the Father) did excite, who kept  
His cheekes drie with his red weed, as he wept:  
His both hands vld therein. *Atrides* then  
Began to know him; and did his life retaine,  
If he should let, himselfe confesse his Sire,  
Or with all fitting circumstance, enquire.

Intending *Phy-*  
*sis*.

While this, his thoughts disparted, forth did shine;  
(Like to the golden \* distaffe-deckt diuine)  
From her beds high and odoriferous roomes;  
*Hellen*, To whom (of an elaborate loome)  
*Adreia* set a chaire: *Alecype* brought  
A peece of Tapestrie, of fine wood wrought.  
*Phile*, a silver Cabinet conferrd:  
(Given by *Alcandra*, Nuptially endeard  
To Lord *Polybius*; whose abode in *Thiber*,  
Th' Egyptian citie was;) where wealth in heapes,  
His famous house held out of which did go

*Diana*,  
Hellen's repa-  
rance and orna-  
ment.

F

In

In gift t' *Atrides*, silver bath-tubs two;  
Two Tripods; and of fine gold, talents ten.  
His wife did likewise send to *Hellen* then,  
Fairst gifts; a Distaffe that of gold was wrought;  
And that rich Cabinet that *Phyle* brought;  
Round, and with gold ribd, now of fine thred, full:  
On which extended (crown'd with finest wooll,  
Of violet glosse) the golden Distaffe lay.

She tooke her State-chaire; and a foot-stooles stay

*Hellen to Menelaus concerning the guests.*

Had for her feete: and of her husband, thus  
Askt to know all things: Is it knowne to vs,  
(King *Menelaus*) whom these men commend  
Themselves for; that our Court, now takes to friend?  
I must affirme, (be I deceiv'd or no)  
I neuer yet saw man nor woman so  
Like one another, as this man is like  
*Ulysses* sonne. With admiration strike  
His looks, my thoughts; that they should carrie now  
Powre to perswade me thus; who did but know,  
When newly he was borne, the forme they bore.  
But tis his Fathers grace, whom more and more  
His grace resembles; that makes me retaine  
Thought; that he now is like *Telemachus* then:  
Left by his Sire, when *Greece* did undertake  
*Troy*; bold warre, for my impudencies sake.

He answerd: Now wife, what you thinke, I know,  
The true cast of his Fathers eye, doth shew  
In his eyes order. Both his head and haire,  
His hands and feete, his very fathers are.  
Of whom (so well rememberd) I should now  
Acknowledge for me, his continuall flow  
Of cares and perils: yet still patient.  
But I should too much moue him, that doth vent  
Such bitter teares for that which hath bene spokt;  
Which (hunning soft shew) see how he would cloke;  
And with his purple weed, his weepings hide.

*Diistratus tells who they are.*

Then *Nestors* sonne, *Pisistratus* replide:  
Great Pastor of the people, hept of God!  
He is *Ulysses* sonne; but his abode  
Not made before here; and he modest too;  
He holds it an indignitie to do  
A deed so vaine, to vse the brast of words,  
Where your words are on wing, whose voice affords  
Delight to vs, as if a God did breake  
The aire amongst vs, and vouchsafe to speake.  
But me, my father (old Duke *Nestor*) sent  
To be his comfort higher; his content,  
Not to be heightned so, as with your sight.

In

In hope that therewith words and actions might  
Inform his comforts from you; since he is  
Extremely grieu'd and iniur'd, by the misse  
Of his great Father, suffering euen at home.  
And few friends found, to helpe him ouercome  
His too weake sufferance, now his Sire is gone.  
Amongst the people, not afforded one  
To checke the miseries, that mate him thus;  
And this the state is of *Telemachus*.

O Gods (said he) how certaine, now, I see  
My house enioyes that friends sonne, that for me  
Hath vndergone so many willing fights;  
Whom I relou'd, past all the Grecian Knights,  
To hold in loue; if our returne by seas,  
The farre-off Thunderer did euer please  
To grant our wishes. And to his respect,  
A Pallace and a Citie to erect,  
My vow had bound me. Whither bringing then  
His riches, and his sonne, and all his men  
From barren *Ithaca*, (some one sole Towne  
Inhabited about him, batterd downe)  
All should in *Argo* liue. And there would I  
Ease him of rule; and take the Emperie:  
Of all on me. And often here would we  
(Delighting, louing eithers companie)  
Meete and conuerse; whom nothing should diuide,  
Till deaths blacke veile did each all ouer hide.  
But this perhaps had bene: a meane to take  
Euen God himselfe with enuie; who did niake  
*Ulysses* therefore onely the vnblest,  
That should not reach his loued countries rest.

These woes made euery one with woe in loue;  
Euen *Argive* *Hellen* wept, (the seed of *Ioue*)  
*Ulysses* sonne wept; *Atrius* sonne did weepe;  
And *Nestors* sonne, his eyes in teares did steepe.  
But his teares fell not from the present cloud,  
That from *Ulysses* was exhal'd; but flowd  
From braue *Antilochus* rememberd due,  
Whom the renown'd \* Sonne of the Morning flue.  
Which yet he thus excusde: O *Atrius* sonne!  
Old *Nestor* sayes, There liues not such a one  
Amongst all mortals, as *Atrides* is,  
For deathlesse wisdom. Tis a praise of his,  
Still giuen in your remembrance; when at home  
Our speech concernes you. Since then ouercome  
You please to be, with sorrow euen to teares;  
That are in wisdom so exempt from teares;  
Vouchsafe the like effect in me excuse,

*Menelaus joy  
for Telemachus,  
and more for  
Ulysses absence.*

*Menelaus.*

*Pisistratus weeps  
with remembrance  
of his brother  
Antilochus,  
Pis. Memnon.*

F 2

(If

(If it be lawfull) I affect no vice  
Of teares thus, after meales; at least, at night:  
But when the morne brings forth, with teares, her light,  
It shall not then empaire me to bestow  
My teares on any worthies ouerthrow.  
It is the onely right, that wretched men  
Can do dead friends; to cut haire, and complaine.  
But Death my brother tooke; whom none could call  
The Grecian coward; you best knew of all.  
I was not there, nor saw; but men report,  
*Antilochus* exceld the common sort,  
For footmanship, or for the Chariot race;  
Or in the fight, for hardie hold of place.

O friend (said he) since thou hast spoken so,  
At all parts, as one wife should say and do;  
And like one, farre beyond thy selfe in yeares;  
Thy words shall bounds be, to our former teares.  
O he is questionlesse a right borne sonne,  
That of his Father hath not onely wonne  
The person, but the wisedome; and that Sire;  
(Complete himselfe) that hath a sonne entire,  
*Ioue* did not onely his full Fate adorne,  
When he was wedded; but when he was borne.  
As now *Saturnius*, through his lifes whole date,  
Hath *Nefors* blisse raild to as steepe a state:  
Both in his age to keepe in peace his house;  
And to haue children wife and valorous.

But let vs not forget our rere Feast thus;  
Let some giue water here. *Telemachus*!  
The morning shall yeeld time to you and me,  
To do what fits; and reason mutually.  
This saide; the carefull seruant of the King;  
(*Asphalion*) powr'd on th'issue of the Spring;  
And all to readie feast, set readie hand.  
But *Hellen* now, on new deuice did stand;  
Infusing strait a medicine to their wine,  
That (drowning Cares and Angers) did decline  
All thought of ill. Who drunke her cup, could shed  
All that day, not a teare; no not if dead  
That day his father or his mother were;  
Nor if his brother, child, or chiefest deare,  
He should see murderd then before his face.  
Such vsfull medicines (oneie borne in grace,  
Of what was good) would *Hellen* euer haue.  
And this luyce to her, *Polydamma* gaue  
The wife of *Thoön*, an *Egyptian* borne;  
Whole rich earth, herbes of medicine do adorne  
In great abundance. Many healthfull are,

*Hellen's potion  
against Cares.*

And

And many banefull. Euery man is thefe;  
A good Physition, out of riatures grate;  
For all the nation sprung of *Peon's* race.

When *Hellen* then her medicine had infused,  
She bad powre wine to it; and this speech vld:

*Atrides*, and these good mens sonnes; great *Ioue*  
Makes good and ill, one after other moue  
In all things earthly: for he can do all,  
The woes past therefore, he so late let fall;  
The comforts he affords vs, let vs take;  
Feast, and with fit discourfes, merrie make.  
Nor will I other vice. As then our blood  
Grieu'd for *Vlysses*, since he was so good;  
Since he was good, let vs delight to heare  
How good he was, and what his sufferings were.  
Though euery fight, and euery suffering deed,  
Patient *Vlysses* vnderwent; exceed  
My womans powre to number, or to name.  
But what he did, and sufferd, when he came  
Amongst the Troians, (where ye Grecians all  
Tooke part with sufferance) I in part can call  
To your kind memories. How with ghastly wounds  
Himselfe he mangl'd; and the Troian bounds  
(Thrust thicke with enemies) aduentured on;  
His royall shoulders, hauing cast vpon  
Base abiect weeds, and enterd like a slaue.  
Then (begger-like) he did of all men craue;  
And such a wretch was, as the whole Greeke flete  
Brought not besides. And thus through euery streete  
He crept discouraging; of no one man knowne.  
And yet through all this difference, I alone  
Smokt his true person. Talkt with him, But he  
Fled me with wiles still. Nor could we agree,  
Till I disclaimd him quite. And so (as moud  
With womanly remorse, of one that prou'd  
So wretched an estate, what ere he were)  
Wonne him to take my house. And yet euen there;  
Till freely I (to make him doublelesse) swore  
A powrefull oath, to let him reach the shore  
Of ships and tents, before *Troy* vnderstood;  
I could not force on him his proper good.  
But then I bath'd and sooth'd him, and he then  
Confest, and told me all. And (hauing slaine  
A number of the Troian guards) reitide,  
And reacht the Flete, for flight and force admire.  
Their husbands deaths by him, the Troian wiues  
Shriek for; but I made triumphs for their liues.  
For then my heart conceiu'd, that once againe

*Hellen of Vlysses  
and the sacke of  
Troy.*

F 3

I

I should reach home; and yet did still retain  
Woe for the slaughters, *Venus* made for me:  
When both my husband, my *Hermione*,  
And bridall roome, the robd of so much right,  
And drew me from my countrie with her sleight.  
Though nothing vnder heauen, I here did need,  
That could my Fancie, or my Beautie freed.

*Meneclaus to  
Hellen and his  
guests.*

Her husband said: Wife! what you please to tell,  
Is true at all parts, and becomes you well.  
And I my selfe, that now may say, haue scene  
The minds and manners of a world of men:  
And great Heroes, measuring many a ground,  
Haue neuer (by these eyes that light me) found  
One, with a bolome, so to be beloud,  
As that in which, th'accomplisht spirit, mou'd  
Of patient *Phyffes*. What (braue man)  
He both did act, and suffer, when we wan  
The towne of *Ilium*, in the braue-built horfe,  
When all we chiefe States of the Grecian force,  
Were houlde together, bringing Death and Fate  
Amongst the Troians; you (wife) may relate.  
For you, at last, came to vs, God that would  
The Troians glorie giue; gaue charge you should  
Approch the engine; and *Deiphobus*  
(The god-like) followd. Thrice ye circ'd vs,  
With full suray of it; and often tried  
The hollow crafts, that in it were implied.  
When all the voices of their wiues in it  
You tooke on you; with voice so like, and fit  
And euery man by name, so visited;  
That I, *Phyffes*, and King *Diamed*,  
(Set in the midst, and hearing how you call'd)  
*Tydidis*, and my selfe, (as halfe appall'd  
With your remorsefull plaints) would, passing faine  
Haue broke our silences; rather then againe  
Endure, respectlesse, their so mouing cries.  
But, *Ithacus*, our strongest fantasies  
Containd within vs, from the slenderest noise,  
And euery man there, sat without a voice.  
*Anticlus* onely, would haue answerd thee:  
But, his speech, *Ithacus* incessantly  
With strong hand held in; till (*Mineruas* call,  
Charging thee off) *Phyffes* sau'd vs all.

*Hellen counter-  
fessed the wiues  
voices of those  
Kings of Greece,  
that were in the  
wooden horse,  
and calls their  
husbands.*

*Telemachus to  
Meneclaus.*

*Telemachus* replide: Much greater is  
My griefe, for hearing this high praise of his.  
For all this doth not his sad death diuert;  
Nor can, though in him swell an iron heart.  
Prepare, and leade then (if you please) to rest:

Sleepe

Sleepe (that we heare not) will content vs best.

Then *Argine Hellen* made her handmaid go,  
And put faire bedding in the *Portico*,  
Lay purple blankets on, Rugs warme and soft;  
And cast an Arras couerlet aloft.

*Tour ad lectum.*

The torches tooke, made haste, and made the bed,  
When both the guests were to their lodgings led,  
Within a *Portico*, without the house.  
*Atrides*, and his large-traine-wearing Spouse,  
(The excellent of women) for the way,  
In a retir'd recit, together lay.  
The morne arose; the King rose, and put on  
His royall weeds; his sharpe sword hung vpon  
His ample shoulders; forth his chamber went,  
And did the person of a God present.

*Telemachus* accosts him; who begun  
Speech of his iourneys proposition.

And what (my yong *Vlyflean* Heroe)  
Prouokt thee on the broad backe of the sea,  
To visit *Lacedaemon* the Diuine?  
Speake truth; Some publicke or onely thine?

*Meneclaus en-  
quires the cause  
of his voyage.*

I come (said he) to heare, if any fame  
Breath'd of my Father, to thy notice came.  
My house is sackt; my fat workes of the field,  
Are all deftroid; my house doth nothing yeeld  
But enemies; that kill my harmlesse sheepe;  
And sinewie Oxen: nor will euer keepe  
Their steeles without them. And these men are they,  
That woode my Mother; most inhumanely  
Committing iniurie on iniurie.  
To thy knees therefore I am come, I attend  
Relation of the sad and wretched end,  
My erring Father felt: if witness by  
Your owne eyes; or the certaine newes that flie  
From others knowledges. For, more then is  
The vsuall heape of humane miseries,  
His Mother bore him to. Vouchsafe me then  
(Without all ruth of what I can sustaine)  
The plaine and simple truth of all you know.  
Let me beseech so much. If euer vow  
Was made, and put in good effect to you  
At *Troy* (where suffrance bred you so much smart)  
Vpon my Father, good *Phyffes* parts,  
And quit it now to me (himselfe in youth)  
Vnfolding onely the vncloused truth.

He (deeply sighing) answerd him: O shame  
That such poore vassals should affect the fame,  
To share the ioyes of such a Worthies Bed!

F 4

As

As when a Hinde (her calues late famow'd  
To giue sucke) enters the bold Lions den:  
He, rootes of hills, and herbie vallies then  
For food (there feeding) hunting: but at length  
Returning to his Cauerne, giues his strength  
The liues of both the mother and her brood,  
In deaths indecent; so the woocess food  
Must pay *Phyllis* powres, as sharpe an end.  
O would to *Ioue*, *Apollo*, and thy friend,  
(The wife *Minerua*) that thy Father were  
As once he was, when he his spirits did reere  
Against *Philomelides*, in a fight  
Performd in well-built *Lesbos* where, downe-right  
He strooke the earth with him, and gat a shout  
Of all the Grecians. O if now, full out  
He were as then; and with the woocess cop't,  
Short-liu'd they all were; and their nuptials, hop't  
Would proue as desperate. But for thy demand,  
Enforc't with prayers; Ile let thee understand  
The truth directly; nor decline a thought;  
Much lesse deceiue, or sooth thy fancies ought.  
But what the old, and still-true-spoken God,  
That from the sea breathes oracles abroad,  
Disclose to me; to thee Ile all impart,  
Nor hide one word from thy sollicitous heart.

Menelai nau-  
gatio.

I was in *Egypt*, where a mightie time,  
The Gods detaind me: though my naturall clime,  
I neuer so desir'd; because their homes  
I did not greete, with perfect Hecatomes.  
For they will put men euermore in mind,  
How much their masterly commandments bind.

There is (besides) a certaine Iland, call'd  
*Pharos*, that with the high-wau'd sea is wall'd;  
Iust against *Egypt*, and so much remote,  
As in a whole day, with a fore-gale smote,  
A hollow ship can faile. And this Ile beares  
A Port, most portly; where sea-passengers  
Put in still for fresh water, and away  
To sea againe. Yet here the Gods did stay  
My Fleete, full twentie dayes: the winds (that are  
Masters at sea) no prosperous puffs would spare,  
To put vs off: and all my viages here,  
Had quite corrupted; as my mens minds were;  
Had not a certaine Goddesse giuen regard,  
And pittide me in an estate so hard:  
And twas *Edothea*, honourd *Proteus* feed,  
That old sea-farer. Her mind I made bleed  
With my compassion, when (walkt all alone,

From

From all my fouldiers, that were euer gone.  
About the Ile on fishing, with hookes bent;  
*Hunger*, their bellies, on her errand sent  
She came close to me; spake; and thus began:

O all men, thou art the most foolish man,  
Or slacke in businesse; or stayst here of choice;  
And doest in all thy suffrances reioyce;  
That thus long liu't detaind here; and no end  
Canst giue thy tarriance. Thou doest much offend  
The minds of all thy fellows. I replied:

Who euer thou art of the Deified,  
I must affirme, that no way with my will,  
I make abode here: but, it seemes, some ill  
The Gods, inhabiting broad heauen, sustaine  
Against my getting off. Informe me then,  
(For Godheads all things know) what God is he  
That stayes my passage, from the fishie sea?

Stranger (said she) Ile tell thee true: there liues  
An old Sea-farer in these seas, that giues  
A true solution of all secrets here.  
Who, deathlesse *Proteus* is, th' Egyptian Peere:  
Who can the deepes of all the seas exquire;  
Who *Neptunes* Priest is; and (they say) the Sire  
That did beger mee. Him, if any way  
Thou couldst inueigle, he would cleare display  
Thy course from hence; and how farre off doth lie  
Thy voyages whole scope through *Neptunes* skie.  
Informing thee (O God prefer'd) beside  
(If thy desires would so be satisfide)  
What euer good or ill hath got euent,  
In all the time, thy long and hard course spent,  
Since thy departure from thy house. This said,  
Again I answerd: Make the sleights displaid,  
Thy Father vseth; lest his foresight see,  
Or his foreknowledge taking note of me,  
He flies the first place of his vnde abode;  
Tis hard for man to countermine with God.

She frait replide: Ile vtter truth in all;  
When heauens supremest height, the Sunne doth skall,  
The old Sea-tell-truth leaues the deepes, and hides  
Amidst a blacke storme, when the West wind chides;  
In caues still sleeping. Round about him sleepe  
(With short feete swimming forth the fomie deepe)  
The Sea-calues (louely *Halosydnes* call'd)  
From whom a noisome odour is exhalld,  
Got from the whirle-pooles, on whose earth they lie.  
Here, when the morne illustrates all the skie,  
Ile guide, and seate thee, in the fittest place,

*Idothea* to *Me-  
nelaus*.

*Idothea* counsell  
to take her fa-  
ther *Proteus*.

For

For the performance thou hast now in chace.  
In meane time, reach thy Fleete; and chuse out three  
Of best exploit, to go as aides to thee.

*The sleights of  
Protesus.*

But now Ile shew thee all the old Gods sleights;  
He first will number, and take all the fights  
Of those, his guard, that on the shore arrives.  
When hauing view'd, and told them forth by fires;  
He takes place in their midst, and there doth sleepe,  
Like to a shepherd midst his flocke of sheepe.  
In his first sleepe, call vp your hardiest cheate,  
Vigor and violence, and hold him there,  
In spite of all his strivings to be gone.  
He then will turne himselfe to euery one  
Of all things that in earth crepe and respire,  
In water swim, or shine in heavenly fire.  
Yet still hold you him firme; and much the more  
Presse him from passing. But when, as before  
(When sleepe first bound his powres) his forme ye see,  
Then cease your force, and th'old Heroe free;  
And then demand, which heauen-borne it may bee  
That so afflicts you, hindring your retreat,  
And free sea-passage to your native feate.

This said, she diu'd into the wauie seas;  
And I my course did to my ships addresse,  
That on the sands stucke; where amiu'd, we made  
Our supper readie. Then th'Ambrosian shade  
Of night fell on vs; and to sleepe we fell.  
Rose *Aurora* rose, we rose as well,  
And three of them, on whom I most relied,  
For firme at euery force; I chulde, and bied  
Strait to the many-river-ferued seas.  
And all assistance, askt the Deities.

Meane time *Edothea*, the seas broad breast  
Embrac't; and brought for me, and all my rest,  
Foure of the sea-calues skins, but newly fild,  
To worke a wile, which she had fashioned  
Vpon her Father. Then (within the sand  
A couert digging) when these Calues should land,  
She fate expecting. We came close to her:  
She plac't vs orderly; and made vs weare  
Each one his Calues skin. But we then must passe  
A huge exploit. The sea-calues sauour was  
So passing fowre (they still being bred at seas)  
It much afflicted vs: for who can please  
To lie by one of these same sea-bred whales?  
But she preferues vs; and to memorie calls  
A rare commoditie: she fetcht to vs  
*Ambrosia*, that an aire most odorous

*Ironice.*

Bears

Bears still about it; which she nointed round  
Our either nostrils; and in it quite drown'd  
The nastie whale-smell. Then the great euent,  
The whole mornes date, with spirits patient  
We lay expecting. When bright Noone did flame  
Forth from the sea, in Sholes the sea-calues came,  
And orderly, at last, lay downe and slept  
Along the sands. And then th'old sea-god crept  
From forth the deepes; and found his fat calues there:  
Surruaid, and numberd; and came neuer neare  
The craft we vfe, but told vs true for calues.  
His temples then diseald, with sleepe he salues,  
And in rust he we, with an abhorred crie:  
Cast all our hands about him manfully,  
And then th'old Forger, all his formes began:  
First was a Lion, with a mightie mane;  
Then next a Dragon; a pide Panther then;  
A vast Boare next; and sodainly did straine  
All into water. Last, he was a tree,  
Curld all at top, and shor vp to the skie.

We, with resolu'd hearts, held him firmly still,  
When th'old one (held to streight for all his skill,  
To extricate) gaue words, and questiond me:  
Which of the Gods, O *Atræus* sonne, (said he)  
Advis'd and taught thy fortitude this sleight,  
To take and hold me thus, in my despight?  
What asks thy wish now? I replide: Thou knowst:  
Why dost thou aske? What wiles are these thou showst  
I haue within this Ile, bene held for winde  
A wondrous time; and can by no meanes find  
An end to my retention. It hath spent  
The very heart in me. Giue thou then vent  
To doubts thus bound in me, (ye Gods know all)  
Which of the Godheads, doth so fowly fall  
On my addression home, to stay me here?  
Auert me from my way? The fishie cleare,  
Barr'd to my passage? He replide: Of force  
(If to thy home, thou wilt free recourse)  
To *Ioue*, and all the other Deities,  
Thou must exhibite solemne sacrifice;  
And then the blacke sea for thee shall be cleare,  
Till thy lou'd countries ferd'd reach. But where  
Aske these rites thy performance? Tis a fate  
To thee and thy affaires appropriate,  
That thou shalt neuer see thy friends, nor tread  
Thy Countries earth; nor see inhabited  
Thy so magnificent house; till thou make good  
Thy voyage backe to the *Ægyptian* flood,

*Protesus taken  
by Menelaus.*

Whole

Whose waters fell from *Ioue*: and there hast given  
To *Ioue*, and all Gods, hous'd in ample heauen,  
Deuoted Hecatombs; and then free wayes  
Shall open to thee; cleard of all delayes.

This told he; and me thought, he brake my heart,  
In such a long and hard course: so direct  
My hope for home; and charge my backe to sea,  
As farre as *Egypt*. I made answer yet:

Father, thy charge Ile perfect; but before,  
Resolue me truly, if their naturall shore,  
All those Greeks, and their ships, do safe enioy,  
That *Nestor* and my selfe left, when from *Troy*  
We first rais'de saile: Or whether any died  
At sea a death vnwith? Or (satisfied)  
When warre was past, by friends embrac't, in peace  
Resign'd their spirits? He made answer: Cease  
To aske so farre; it fits thee not to be  
So cunning in thine owne calamitie.  
Nor seeke to learne; what leard, thou shouldst forget;

Mens knowledges haue proper limits set,  
And should not prease into the mind of God.  
But twill not long be (as my thoughts abode).  
Before thou buy this curious skill with teares.  
Many of those, whose states so tempt thine cares,  
Are stoop'd by Death; and many left aliue:  
One chiefe of which, in strong hold doth lumine,  
Amidst the broad sea. Two, in their retence,  
Are done to death. I list not to repace,  
Who fell at *Troy*; thy selfe was there in fight.  
But in returne, swift *Aiax* lost the light,

In his long-oard ship. *Neptune* yet a while,  
Satt him vnwrackt: to the *Gyrean* Ile,  
A mightie Rocke remoting from his way.  
And surely he had scapt the fatal day,  
In spite of *Pallas*, if to that foule deed,  
He in her Phane did, (when he rapisht  
The Trojan Prophetesse) he had not here  
Adioynd an impious boast: that he would beare  
(Despite the Gods) his ship safe through the waues  
Then rais'de against him. These his impious beaues,  
When *Neptune* heard, in his strong hand he tooke  
His massie Trident; and so foundly strooke  
The rocke *Gyrean*, that in two it cleft:  
Of which, one fragment on the land he left;  
The other fell into the troubl'd seas;  
At which, first rusht *Aiax* Oileader,  
And split his ship: and then himselfe afloat  
Swum on the rough waues of the worlds vast mote;

The wracke of  
*Aiax* Oileas.

*Cassandra*.

Till hauing drunke a salt cup for his sinne,  
There perisht he. Thy brother yet did winne  
The wreath from *Death*, while in the waues they stroue,  
Afflicted by the reuerend wife of *Ioue*.  
But when the steepe Mount of the *Malean* Shore,  
He seem'd to reach; a most tempestuous blor,  
Farre to the fishie world, that fighes so sore,  
Strait raiisht him againe; as farre away,  
As to th'extreme bounds where the *Agrians* stays,  
Where first *Thirstes* dwelt: but then his sonne  
*Egisthus* *Thiestades* liu'd. This done,  
When his returne vntoucht appeard againe,  
Backe turn'd the Gods the wind; and set him then  
Hard by his house. Then, full of ioy, he left  
His ship; and close th'is countrie earth he cleft;  
Kist it, and wept for ioy: powrd teare on teare,  
To set so withedly his footing there.  
But see: a Sentinell that all the yeare,  
Crastie *Egisthus*, in a watchtowre set  
To spie his landing, for reward as great  
As two gold talents; all his powres did call  
To strict remembrance of his charge; and all  
Discharg'd at first sight; which at first he cast  
On *Agamemnon*; and with all his host,  
Inform'd *Egisthus*. He, an instant traine  
Laid for his slaughter: Twentie chosen men  
Of his *Plebeians*, he in ambush laid.  
His other men, he charg'd to see puruaid  
A Feast: and forth, with horse and chariots grac't,  
He rode to murther him: but in heart embrac't  
Horrible welcomes: and to death did bring,  
With trecherous slaughter, the vnway King.  
Receiu'd him at a Feast; and (like an Oxe  
Slaine at his manger) gaue him bits and knocks.  
No one left of *Atrides* traine; nor one  
Sau'd to *Egisthus*; but him selfe alone:  
All strowd together there, the bloudie Court.  
This said: my foule he funke with his report:  
Flat on the sands I fell: teares spent their store;  
I, light abhord: my heart would liue no more.

When drie of teares; and tir'd with tumbling there,  
Th'old *Tel-truth* thus my danted spirits did cheare:  
No more spend teares nor time, O *Atrides* sonnes  
With ceaselesse weeping, neuer with was wonne.  
Use uttermost assay to reach thy home,  
And all vnwares vpon the murtherer come,  
(For torture) taking him thy selfe, aliue;  
Or let *Orestes*, that should farre out-strue

*Agamemnon*  
slaughter'd by *E-*  
*gisthus* treachery.

Till

G

Thee



There in fit vengeance, quickly quit the light  
Of such a darke soule: and do thou the right  
Of buriall to him, with a Funerall feast.

With these last words, I fortifie my breast;  
In which againe, a generous spring began,  
Of fitting comfort, as I was a man;  
But, as a brother, I must euer mourne.  
Yet forth I went, and told him the returne  
Of these I knew: but he had nam'd a third,  
Held on the broad sea; still with life inspir'd;  
Whom I besought to know, though likewise dead,  
And I must mourne alike. He answered:

He is *Laertes* sonne, whom I beheld  
In Nymph *Calypos* Pallace; who compeld  
His stay with her: and since he could not see  
His countrie earth, he mournd incessantly.  
For he had neither ship, instruct with oares,  
Nor men to fetch him from those stranger shores.  
Where, leaue we him; and to thy selfe descend;  
Whom, not in *Argos*, Fate nor Death shall end;  
But the immortall ends of all the earth,  
So rul'd by them, that order death by birth,

*Elisium describ'd.*

(The fields *Elisium*) Fate to thee will giue:  
Where *Rhadamanthus* rules; and where men liue  
A neuer-troubld life: where snow, nor showres,  
Nor irksome Winter spends his fruitlesse powres;  
But from the Ocean, *Zephyre* still resumes  
A constant breath, that all the fields perfumes.  
Which, since thou marriedst *Hellen*, are thy hire;  
And *Ioue* himselfe, is by her side thy Sire.

*Protesus leaues the  
Menelaus.*

This said, he diu'd the deepe some watric heapes;  
I, and my tried men, tooke vs to our ships;  
And worlds of thoughts, I varied with my steps.

Arriu'd and thipt, the silent solemne Night,  
And Sleepe bereft vs of our visuall light.  
At morne, masts, sailes reard, we sat; left the shores,  
And beate the fomic Ocean with our oares.

Again then we, the *Ioue*-faine flood did fetch,  
As farre as *Egypt*: where we did beseech  
The Gods with Hecatombs, whose angers ceast;  
I toomb'd my brother, that I might be blest.

All rites perform'd; all haste I made for home;  
And all the prosprous winds about were come;  
I had the Pasport now of euery God,  
And here close all these labours period.

Here stay then, till th' eleuenth or twelfth daies light;  
And Ile dismiss thee well; gifts exquisite  
Preparing for thee: Chariot, horses three;

A

A Cup of curious frame to serue for thee,  
To serue th' immortall Gods with sacrifice;  
Mindfull of me, while all Sunnes light thy skies.  
He answer'd: Stay me not too long time here;  
Though I could sit, attending all the yeare:  
Nor should my house, nor parents, with desire,  
Take my affections from you; so on fire  
With loue to heare you, are my thoughts: but so;  
My *Pylia* friends, I shall affix with wo,  
Who mourne euen this stay. Whatsoeuer be  
The gifts your Grace is to bestow on me,  
Vouchsafe them such, as I may beare and saue,  
For your sake euer. Horse, I list not haue,  
To keepe in *Ithaca*; but leaue them here,  
To your soiles dainties; where the broad fields beare  
Sweet *Cypers* grasse; where men-fed Lote doth flow;  
Where wheate-like Spelt; and wheate it selfe doth grow;  
Where Barley, white, and spreading like a tree:  
But *Ithaca*, hath neither ground to be  
(For any length it comprehends) a race  
To trie a horses speed: nor any place  
To make him fat in: fitter farre to feed:  
A Cliffe-bred Goate, then raise, or please a Steed.  
Of all Iles, *Ithaca* doth least prouide,  
Or meades to feed a horse, or wayes to ride.

*Telemachus  
Menelaus.*

*Ithaca described  
by Telemachus.*

He, smiling said: Of good bloud art thou (sonne):  
What speech, to yong? what obseruation.  
Hast thou made of the world? I well am please  
To change my gifts to thee; as being confid  
Vnfit indeed: my store is such, I may.  
Of all my house-gifts then, that vp I lay  
For treasure there, I will bestow on thee  
The fairest, and of greatest price to me.  
I will bestow on thee a rich caru'd Cup  
Of silver all: but all the brims wrought vp  
With finest gold: it was the onely thing  
That the Heroicall *Sydonian* King  
Presented to me, when we were to part  
At his receipt of me, and twas the Art  
Of that great Artist, that of heauen is free;  
And yet euen this, will I bestow on thee.

This speech thus ended; guests came, and did bring  
Muttons (for Presents) to the God-like King:  
And spirit-prompting wine, that strenuous makes.  
Their Riband-wreathed wiues, brought fruit and cakes.

Thus, in this house, did these their Feast apply:  
And in *Vlysses* house, Actiuitie  
The woocers practise: Tossing of the Spare;

*The woocers con-  
stitute againe  
Telemachus.*

The

G 2

THE FOVRTH BOOKE

The Stone, and hurling: thus delighted, where  
They exercise such infolence before:  
Euen in the Court, that wealthy paucements wore.

*Antinous* did still their strifes decide;  
And he that was in person decide  
*Eurymachus*; both ring leaders of all;  
For in their vertues they were principall.

These, by *Noemon* (sonne to *Mentor*)  
Were sided now; who made the question thus:

*Antinous*! does any friend here know,  
When this *Telemachus* returns? or no,  
From sandie *Pyles*? He made bold to take  
My ship with him: of which, I now should make  
Fit vse my selfe; and faile in her as farr  
As spacious *Elis*; where, of mine, there are  
Twelue delicate Mares, and vnder their sides, go  
Laborious Mules, that yet did neuer know  
The yoke, nor labour: some of which should beare  
The taming now, if I could fetch them there.  
This speech, the rest admir'd; nor dreamt that he  
*Neleian Pyles*, euer thought to see;  
But was at field about his flocks furmy:  
Or thought, his heardsmen held him to away.  
*Eupitheus* sonne, *Antinous*, then replied:  
When went her or with what Train dignified  
Of his selected *Ithacusan* youth?

Prest men, or Bond men were they: Tell the truth,  
Could he effect this? let me truly know:  
To gaine thy vessell, did he violence show,  
And vnde her gainst thy will: or had her free,  
When sitting question, he had made with thee?

*Noemon* answerd: I did freely giue  
My vessell to him; who deserues to liue,  
That would do other: when such men as he,  
Did in distresse aske: he should churlish be,  
That would denie him: Of our youth, the best  
Amongst the peoples; to the interest  
His charge did challenge in them; giuing way,  
With all the tribute, all their powres could pay.  
Their Captaine (as he tooke the ship) I knew;  
Who *Mentor* was, or God. A deities shew,  
Maskt in his likensse. But to thinke twas he,  
I much admire, for I did clearly see,  
But yester morning, God like *Mentor* here;  
Yet, th'other euening, he tooke shipping there,  
And went for *Pyles*. Thus went he for home,  
And left the rest, with enuie overcome:  
Who late; and pastime left. *Eupitheus* sonne

Sad

OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

85

(Sad, and with rage, his entrailes ouerrunne)  
His eyes like flames; thus interpolde his speech.  
Strange thing; an action of how proud a reach,  
Is here committed by *Telemachus*?

A boy, a child, and we, a sort of vs,  
Vowd gainst his voyage; yet admit it thus,  
With ship, and choise youth of our people too:  
But let him on; and all his mischief do;  
*Ioue* shall conuert vpon himselfe his powres,  
Before their ill presum'd, he brings on ours.  
Prouide me then a ship, and twentie men  
To giue her manage; that against again  
He turnes for home; on th' *Ithacusan* seas,  
Or Cliffe *Samios*; I may interpreate,  
Way-lay, and take him; and make all his craft,  
Saile with his ruine, for his Father saf'r.

This, all applauded; and gaue charge to do;  
Rose, and to greet *Vlysses* house, did go.  
But long time past not, ere *Penelope*  
Had notice of their far-fetched trecherie.  
*Medon* the Herald told her, who had heard  
Without the Hall, how they within conferr:  
And halted strait, to tell it to the Queene:  
Who from the entrie, hauing *Medon* scene  
Preuents him thus: Now Herald; what affaire  
Intend the famous woors, in your repaire?  
To tell *Vlysses* maids, that they must cease  
From doing our worke, and their banquets dresse:  
I would to heauen, that (leaving wooing me,  
Nor euer troubling other companie)  
Here might the last Feast be, and most extreme,  
That euer any shall addresse for them.

They neuer meete, but to consent in spoile,  
And reape the free fruites of anothers toile.  
O did they neuer, when they children were,  
What to their Fathers, was *Vlysses*, heare?  
Who neuer did gainst any one proceed,  
With vniuist vjage, or in word or deed:  
Tis yet with other Kings, another right,  
He to pursue with loue, another spight,  
He still yet iust, nor would, though might deuoure;  
Nor to the worst, did euer taste of powre.  
But their vnruled acts, shew their minds estate:  
Good turnes receiu'd once, thanks grow out of date.

*Medon*, the learn'd in wisdome, answerd her:  
I with (O Queene) that their ingritudes were  
Their worst ill towards you: but worse by farr,  
And much more deadly their endeouours are;

G 3

Which

*Antinous* argues  
for the escape of  
*Telemachus*.

*Penelope* to *Me-*  
*don*.

*Medon* to *Pen-*  
*elope* relates the  
voyage of *Tele-*  
*machus*.

Which *Ioue* will faile them in. *Telemachus*  
 Their purpose is (as he returns to vs)  
 To giue their sharpe steeles in a cruell death:  
 Who now is gone to learne, if *Feme* can breathe  
 Newes of his Sire; and will the *Etylian* shore,  
 And sacred *Sparta*, in his search explore.

This newes dissol'd to her both knees and heart,  
 Long silence held her, ere one word would part:  
 Her eyes stood full of teares; her small soft voice,  
 All late vs lost; that yet at last had choice  
 Of wonted words; which briefly thus she vnde:

Why left my sonne his mother: why refuse  
 His wit the solid shore, to trie the seas,  
 And put in ships the trust of his distresse?  
 That are at sea to men vnbridld horse,  
 And runne, past rule, their farre-engaged course,  
 Amidst a moisture, past all meane vnslaid:  
 No need compeld this: did he it, afraid  
 To liue and leaue posteritie his name?

I know not (he replide) if th'humor came  
 From current of his owne instinct, or flow'd  
 From others instigations; but he vow'd  
 Attempt to *Pylas*; or to see desir'd  
 His Sires returne, or know what death he died.

This said; he tooke him to *Phyffes* house  
 After the woocers; the *Phyffes* Spouse  
 (Runne through with woes) let *Torone* seile her mind,  
 Nor, in her choice of state-chaires, stood endin'd  
 To take her seate; but th'abieft threshold chose  
 Of her faire chamber, for her loth'd repose;  
 And mournd most wretch-like, Round about her fell  
 Her handmaids, ioynd in a continuat yell  
 From euery corner of the Pallace, all  
 Of all degrees, tun'd to her comforts fall  
 Their owne deiections: to whom, her complaint  
 She thus enforc't: The Gods beyond constraint  
 Of any measure, vrge these teares on me;  
 Nor was there euer Dame of my degree,  
 So past degree grieu'd. First, a Lord, so good,  
 That had such hardie spirits in his blood,  
 That all the vertues was adorn'd withall;  
 That all the Greeks did their Superiour call,  
 To part with thus, and lose. And now a sonne  
 So worthily belou'd, a course to runne  
 Beyond my knowledge; whom rude tempests haue  
 Made farre from home, his most inglorious graue.

Vnhappie wenches, that no one of all,  
 (Though in the reach of euery one, must fall

*Penelope relus-  
 keth her Ladies  
 for not telling her  
 of Telemachus.*

His taking (ship) sustaind the carefull mind,  
 To call me from my bed, who, this desend;  
 And most vowd course in him, had either staid,  
 (How much sooner hastid) or dead laid  
 He should haue left me. Many a man I haue,  
 That would haue call'd old *Dolus* my flauce,  
 (That keeps my Orchard, whom my Father gaue  
 At my departure) to haue runne, and told  
 Laertes this; to trie if he could hold  
 From running through the people; and from teares,  
 In telling them of these vowd murtherers;  
 That both diuine *Phyffes* hope, and his,  
 Resolue to end in their conspiracies.

His Nurse then, *Euryclaea* made reply:  
 Deare Soueraigne, let me with your owne hands die;  
 Or cast me off here; Ile not keepe from thee,  
 One word of what I know: He trusted me  
 With all his purpose; and I gaue him all  
 The bread and wine, for which he pleas'd to call.  
 But then a mightie oath he made me sweare;  
 Not to report it to your royall eare,  
 Before the twelfth day either should appeare,  
 Or you should aske me, when you heard him gone,  
 Empaire not then your beauties with your mone;  
 But wash, and put vntearc-staind garments on:  
 Ascend your chamber, with your Ladies here;  
 And pray the feed of Goat-nurft *Iupiter*,  
 (Diuine *Athenia*) to preferue your sonne;  
 And she will saue him from confusion.

Th'old King, to whom your hopes stand so inclin'd,  
 For his graue counsels, you perhaps may find  
 Vnfit affected, for his ages sake.  
 But heauen-kings waxe not old; and therefore make  
 Fit prayrs to them, for my thoughts neuer will  
 Beleue the heauenly powres conceit so ill.

The feed of righteous *Arcefiader*,  
 To end it vterly, but still will please  
 In some place euermore, some one of them  
 To saue; and deck him with a Diadem:  
 Giue him possession of erected Towres,  
 And farre-stretch fields, crown'd all of fruits and flowres.  
 This said her heart, and dride her humorous eies,  
 When hauing washt, and weeds of sacrifice  
 (Pure, and vntaind with her distrustfull teares)  
 Put on; (with all her women-ministers)  
 Vp to a chamber of most height, she rose;  
 And cakes of salt and barley did impose  
 Within a wicker basket; all which broke

*Euryclaea pious  
 comfort of Pe-  
 nelope.*

*Laertes found so  
 Arcefiades the son  
 of Iupiter.*

*Penelope to  
Pallas.*

In decent order, thus she did invoke:  
Great Virgin of the Goat-preserved God;  
If euer the inhabited abode  
Of wife *Phyllis*, held the famed Thies  
Of sheepe and Oxen, made thy seruice  
By his deuotion; heare me; nor forget  
His pious seruices; but satisfie fit.  
His deare sonne, on these shores; and banish hence  
These wooers, past all meane in insolence.  
This said, the shrill; and *Pallas* heard her voice.  
The wooers broke with tumult all the aire  
About the shade house; and one of them,  
Whose pride, his youth had made the most extreme,  
Said; Now the many-wooer-honoured *Queen*,  
Will surely faine her delayfull spouse,  
And one of vs, in instant nuptiall make.  
Poore Dame, she deemes not, what designe we make,  
Vpon the life and slaughter of her sonne.

*Antinous to the  
rest.*

So said he; but so said, was not so done;  
Whose arrogant spirit in a vaine so vaine,  
*Antinous* chid; and said; For shame containe  
These brauing speeches; who so small who haunce  
Are we not now in reach of others seruice?  
If our intentions please vs, let vs call  
Our spirits vp to them; and let speeches fall.  
By watchfull Danger, men must sitte go:  
What we resolute on, let's not fly, but do.  
This said, he chulde out twentie men, that bore  
Best reckning with him; and to ship and shore,  
All hasted, reacht the ship, lancht, raid the mast;  
Put sailes in; and with leather loopes made fast  
The oares; Sailes hoisted, Armes their men did bring;  
All giuing speed, and forme to euery thing.  
Then to the high-deepes, their rigged vessel driven,  
They slypt, expecting the approaching Even.  
Meane space, *Penelope* her chamber kept,  
And bed, and neither eate, nor drinke, nor sleepe;  
Her strong thoughts wrought so on her blamelesse sonne;  
Still in contention, if he should be done  
To death, or scape the impious wooers designe.  
Looke how a Lion, whose men-woopers combine  
To hunt, and close him in a crasse ring,  
Much varied thought conceiues; and faine doth sting  
For vrgent danger: So far'd the sill sleepe,  
All iuncture of her ioynts, and nerues did sleepe  
In his dissoluing humor. When (at rest)  
*Pallas* her fauours varied; and addrest  
An Idoll, that *Iphibima* did present

In

In structure of her euery linement;  
Great-sould *Icarus* daughter: whom, for Spouse  
*Eumelus* tooke, that kept in *Phen* house.  
This, to diuine *Vlysses* house she sent,  
To trie her best meane, how she might content  
Mournfull *Penelope*; and make Relent  
The strict addition in her to deplore.  
This Idoll (like a \*worme, that lesse or more,  
Contracts or straines her) did it selfe conuey,  
Beyond the wards, or windings of the key,  
Into the chamber; and aboue her head,  
Her seate assuming, thus she comforted  
Distrest *Penelope*. Doth sleepe thus feafe  
Thy powres, affected with so much disease?  
The Gods, that nothing troubles, will not see  
Thy teares nor griefes, in any least degree,  
Sustaine with cause; for they will guard thy sonne,  
Safe to his wifht, and natiue mansion;  
Since he is no offender of their States;  
And they to such, are firmer then their Fates.

The wife *Penelope* recei'd her thus;  
(Bound with a slumber most delicious,  
And in the Port of dreames) O sister, why  
Repaire you hither: since so farr off lie  
Your house and household: You were neuer here  
Before this houre; and would you now giue cheare  
To my so many woes and miseries?  
Affecting fitly all the faculties  
My soule and mind hold: hauing lost before  
A husband, that of all the vertues bore  
The Palme amongst the Greeks; and whose renowne  
So ample was, that Fame the sound hath blowne  
Through *Greece* and *Argos*, to her very heart.  
And now againe; a sonne that did conuert  
My whole powres to his loue, by ship is gone.  
A tender Plant, that yet was neuer growne  
To labours taste, nor the commerce of men;  
For whom, more then my husband I complaine;  
And lest he should at any sufferance touch  
(Or in the sea, or by the men so much  
Estrang'd to him, that must his comforts be)  
Feare and chill tremblings, shake each ioynt of me.  
Besides: his danger sets on, foes profest  
To way-lay his returne; that haue addrest  
Plots for his death. The scauce-discerned Dreame,  
Said: Be of comfort; nor feares so extreme,  
Let thus dismay thee; thou hast such a mate  
Attending thee, as some at any rate

*Apoll mem-  
brorum stru-  
gula.*

*apoll mem-  
brorum stru-  
gula. Apoll  
affectus cur-  
culionis signi-  
ficat quod locu-  
gior & grasi-  
lior euaserit.*

*Minerva sub  
Iphthima per-  
fona, solatur Pe-  
nelopen in  
Ioniis.*

*Penelope to the  
Dreame,*

Would

Would with to purchase; for her powre is great;  
*Minerva* pities thy delights defence:  
 Whose Grace hath sent me to foretell thee these.

*Penelope to the  
 Idoll.*

If thou (said she) be of the Goddesses,  
 And heardst her tell thee these; thou mayst as well  
 From her, tell all things else; daine then to tell,  
 If yet the man, to all misfortunes borne,  
 (My husband) lives; and sees the Sunne adorne  
 The darksome earth; or hides his wretched head  
 In *Plutus* house, and lives amongst the dead:

I will not (the replide) my breath exhale,  
 In one continu'd, and perpetuall tale;  
 Lives he, or dies he. 'Tis a filthy vice,  
 To be in vaine and idle speech profuse.  
 This said, she through the key-hole of the dore  
 Vanisht againe into the open bore.

*Icarus* daughter started from her sleepe,  
 And *Ioy* fresh humor, her loud breith did sleepe:  
 When now so cleare, in that first watch of night,  
 She saw the scene dreame vanish from her sight.

The wooers (hipt) the seas moist waves did plie;  
 And thought the Prince, a haughtie death should die.  
 There lies a certaine Iland in the sea,  
 Twixt rockie *Samos* and rough *Ithaca*,  
 That cliffe is it selfe, and nothing great;  
 Yet holds conuenient hauens, that two wayes let  
 Ships in and out; call'd *Asteris*; and there  
 The wooers hope to make their massacre.

*Finit libri quarti Hom. Odysf.*

THE

## THE FIFTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

### THE ARGUMENT.

**A** Second Cour, on *Ioue* attends;  
 Who, *Hermes* to *Calypso* sends;  
 Commanding her to cleare the wayes  
*Vlysses* sought; and she obeyes.  
 When *Neptune* saw *Vlysses* free,  
 And, so in safetie, plow the seas;  
 Enrag'd, he ruffles up the waves,  
 And splits his ship. *Leucothea* saues  
 His person yet; as being a Dame,  
 Whose Godhead govern'd in the frame  
 Of those seas tempests. But the meane  
 By which she cur'd dreads *Neptunes* plene,  
 Is made a Jewell; which she takes  
 From off her head; and that she makes  
*Vlysses* on his bosome weare,  
 About his necke, she ties it there:  
 And when he is with waves beset,  
 Bids weare it as an Amulet;  
 Commanding him, that yet before  
 He toucht upon *Phaeacias* shore,  
 He should not part with it; but then  
 Returne it to the sea againe,  
 And cast it from him. He performs;  
 Yet after this, bides bitter stormes;  
 And int he rockes, sees Death engrau'd;  
 But on *Phaeacias* shore is sau'd.

### Another.

**E.** *Vlysses* builds  
 A ship; and gaires  
 The *Gallie* fields;  
 Payer *Neptune* paines.

**A** rose from high-borne *Tithons* Bed,  
 That men and Gods might be illustrated:  
 And then the Deities fate. Imperiall *Ioue*,  
 That makes the horrid murmure beate aboue,  
 Tooke place past all; whose height for euer springs;  
 And from whom flows th'eternall powre of things.  
 Then *Pallas* (mindfull of *Vlysses*) told  
 The many Cares, that in *Calypso* hold,  
 He still sustaind; when he had felt before,  
 So much affliction, and such dangers more.

*Pallas to the Gods.*

O Father, (said she) and ye euer blest;  
Giue neuer King hereafter, interest  
In any aide of yours, by seruing you;  
By being gentle, humane, iust, but grow  
Rude, and for euer scornfull of your rights;  
All iustice ording by their appetites.  
Since he that rul'd, as it in right behou'd,  
That all his subiects, as his children lou'd,  
Finds you so thoughtlesse of him, and his birth.  
Thus men begin to say, ye rule in earth;  
And grudge at what ye let him vndergo;  
Who yet the least part of his sufferance know:  
Thralld in an lland; shipwrack in his teares;  
And in the fancies that *Calypto* beares,  
Bound from his birthright; all his shipping gone;  
And of his souldiers, not retaining one.  
And now his most-lou'd Sonnes life doth in flame  
Their slaughterous enuies, since his Fathers fame  
He puts in pursuite; and is gone as faire  
As sacred *Pylas*, and the singular  
Dame breeding *Sparta*. This, with this reply,  
The Cloud-assembler answerd: What words sile  
Thine owne remembrance (daughter) hast not thou;  
The counsell giuen thy selfe, that told thee how  
*Plyfles* shall with his returne adresse  
His wooers wrongs: And, for the safe accessse,  
His Sonne shall make to his innatue Port,  
Do thou direct it, in as curious sort,  
As thy wit serues thee: it obeys thy powers;  
And in their ship returne the speedlesse wooers.

*Joue to Mercury*

Then turnd he to his issue *Mercurie*,  
And said: Thou hast made good our Ambassie  
To th'other Statists; To the Nymph then now,  
On whose faire head a tuft of gold doth grow;  
Beare our true-spoken counsell; for retreat  
Of patient *Plyfles*; who shall get  
No aide from vs, nor any mortall man;  
But in a patcht-vp skiffe, (built as he can,  
And suffering woes enow) the twentieth day  
At fruitfull *Scheria*, let him breathe his way,  
With the *Phaaciens*, that halfe Deities liue;  
Who like a God will honour him; and giue  
His wisdom clothes, and ship, and brasse, and gold,  
More then for gaine of *Troy* he euer told;  
Where, at the whole diuision of the prey,  
If he a sauer were, or got away  
Without a wound (if he should grudge) twas well;  
But th'end shall crowne all; therefore Fate will deale

*Phaaciae mela-  
stigmae, in rate  
multis vinctulis  
ligatus.*

So

So well with him; to let him land, and see  
His natue earth, friends, house and family.

Thus charg'd he; nor *Argicides* denied;  
But to his feete, his faire wingd shooes he tied;  
*Ambrosian*, golden; that in his command,  
Put either sea, or the vameasur'd land,  
With pace as speedie as a puf of wind.  
Then vp his Rod went; with which he declin'd  
The eyes of any waker, when he pleas'd,  
And any sleeper, when he wisht, discaid.

This tooke; he stoopt *Pierces*; and thence  
Glid through the aire; and *Neptunes* Confluence  
Kist as he flew; and checkt the waues as light  
As any Sea-mew, in her fishing flight,  
Her thicke wings fousing in the sauerie seas.  
Like her, he past a world of wildernesse;  
But when the far-off Ile, he toucht; he went  
Vp from the blue sea, to the Continent,  
And reacht the ample Cauerne of the Queene;  
Whom he within found; without, feldome scene.  
A Sun-like fire vpon the harth did flame;  
The matter precious, and diuine the frame;  
Of Cedar cleft, and Incense was the Pile,  
That breath'd an odour round about the Ile.

Her selfe was seated in an inner roome,  
Whom sweetly sing he heard; and at her loome,  
About a curious web, whose yarne she threw  
In, with a golden shuttle. A Grove grew  
In endlesse spring about her Cauerne round;  
With odorour Cypress, Pines, and Poplars crown'd;  
Where Haulks, Sea-owles, and long-tongu'd Bittours bred;  
And other birds their shadie pinions spred.  
All Fowles maritally, none roosted there,  
But those whose labours in the waters were.  
A Vine did all the hollow Caue embrace;  
Still Greene, yet still ripe bunches gaue it grace.  
Foure Fountaines, one against another powrd  
Their siluer streames; and meadowes all enflowrd  
With sweete Balme-gentle, and blue Violets hid,  
That deckt the soft breasts of each fragrant Mead.  
Should any one (though he immortal were)  
Arriue and see the sacred objects there;  
He would admire them, and be ouer-joyd;  
And so stood *Hermes* raiht powres employd.

But hauing all admir'd, he enterd on  
The ample Caue; nor could be scene vnknowne  
Of great *Calypto*, (for all Deities are  
Prompt in each others knowledge; though so farre

*Mercurij de-  
scriptio.*

*Descriptio spe-  
cus Calypsiæ.*

H

Seuend

Seuerd in dwellings) but he could not see  
*Ulysses* there within. Without was he  
 Set sad alhore; where twas his wife to view  
 Th' vnquiet sea; sigh'd, wept, and emptic drew  
 His heart of comfort. Plac't here in her throne  
 (That beames cast vp, to Admiration)  
 Diuine *Calypso*, question'd *Hermes* thus:

*Calypso to Mer-  
curie.*

For what cause (deare, and much esteem'd by vs,  
 Thou golden-rod-adorned *Mercurie*)  
 Arriu' st thou herer: thou hast not vnde apply  
 Thy passage this way. Say, what euer be  
 Thy hearts desire, my mind commands it thee,  
 If in my meanes it lie, or powre of fact.  
 But first, what hospitable rights exact,  
 Come yet more neare, and take. This said, she set  
 A Table forth, and furnisht it with meate,  
 Such as the Gods taste; and seru'd in with it,  
 Vermilion *Nectar*. When with banquet, fit  
 He had confirm'd his spirits; he thus exprest  
 His cause of coming: Thou hast made request  
 (Goddesse of Goddesse) to vnderstand  
 My cause of touch here: which thou shalt command,  
 And know with truth: *Ioue* caus'd my course to thee,  
 Against my will; for who would willingly  
 Lackey along so vast a lake of Brine?  
 Neare to no Citie; that the powres diuine  
 Receiues with solemne rites and Hecatombs:  
 But *Ioues* will euer, all law ouercomes;  
 No other God can crosse or make it void.  
 And he affirms, that one, the most annoyd  
 With woes and toiles, of all those men that fought  
 For *Priams* Citie; and to end hath brought  
 Nine yeares in the contention; is with thee.  
 For in the tenth yeare, when roy *Victorie*  
 Was wonne, to giue the Greeks the spoile of *Troy*;  
 Returne they did professe, but not enioy,  
 Since *Pallas* they incens'd; and she, the waues  
 By all the winds powre, that blew ope their graues.  
 And there they rested. Onely this poore one,  
 This Coast, both winds and waues haue cast vpon:  
 Whom now forthwith he wils thee to dismiss;  
 Affirming that th' vnalterd destinies,  
 Not onely haue decreed, he shall not die  
 Apart his friends; but of Necessitie  
 Enioy their sights before those fatal houres,  
 His countrie earth reach, and erected Towres.

*Mercurie to Cal-  
ypso.*

This strook, a loue-checkt horror through her powres;  
 When (naming him) she this reply did giue:

Infatiate

*Calypso displea-  
sed reply to  
Mercurie.*

Infatiate are ye Gods, past all that liue,  
 In all things you affect; which still conuerts  
 Your powres to Enuies. It afflicts your hearts,  
 That any Goddesse should (as you obtaine  
 The vse of earthly Dames) enioy the men:  
 And most in open mariage. So ye far'd,  
 When the delicious-finger'd *Morning* shar'd  
*Oriens* bed: you easie-liuing States,  
 Could neuer satisfie your emulous hates;  
 Till in *Ortygia*, the precise-liu'd Dame  
 (Gold-thron'd *Diana*) on him rudely came,  
 And with her swift shafts slue him. And such paines,  
 (When rich-hair'd *Ceres* pleas'd to giue the raines  
 To her affections; and the grace did yeeld  
 Of loue and bed amidst a three-cropt field,  
 To her *Iason*) he paid angrie *Ioue*;  
 Who lost, no long time, notice of their loue;  
 But with a glowing lightning, was his death.  
 And now your enuies labour vnderneath  
 A mortals choice of mine; whose life, I tooke  
 To liberall safetie; when his ship, *Ioue* strooke  
 With red-hote flashes, peece-meale in the seas,  
 And all his friends and souldiers, succourlesse  
 Perisht but he. Him, cast vpon this coast  
 With blasts and billowes; I (in life giuen lost)  
 Prefer'd alone; lou'd, nourisht, and did vow  
 To make him deathlesse, and yet neuer grow  
 Crooked, or worne with age, his whole life long.  
 But since no reason may be made so strong,  
 To striue with *Ioues* will, or to make it vaine;  
 No not if all the other Gods should straine  
 Their powres against it; let his will be law;  
 So he affoord him fit meanes to withdraw,  
 (As he commands him) to the raging Maine:  
 But meanes from me, he neuer shall obtaine,  
 For my meanes yeeld, nor men, nor ship, nor oares,  
 To set him off, from my so enuid shores.  
 But if my counsell and goodwill can aide  
 His safe passe home, my best shall be assaid.

Vouchsafe it so, (said heauens Ambassador)  
 And daigne it quickly. By all meanes abhorre  
 T' incense *Ioues* wrath against thee; that with grace  
 He may hereafter, all thy wils embrace.

Thus tooke the *Argus*-killing God, his wings.  
 And since the reuerend *Nymph*, these awfull things  
 Receiu'd from *Ioue*, she to *Ulysses* went:  
 Whom the alhore found, drown'd in discontent;  
 His eyes kept neuer drie, he did so mourne,

*Mercurie leaues  
Calypso.*

H 2

And

And waste his deare age, for his wisht returne.  
Which still without the Cause he vsde to do,  
Because he could not please the Goddesse so.  
At night yet (forc't) together tooke their rest.  
The willing Goddesse, and th'vnwilling Guest.  
But he, all day in rockes, and on the shore  
The vext sea viewd, and did his Fate deplore.  
Him, now, the Goddesse (coming neare) bespake:

Calypso to P'lysses

Vnhappie man; no more discomfort take;  
For my constraint of thee, nor waste thine age;  
I now will passing freely disengage  
Thy iktome stay here. Come then, fell thee wood,  
And build a ship, to saue thee from the flood.  
Ile furnish thee with fresh waue; bread and wine,  
Ruddie and sweet, that will the \* Piner pine;  
Put garments on thee; giue thee winds fornight;  
That euery way thy home-bent appetite  
May safe attaine to it; if so it please  
At all parts, all the heauen-bou'd Deities!  
That more in powre are, more in skill then I;  
And more can iudge, what fits humanitie.

Hunger.

P'lysses to Calypso

He stood amaz'd, at this strange change in her;  
And said: O Goddesse! thy intents preferre  
Some other proiect, then my parting hence;  
Commanding things of too high consequence  
For my performance. That my selfe should build  
A ship of powre, my home affaies to shield  
Against the great Sea, of such dread to passe;  
Which not the best-built ship that euer was,  
Will passe exulting; when such winds as *Ioue*  
Can thunder vp, their tims and taklings proue.  
But could I build one, I would ne're aboard,  
(Thy will opposde) nor (won) without thy word,  
Giuen in the great oath of the Gods to me,  
Not to beguile me in the least degree.

The Goddesse smilde; held hard his hand, and said:  
O y'are a shrewd one; and so habited  
In taking heed; thou knowst not what it is  
To be vnswary; nor vsf words amisse.

Calypso's oath.

How hast thou charmd me, were I ne're so slie?  
Let earth know then; and heauen, so broad, so hie;  
And th'vnder-funke waues of th' infernall streame;  
(Which is an oath, as terribly supream,  
As any God sweares) that I had no thought,  
But stood with what I spake; nor would haue wrought,  
Nor counfeld any act, against thy good;  
But euer diligently weighd, and stood  
On those points in perswading thee; that I

Would

Would vsf my selfe in such extremitie.  
For my mind simple is, and innocent;  
Not giuen by cruell sleights to circumuent;  
Nor beare I in my breast a heart of Steele,  
But with the Sufferer, willing sufferance feele.  
This said; the *Grace* of Goddeses led home;  
He tract her steps; and (to the Cauerne come)  
In that rich Throne, whence *Mercurie* arose,  
He fate. The *Nymph* her selfe did then appose  
For food and beutidge to him; all best meate  
And drinke, that mortals vsf to taste and eate.  
Then fate she opposite; and for her Feast,  
Was *Nectar* and *Ambrosia* addrest  
By handmaids to her. Both, what was prepar'd,  
Did freely fall to. Hauing sily far'd,  
The *Nymph Calypso* this discourse began:  
*Ioue*-bred *P'lysses*! many-witted man!  
Still is thy home so wisht; so soone, away?  
Be still of cheare, for all the worst I lay;  
But if thy soule knew what a summe of woes  
For thee to cast vp, thy sterne Fates impose,  
Ere to thy country earth thy hopes attaine;  
Vndoubtedly thy choice would here remaine;  
Keepe house with me, and be a liuer euer.  
Which (me thinks) should thy house and thee disseuer;  
Though for thy wife there, thou art set on fire;  
And all thy dayes are spent in her desire;  
And though it be no boast in me to say,  
In forme and mind, I match her euery way.  
Nor can it fit a mortall Dames compare,  
T' affect those termes with vs, that deathlesse are.

The great in counsels, made her this reply:  
Renowm'd, and to be reuerenc'd Deitie!  
Let it not moue thee, that so much I vow  
My comforts to my wife; though well I know  
All cause my selfe, why wife *Penelope*  
In wit is farre inferiour to thee;  
In feature, stature, all the parts of show;  
She being a mortall; an Immortall thou;  
Old euer growing, and yet neuer old.  
Yet her desire, shall all my dayes see told;  
Adding the sight of my returning day,  
And naturall home. If any God shall lay  
His hand vpon me, as I passe the seas;  
Ile beare the worst of what his hand shall please;  
As hauing giuen me such a mind, as shall  
The more still rise, the more his hand lets fall.  
In warres and waues, my sufferings were not small.

H 3

Calypso's promise  
of immortalitie  
to P'lysses.

I



I now haue sufferd much; as much before;  
Hereafter let as much refuse, and more.

This said; the Sunne set; and earth shadows gaue;  
When these two (in an in-roume of the Caue,  
Left to themselves) left Loue no rites vndone.  
The early Morne vp, vp he rose; put on  
His in and out-weed. She, her selfe in chaces  
Amidst a white robe, full of all the Graces;  
Ample, and pleated, thicke, like fishie skales.  
A golden girdle then, her waste empales;  
Her head, a veile decks; and abroad they come;  
And now began *Vlysses* to go home.

A great Axe, first the gaue, that two wayes cut;  
In which a faire wel polisht helme was put,  
That from an Oliue bough receiud his frame:  
A plainer then. Then led the till they came  
To lostie woods, that did the Ile confine.  
The Firre tree, Poplar, and heauen-scaling Pine,  
Had there their offspring. Of which, those that were  
Of driest matter, and grew longest there,  
He chusde for lighter faile. This place, thus shovne,  
The *Nymph* turnd home. He fell to felling downe;  
And twentie trees he stoopt, in lide space;  
Plaind, vnde his Plumb; did all with artfull grace.  
In meane time did *Calypso* wimbles bring.  
He bor'd, closde, naild, and orderd euery thing;  
And tooke how much a ship-wright will allow  
A ship of burthen; (one that best doth know  
What fits his Art) so large a Keele he cast.  
Wrought vp her decks, and hatches, side-boords, mast;  
With willow watlings armd her, to resist  
The billowes outrages; added all the mist;  
Sail-yards, and sterne for guide. The *Nymph* then brought  
Linnen for sailes; which, with dispatch, he wrought.  
Gables, and halsters, tacklings. All the Frame

In foure dayes space, to full perfection came.  
The fift day, they dismiss him from the shore;  
Weeds, neat, and odorous gaue him; victles store;  
Wine, and strong waters, and a prosperous wind.  
To which, *Vlysses* (fit to be diuind)  
His sailes expold, and hoised, Off he gat;  
And chearfull was he. At the Sterne he sat,  
And ster'd right artfully. No sleepe could seise  
His ey-lids: he beheld the *Pleades*,  
The Beare, surnam'd the Waine, that round doth moue  
About *Orion*; and keeps still about  
The billowie Ocean. The flow-setting starre,  
*Bootes* call'd, by some, the Waggonar.

This foure dayes  
worke (you will  
say) is too much  
for one man: and  
Plinie affirms,  
that Hiero (a  
king of Sicilie)  
in five and forty  
dayes built two  
hundred and  
twentie ships,  
rigged them, and  
put to sea with  
them.

*Calypso*

*Calypso* warn'd him, he his course should sterre  
Still to his left hand. Seuentene dayes did cleare  
The cloudie *Nights* command, in his moist way;  
And by the eighteenth light, he might display  
The shadie hills of the *Phaician* shore;  
For which, as to his next abode, he bore.  
The cuntry did a pretie figure yeeld,  
And lookt from off the darke seas, like a shield.

Imperious *Neptune* (making his retreat  
From th' *Ethiopian* earth; and taking seate  
Vpon the mountaines of the *Solymi*;  
From thence, farre off discovering) did descrie  
*Vlysses*, his fields plowing. All on fire  
The sight strait set his heart; and made desire  
Of wreake runne ouer, it did boile so hie.  
When (his head nodding) O impietie  
(He cried out) now, the Gods inconstancie  
Is most apparen; altring their designes  
Since I the *Ethiops* saw: and here confines  
To this *Vlysses* fate, his misery.

The great marke, on which all his hopes rely,  
Lies in *Phaacia*. But I hope he shall  
Feele woe at height, ere that dead calme befall.  
This said, he (begging) gatherd clouds from land;  
Frighted the seas vp, inatcht into his hand;  
His horrid Trident; and aloft did tossle  
(Of all the winds) all stormes he could engrosse.  
All earth rooke into sea with clouds; grim *Nights*  
Fell tumbling headlong from the cope of Light.  
The East and Southwinds iustld in the aire;  
The violent *Zephire*, and North-making faire,  
Rould vp the waues before them: and then, bent  
*Vlysses* knees; then all his spirit was spent.  
In which despaire, he thus spake: Woe is me!  
What was I borne to: man of miserie?  
*Fate* tells me now, that all the Goddesse said,  
Truths selfe will author; that *Fate* would be paid  
*Griefes* whole summe due from me, at sea, before  
I reacht the deare touch of my countries shore.  
With what clouds *Ioue*, heauens heightened forehead binds;  
How tyrannize the wraths of all the winds?  
How all the tops, he bottomes with the deepes?  
And in the bottomes, all the tops he steepes?  
Thus dreadfull is the prefence of our death.  
Thrice foure times blest were they that sunke beneath  
Their Fates at *Troy*; and did to nought contend,  
But to renoume *Atrides* with their end:  
I would to God, my houre of death, and *Fate*,

omnino  
Mendicando  
colligo.

H 4

That

That day had held the power to terminate;  
When showres of darts, my life bore vndreprest,  
About diuine *Æacides* deceaft.  
Then had I bene allotted to haue died,  
By all the Greeks, with funerals glorified;  
(Whence *Death*, encouraging good life, had growne)  
Where now I die, by no man mournd, nor knowne.

This spoke; a huge waue tooke him by the head,  
And hurld him o're-board: ship and all it laid  
Inuerted quite amidft the waues; but he  
Farre off from her sprawld, strowd about the sea:  
His Sterne still holding, broken off; his Mast  
Burst in the midft: so horrible a blast  
Of mixt winds strooke it. Sailes and saile-yards fell  
Amongst the billowes; and himfelfe did dwell  
A long time vnder water: nor could get  
In hafte his head out: waue with waue fo met  
In his deprefion; and his garments too,  
(Giuen by *Calypfo*) gaue him much to do,  
Hindring his swimings; yet he left not fo  
His drenched vessell, for the ouerthrow  
Of her nor him; but gat at length againe  
(Wrestling with *Neptune*) hold of her; and then  
Sate in her Bulke, insulting ouer *Death*,  
Which (with the salt streame, prest to stop his breath)  
He scap't, and gaue the sea againe; to giue  
To other men. His ship fo striu'd to liue,  
Floting at randon, cuffed from waue to waue;  
As you haue seene the *Northwind* when he draue  
In *Autumne*, heapes of thorne-fed *Grashoppers*,  
Hither and thither; one heape this way beares,  
Another that; and makes them often meete  
In his consule gales; so *Vlyffes* flecte,  
The winds hurld vp and downe: now *Boreas*  
Toft it to *Notus*, *Notus* gaue it passe  
To *Eurus*; *Eurus*, *Zephire* made it pursue  
The horrid *Tennis*. This sport calld the view  
Of *Cadmus* daughter, with the narrow heele;  
(*Ino Leucothea*) that first did feele  
A mortall Dames desires; and had a tongue.  
But now had th'honor to be nam'd among  
The marine Godheads. She, with pitie saw  
*Vlyffes* iustl'd thus, from slaw to slaw;  
And (like a *Cormorand*, in forme and flight)  
Rose from a whirl-pool: on the ship did light,  
And thus bespeake him: Why is *Neptune* thus  
In thy pursueite extremely furious,  
Oppressing thee with such a world of ill,

*Leucothea to  
Vlyffes.*

Euen

Euen to thy death? He must not serue his will,  
Though tis his studie. Let me then aduise,  
As my thoughts serue; thou shalt not be vnwife  
To leaue thy weeds and ship, to the commands  
Of these rude winds; and worke out with thy hands,  
Passe to *Phœacia*; where thy austere *Fate*,  
Is to pursue thee with no more such hate.  
Take here this *Tablet*, with this riband strung,  
And see it still about thy bosome hung;  
By whole eternall vertue, neuer feare  
To suffer thus againe, nor perishe here.  
But when thou touchest with thy hand the shore,  
Then take it from thy necke, nor weare it more;  
But cast it farre off from the Continent,  
And then thy person farre ashore present.

Thus gaue she him the *Tablet*; and againe  
(Turnd to a *Cormorand*) diu'd past fight the *Maine*.

Patient *Vlyffes* sighd at this; and stucke  
In the conceit of such faire-spoken Lucke:  
And said; Alas, I must suspect euen this;  
Lest any other of the Deities  
Adde slight to *Neptunes* force; to counsell me  
To leaue my vessell, and so farre off see  
The shore I aime at. Not with thoughts too cleare  
Will I obey her; but to me appeare  
These counsels best; as long as I perceiue  
My ship not quite dissolu'd, I will not leaue  
The helpe she may afford me; but abide,  
And suffer all woes, till the worst be tride.  
When she is split, Ile swim: no miracle can  
Past neare and cleare meanes, moue a knowing man.

While this discourse employd him, *Neptune* raisd  
A huge, a high, and horrid sea, that seild  
Him and his ship, and tost them through the Lake;  
As when the violent winds together take  
Heapes of drie chaffe; and hurle them euery way;  
So his long woodstake, *Neptune* strooke astray.

Then did *Vlyffes* mount on rib, perforce,  
Like to a rider of a running horse,  
To stay himfelfe a time, while he might shift  
His drenched weeds, that were *Calypfos* gift.  
When putting strait, *Leucotheas* Amulet  
About his necke, he all his forces fet  
To swim; and cast him prostrate to the seas.  
When powrefull *Neptune* saw the ruthlesse prease  
Of perils siege him thus; he mou'd his head,  
And this betwixt him and his heart, he said:

So, now feele ils enow, and struggle so,

*Vlyffes* still suspi-  
cious of faire  
fortunes.

*Neptune's* V.  
lyffen inle-  
mentia.

Till

Till to your *loue*-lou'd llanders you row.  
 But my mind sayes, you will not so auoid  
 This last taske too, but be with suffrance cloid.  
 This said; his rich-man'd horse he moud; and reacht  
 His house at *Egea*. But *Minerva* fetcht  
 The winds from sea; and all their wayes but one  
 Barr'd to their passage; the bleake *North* alone  
 She set to blow; the rest, she charg'd to keepe  
 Their rages in; and bind themselves in sleepe.  
 But *Boreas* still flew high, to breake the seas,  
 Till *Ioue*-bred *Ithacus*, the more with ease,  
 The nauigation-skild *Phaeacian* States  
 Might make his refuge; *Deat*, and angrie *Fates*,  
 At length escaping, I two nights yet, and daies,  
 He spent in wrestling with the fable seas;  
 In which space, often did his heart propose  
 Death to his eyes. But when *Aurora* rose,  
 And threw the third light from her orient haire;  
 The winds grew calme, and cleare was all the aire;  
 Not one breath stirring. Then he might descric  
 (Raist by the high seas) cleare, the land was nie.  
 And then, looke how to good sonnes that esteeme  
 Their fathers life deare, (after paines extreme,  
 Felt in some sicknesse, that hath held him long  
 Downe to his bed; and with affections strong,  
 Wasted his bodie; made his life his lode;  
 As being inflicted by some angrie God)  
 When on their praires, they see descend at length  
*Health* from the heauens, clad all in spirit and strength;  
 The sight is precious: so, since here should end  
*Phyffes* toiles; which therein should extend  
 Health to his countrie, (held to him, his Sire)  
 And on which, long for him, *Disease* did tire.  
 And then besides, for his owne sake to see  
 The shores, the woods so neare; such ioy had he,  
 As those good sonnes for their recouerd Sire.  
 Then labour'd feete and all parts, to aspire  
 To that wish't Continent; which, when as neare  
 He came, as *Clamor* might informe an eare;  
 He heard a found beate from the sea-bred rocks,  
 Against which gaue a huge sea horrid shocks,  
 That belcht vpon the firme land, weeds and some;  
 With which were all things hid there; where no roome  
 Of fit capacitie was for any port;  
 Nor (from the sea) for any mans resort;  
 The shores, the rocks, and cliffes so prominent were.  
 O (said *Phyffes* then) now *Iupiter*  
 Hath giuen me sight of an vnhop't for shore,

Simile.

(Though

(Though I haue wrought these seas so long, so fore)  
 Of rest yet, no place shewes the slenderest prints;  
 The rugged shore so bristl'd is with flints:  
 Against which, euery way the waues so flocke;  
 And all the shore shewes as one eminent rocke.  
 So neare which, tis so deepe, that not a sand  
 Is there, for any tired foote to stand:  
 Nor flie his death-fast following miseries,  
 Left if he land, vpon him fore-right flies  
 A churlish waue, to crush him gainst a Cliffe;  
 Worse then vaine rendring, all his landing strife.  
 And should I swim to seeke a haueu elsewhere,  
 Or land, lesse way-beate; I may iustly feare  
 I shall be taken with a gale againe,  
 And cast a huge way off into the Maine.  
 And there, the great Earth-shaker (hauing scene  
 My so neare landings; and againe, his spleene  
 Forcing me to him) will some Whale send out,  
 (Of which a horrid number here about,  
 His *Amphitrite* breeds) to swallow me.  
 I well haue prou'd, with what malignitie  
 He treds my steps. While this discourse he held;  
 A curst Surge, gainst a cutting rocke impeld  
 His naked bodie, which it gasht and tore;  
 And had his bones broke, if but one sea more  
 Had cast him on it. But \* she prompted him,  
 That neuer faild; and bad him no more swim  
 Still off and on; but boldly force the shore,  
 And hug the rocke, that him so rudely tore.  
 Which he, with both hands, sigh'd and clapt; till past  
 The billowes rage was, which scapt; backe, so fast  
 The rocke repulst it, that it rest his hold,  
 Sucking him from it, and farre backe he rould.  
 And as the *Polypus*, that (forc't from home  
 Amidst the soft sea; and neare rough land come  
 For shelter gainst the stormes that beate on her  
 At open sea, as she abroad doth erre)  
 A deale of grauill, and sharpe little stones,  
 Needfully gathers in her hollow bones:  
 So he forc't hither, (by the sharper ill,  
 Shunning the smother) where he best hop't, still  
 The worst succeeded: for the cruell friend,  
 To which he clingd for succour, off did rend  
 From his broad hands, the foken flesh so fore,  
 That off he fell, and could sustaine no more.  
 Quite vnder water fell he; and, past Fate,  
 Haplesse *Phyffes*, there had lost the state  
 He held in life; it (still the grey-cyd Maid,

Pallas.

Per asperiora  
vitaro lauia.

His

His wisedome prompting) he had not affaid  
 Another course; and ceast t'attempt that shore;  
 Swimming, and casting round his eye, t'explore  
 Some other shelter. Then, the mouth he found  
 Of faire *Callicoe's* flood; whose shores were crownd  
 With most apt succors: Rocks so smooth, they seemd  
 Polisht of purpose: land that quite redeemd  
 With breathlesse courts, th'others blasted shores.  
 The flood he knew; and thus in heart implores:  
 King of this River! heare; what euer name  
 Makes thee inuokt: to thee I humbly frame  
 My flight from *Neptunes* furies; Reuerend is  
 To all the euer-living Deities,  
 What erring man soeuer seekes their aid.  
 To thy both flood and knees, a man dismayd  
 With varied sufferance fues. Yeeld then some rest  
 To him that is thy suppliant proft.

This (though but spoke in thought) the Godhead heard;  
 Her Current strait staid; and her thicke waues cleard  
 Before him, smooth'd her waters; and iust where  
 He praid, balfe drown'd, entirely sau'd him there.

Then forth he came, his both knees saltring, both  
 His strong hands hanging downe; and all with froth  
 His cheeks and nothrills flowing. Voice and breath  
 Spent to all vse; and downe he sunke to Death.

*Ō An of obſi-  
 á partu dolco.*

The sea had soakt his heart through: all his vaines,  
 His toiles had rackt, t'a labouring womans paines.  
 Dead wearie was he. But when breath did find  
 A passe reciprocally; and in his mind,  
 His spirit was recollected: vp he rose,  
 And from his necke did th'Amulet vnlofe,  
 That *Iuo* gaue him; which he hurld from him  
 To sea. It founding fell; and backe did swim  
 With th'ebbing waters; till it strait arriu'd,  
 Where *Iuo's* faire hand, it againe receiue'd.  
 Then kist he th'humble earth; and on he goes,  
 Till bulrushes shewd place for his repose;  
 Where laid, he sigh'd, and thus said to his soule:  
 O me, what strange perplexities controule  
 The whole skill of thy powres, in this euent?  
 What feele I: if till Care-nurse Night be spent,  
 I watch amidst the flood, the seas chill breath,  
 And vegetant dewes, I feare will be my death:  
 So low brought with my labours. Towards day,  
 A passing sharpe aire euer breathes at sea.  
 If I the pitch of this next mountaine scale,  
 And shade wood; and in some thicker fall  
 Into the hands of Sleepe: though there the cold

May

May well be checkt; and healthfull slumbers hold  
 Her sweet hand on my powres; all care allaid,  
 Yet there will beasts deuoure me. Best appaid  
 Doth that course make me yet; for there, some strife,  
 Strength, and my spirit, may make me make for life.  
 Which, though empaird, may yet be fresh applyed,  
 Where perill, possible of escape is tried.  
 But he that fights with heauen, or with the sea,  
 To Indiscretion, addes Impietie.

Thus to the woods he hasted, which he found  
 Not farre from sea; but on farre-seeing ground;  
 Where two twin vnder-woods, he enterd on;  
 With Oliue trees, and oile-trees ouergrown:  
 Through which, the moist force of the loud-voic't wind,  
 Did neuer beate; nor euer *Phabus* thin'd;  
 Nor showre beate through; they grew so one in one;  
 And had, by turnes, their powre t'exclude the Sunne.  
 Here enterd our *Vlysses*, and a bed  
 Of leaues huge, and of huge abundance spred  
 With all his speed. Large he made it; for there,  
 For two or three men, ample Coverings were;  
 Such as might shield them from the *Winters* worst;  
 Though \* Steele it breath'd; and blew as it would burst.

Patient *Vlysses* ioyd, that euer day  
 Shewd such a shelter. In the midst he lay,  
 Store of leaues heaping high on euery side.  
 And as in some our-field, a man doth hide  
 A kindld brand, to keepe the seed of fire;  
 No neighbour dwelling neare; and his desire  
 Scru'd with selfe store; he else would aske of none;  
 But of his fore-spent sparks, rakes th'ashes on:  
 So this our-place, *Vlysses* thus receiues;  
 And thus nak't vertues seed, lies hid in leaues.  
 Yet *Pallas* made him sleepe, as soone as men  
 Whom *Delicacies*, all their flatteries daine.  
 And all that all his labours could comprise,  
 Quickly concluded, in his clos'd eies.

*Finis libri quinti Hom. Odysf.*

*A metaphoricall  
 Hyperbole, ex-  
 pressing the Win-  
 ters extremities  
 of sterminess.*

*Simile.*

I

THE



## THE SIXTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

### THE ARGUMENT.

**M**inerva in a vision stands  
Before Nausicaa; and commands  
She to the flood her weeds should beare,  
For now her Nuptiall day was neare.  
Nausicaa her charge obeyes;  
And then with other virgins playes.  
Their sports make waile; Vlyties rises;  
Walke to them, and beseech supplies  
Of food and clothes. His naked sight  
Puts th'other Maids, afraid, to flight.  
Nausicaa onely boldly stayer,  
And gladly his desire obeyes.  
He (furnish'd with her favours shewne)  
Attends her, and the rest, to Towne.

### Another.

**Zula.** Here Oline leaves  
Th'hide frame, began.  
The Maide receives  
The naked man.

ὄνειδος ἢ κακίαν  
ἀντιφύειν.  
Somnia & labor  
afflictus. Sleep  
(καταγχεστικόν)  
for the want of  
sleep.



He much sustaining, patient, heavenly Man,  
Whom *Toile* and *Sleepe* had worne so weake and wan;  
Thus wonne his rest. In meane space *Pallas* went  
To the *Phaeacian* citie; and descent  
That first did broad *Hyperias* lands divide,  
Neare the vast *Cyclops*, men of monstrous pride.  
That preyd on those *Hyperians*, since they were  
Of greater powre; and therefore longer there  
Divine *Nausibous* dwelt not; but arose,  
And did for *Scheria*, all his powres dispose:  
Farre from ingenious Art-inuenting men.  
But there did he erect a Citie then.  
First, drew a wall round; then he houses builds;  
And then a Temple to the Gods; the fields  
Lastly dividing. But he (roopt by Fate)  
Diu'd to th'infernals; and *Alcinous* fate  
In his command: a man, the Gods did teach,  
Commanding counsels. His house held the reach  
Of grey *Minervas* proiect; to provide,  
That great-sould *Ithacus* might be supplie

With

With all things fitting his returne. She went  
Vp to the chamber, where the faire \*descent  
Of great *Alcinous* slept. A maid, whose parts  
In wit and beautie, wore diuine deserts.  
Well deckt her chamber was: of which, the dore  
Did seeme to lighten, such a glosse it bore  
Betwixt the posts: and now flew ope, to find  
The Goddesse entrie. Like a puff of wind  
She reacht the Virgin bed. Neare which, there lay  
Two maids; to whom, the *Graces* did conuay,  
Figure, and manners. But about the head  
Of bright *Nausicaa*, did *Pallas* tread  
The subtle aire; and put the person on  
Of *Dymas* daughter, from comparision  
Exempt in businesse Nauall. Like his seed,  
*Minerva* lookt now; \* whom one yeare did breed,  
With bright *Nausicaa*; and who had gaind  
Grace in her loue; yet on her thus complaind:

*Nausicaa*! why bred thy mother one  
So negligent, in rites so stood vpon  
By other virgins? Thy faire garments lie  
Neglected by thee; yet thy Nuptials nie.  
When, rich in all attire, both thou shouldst be,  
And garments giue to others honoring thee,  
That leade thee to the Temple. Thy good name  
Grows amongst men for these things; they enflame  
Father, and reuerend Mother with delight.  
Come; when the *Day* takes any winke from *Night*,  
Let's to the riuer, and repurifie  
Thy wedding garments: my societie  
Shall freely serue thee, for thy speedier aid,  
Because thou shalt no more stand on the Maid.  
The best of all *Phaacia* wooe thy *Grace*,  
Where thou wert bred, and ow'st thy selfe a race.  
Vp, and fittre vp to thee thy honourd Sire,  
To giue thee Mules and Coach; thee and thy tire;  
Veiles, girdles, mantles, early to the flood,  
To beare in state. It suites thy high-borne blood;  
And farre more fits thee, then to foore so farre;  
For far from towne thou know'st the Bath-founts are.

This said, away blue-eyd *Minerva* went  
Vp to *Olympus*: the firme Continent,  
That beares in endlesse being, the desired kind;  
That's neither fount with showres, nor shooke with wind;  
Nor chilld with snow; but where *Serenitie* flies,  
Exempt from clouds; and euer-beamie skies  
Circle the glittering hill. And all their daies,  
Giue the delights of blessed *Deitie* praise.

*Nausicaa.*

Intending Dy-  
mas daughter.

*Olympus deseri-  
bed.*

I 2

And

And hither *Pallas* flew; and left the Maid,  
 When she had all that might excite her, said.  
 Strait rose the lovely *Morne*, that vp did raise  
 Faire-veild *Nausicaa*; whose dreame, her praise  
 To *Admiration* tooke. Who no time spent  
 To giue the rapture of her vision vent,  
 To her lou'd parents: whom she found within.  
 Her mother set at fire, who had to spin  
 A Rocke, whose tincture with sea-purple shin'd;  
 Her maids about her. But she chanc't to find  
 Her Father going abroad: to Counsell call'd  
 By his graue *Senate*. And to him, exhal'd  
 Her smother'd bosome was. Lou'd Sire (said she)  
 Will you not now command a Coach for me?  
 Strictly and complete? fit for me to beare  
 To wash at flood, the weeds I cannot weare  
 Before repurified? Your selfe it fits  
 To weare faire weeds; as euery man that sits  
 In place of counsell. And five sonnes you haue;  
 Two wed, three Bachelors; that must be braue  
 In euery dayes shift, that they may go dances;  
 For these three last, with these things must aduance  
 Their states in marriage; and who else but I  
 Their sister, should their dancing rites supply?  
 This generall cause she shew'd; and would not name  
 Her mind of Nuptials to her Sire, for shame.  
 He vnderstood her yet; and thus replide:  
 Daughter! nor these, nor any grace beside,  
 I either will denie thee, or deferre,  
 Mules, nor a Coach, of state and circular,  
 Fitting at all parts. Go; my seruants shall  
 Serue thy desires, and thy command in all.  
 The seruants then (commanded) soone obaid;  
 Fetcht Coach, and Mules ioynd in it. Then the Maid  
 Brought from the chamber her rich weeds, and laid  
 All vp in Coach: in which, her mother plac't  
 A maund of victles, varied well in taste,  
 And other junkets. Wine she likewise fill'd  
 Within a goat-skin bottle, and distill'd  
 Sweete and moist oile into a golden Cruse,  
 Both for her daughters, and her handmaids vse;  
 To soften their bright bodies, when they rose  
 Clen'd from their cold baths. Vp to Coach then goes  
 Th' obseru'd Maid: takes both the scourge and raines;  
 And to her side, her handmaid strait attaines.  
 Nor these alone, but other virgins grac't  
 The Nuptiall Chariot. The whole *Beuie* plac't;  
*Nausicaa* scour'd to make the Coach Mules runne;

This familiar & carelesse wanton carriage of *Nausicaa* to her father, joynd with that virgin modestie express'd in her after, is much prais'd by the graues expositors with her fathers louing allowance of it, knowing her shamefastnes and iudgements, would not let her exceed at any part. Which note is here inserted, not as if this were more worthy the observation then other euery where strewd flowers of poeets; but because this more generally pleas'd, (which may be thus find more finissh for the way of most Readers.

That neigh'd, and pac'd their vsuall speed; and soone,  
 Both maids and weeds, brought to the riuer side;  
 Where Baths for all the yeare, their vse supplide.  
 Whose waters were so pure, they would not staine;  
 But still ran faire forth; and did more remaine  
 Apt to purge staines; for that purg'd staine within,  
 Which, by the waters pure store, was not seen.

These (here arriv'd,) the Mules vncoacht, and draue  
 Vp to the gulphie riuers shore, that gaue  
 Sweet graffe to them. The maids from Coach then tooke  
 Their cloaths, and slept them in the fable brooke.  
 Then put them into springs, and trod them cleane,  
 With cleanly feet; aduentring wagers then,  
 Who should haue soonest, and most cleanly done.  
 When hauing thoroughly cleand, they spred them on  
 The floods shore, all in order. And then, where  
 The waues the pibbles wash't, and ground was cleare,  
 They bath'd themselves; and all with glittering oile,  
 Smooth'd their whiteskins: refreshing then their toile  
 With pleasant dinner, by the riuers side.  
 Yet still watcht when the Sunne, their cloaths had dride.  
 Till which time (having din'd) *Nausicaa*  
 With other virgins, did at stool-ball play;  
 Their shoulder-reaching head-tires laying by.  
*Nausicaa* (with the wrists of Ivory)  
 The liking stroke strooke, singing first a song;  
 (As custome orderd) and amidst the throng,  
 Made such a shew; and so past all was seene;  
 As when the Chast-borne, Arrow-louing Queene,  
 Along the mountaines gliding; either ouer  
*Spartan Taygetus*, whose tops farre discover;  
 Or *Eurymanthus*, in the wilde Bores chace;  
 Or swift-hou'd *Hart*; and with her, *Ioues* faire race  
 (The field Nymphs) sporting. Amongst whom, to see  
 How faire *Diana* had prioritie  
 (Though all were faire) for fairness, yet of all,  
 (As both by head and forehead being more tall)  
*Latona* triumpht; since the dullest sight,  
 Might easily iudge, whom her paines brought to light;  
*Nausicaa* so (whom neuer husband tam'd),  
 About them all, in all the beauties flam'd.  
 But when they now made homewards, and araid;  
 Ordering their weeds, disorderd as they plaid;  
 Mules and Coach ready; then *Minerva* thought,  
 What meanes to wake *Phyllis*, might be wrought,  
 That he might see this lovely sighted maid,  
 Whom she intended, should become his aid:  
 Bring him to Towne; and his returne aduance.

Simile.

That

I 3

Her

The pietie and  
wisedome of the  
Poet was such,  
that (agreeing  
with the sacred  
letter) not the  
least of things he  
makes come to  
passe, sine Nu-  
mimis prou-  
dentia. As Spond  
well notes of him

Her meane was \*this, (though thought a stool-ball chance)  
The Queene now (for the vpstroke) strooke the ball  
Quite wide off th'other maids; and made it fall  
Amidst the whirlpooles. At which, out shriek all;  
And with the shriek, did wife *Ulysses* wake:  
Who, sitting vp, was doubtfull who should make  
That fodaine outcrie; and in mind, thus stru'd:  
On what a people am I now arriu'd:  
At ciuill hospitable men, that feare  
The Gods: or dwell iniurious mortals here:  
Vniust, and churlish: like the fethale crie  
Of youth it sounds. What are they? *Nymphs* bred hie,  
On tops of hills: or in the founts of floods:  
In herbie marshes: or in leauy woods:  
Or are they high-spoke men, I now am neare:  
He proue, and see. With this, the way Peere  
Crept forth the thicket; and an Olive bough  
Broke with his broad hand; which he did bestow  
In couert of his nakednesse; and then,  
Put hastie head out: Looke how from his den,  
A mountaine Lion looks, that, all embrewd  
With drops of trees; and weather-beaten hewd;  
(Bold of his strength) goes on; and in his eye,  
A burning fornice glowes; all bent to prey  
On sheepe, or oxen; or the vpland Hart;  
His belly charging him; and he must part  
Stakes with the Heard-man, in his beasts attempt,  
Euen where from rape, their strengths are most exempt:  
So wet, so weather-beate, so stung with Need,  
Euen to the home-fields of the countie breed,  
*Ulysses* was to force forth his accessse,  
Though meerly naked; and his sight did presse  
The eyes of soft-haired virgins. Horrid was  
His rough appearance to them: the hard passe  
He had at sea, stucke by him. All in flight  
The Virgins scatterd, frighted with this sight,  
About the prominent windings of the flood.  
All but *Neafrica* fled; but the fast flood:  
*Pallas* had put a boldnesse in her brest;  
And in her faire lips, tender *Feare* compress.  
And still she stood him, as resolu'd to know  
What man he was; or out of what should grow  
His strange repaire to them. And here was he  
Put to his wisedome; if her virgin knee,  
He should be bold, but kneeling, to embrace;  
Or keepe aloofe, and trie with words of grace,  
In humblest suppliance, if he might obtaine  
Some couer for his nakednes; and gaine

Simile.

Her

Her grace to shew and guide him to the Towne.  
The last, he best thought, to be worth his owne,  
In weighing both well: to keepe still aloofe,  
And giue with soft words, his desires their prooffe;  
Left pressing so neare, as to touch her knee,  
He might incense her maiden modestie.  
This faire and fil'd speech then, shewd this was he.  
Let me beseech (O Queene) this truth of thee;  
Are you of mortall, or the deified race?  
If of the Gods, that th'ample heauens embrace,  
I can resemble you to none aboute,  
So neare as to the chaste-borne birth of *Ioue*,  
The beaemie *Cynthia*. Her you full present,  
In grace of euerie God-like lineament;  
Her goodly magnitude; and all th'addresse  
You promise of her very perfectnesse.  
If sprong of humanes, that inhabite earth;  
Thrice blest are both the authors of your birth;  
Thrice blest your brothers, that in your deserts,  
Must, euen to rapture, beare delighted hearts;  
To see so like the first trim of a tree,  
Your forme adorne a dance. But most blest, he  
Of all that breathe, that hath the gift t'engage  
Your bright necke in the yoke of marriage;  
And decke his house with your commanding merit.  
I haue not seene a man of so much spirit.  
Nor man, nor woman, I did euer see,  
At all parts equall to the parts in thee.  
T'enioy your sight, doth *Admiration* seile  
My eie, and apprehensieue faculties.  
Lately in *Delos* (with a charge of men  
Arriu'd, that renderd me most wretched then,  
Now making me thus naked) I beheld  
The burthen of a Palme, whose issue sweld  
About *Apellos Phant*; and that put on  
A grace like thee; for Earth had neuer none  
Of all her Syluane issue so adorn'd:  
Into amaze my very soule was turnd,  
To giue it obseruation; as now thee  
To view (O Virgin) a stupiditie  
Past admiration strikes me; ioyn'd with feare  
To do a suppliants due, and prease so neare,  
As to embrace thy knees. Nor is it strange,  
For one of fresh and firmest spirit, would change  
T'embrace so bright an object. But, for me,  
A cruell habite of calamitie,  
Prepar'd the strong impression thou hast made:  
For this last Day did flie Nights twentieth shade

*Ulysses* to *Neafrica*.

I 4

Since

Since I, at length, escape the fable seas;  
When in the meane time, th' vnrelenting prease  
Of waues and sterne stormes, tost me vp and downe,  
From th' Ile *Ogygia*: and now God hath throwne  
My wracke on this shore; that perhaps I may  
My miseries vary here: for yet their stay,  
I feare, heauen hath not orderd: though before  
These late afflictions, it hath lent me thore.  
O Queene, daine pittie then, since first to you  
My Fate importunes my distresse to vow.  
No other Dame, nor man, that this Earth owne,  
And neighbour Citie, I haue scene or knowne.  
The Towne then shew me, giue me nakednes  
Some shroud to shelter it, if to these seas,  
Linnen or woollen, you haue brought to cense.  
God giue you, in requitall, all th' amends  
Your heart can wish: a husband, family,  
And good agreement: Nought beneath the skie,  
More sweet, more worthy is, then firme consent  
Of man and wife, in household government.  
It ioyes their withers well; their enemies wounds;  
But to themselves, the speciall good redounds.

*Nausicaa*  
*Plysses*

She answerd: Stranger! I discern thee,  
Nor *Sloth*, nor *Folly* raignes; and yet I see,  
Th' art poore and wretched. In which I conclude,  
That Industry nor wisdom make endure  
Men with those gifts, that make them best to thee;  
*Ioue* onely orders mans felicitie.  
To good and bad, his pleasure fashions still,  
The whole proportion of their good and ill.  
And he perhaps hath formd this plight in thee,  
Of which, thou must be patient, as he, free.  
But after all thy wandrings, since thy way,  
Both to our Earth, and neare our Citie, lay,  
As being exposd to our cares to relieue;  
Weeds, and what else, a humane hand should giue,  
To one so suppliant, and tam'd with woe;  
Thou shalt not want. Our Citie, I will show;  
And tell our peoples name: This neighbor Towne,  
And all this kingdome, the *Phaicians* owne.  
And (since thou seemd'st so faine, to know my birth,  
And mad'st a question, if of heauen or earth)  
This Earth hath bred me; and my Fathers name  
*Aleinous* is; that in the powre and frame  
Of this Iles rule, is supereminent.

Thus (passing him) she to the Virgins went.  
And said: Giue stay, both to your feet and fright;  
Why thus disperse ye, for a mans meere sight?

Esteem

Esteeme you him a *Cyclop*, that long since  
Made vs to prey vpon our Citizens?  
This man, no moist man is; (nor watrish thing,  
That's euer sitting; euer rauishing  
All it can compasse; and, like it, doth range  
In rape of women; neuer staid in change)  
This man is truly \*manly, wife, and staid;  
In foule more rich; the more to sense decayd.  
Who, nor will, nor suffer to be done,  
Acts leud and abiect; nor can such a one  
Crete the *Phaicians*, with a mind enuious;  
Deare to the Gods they are; and he is pious.  
Besides, diuided from the world we are;  
The outpart of it; billowes circulare  
The sea reuoluing, round about our shore;  
Nor is there any man, that enters more  
Then our owne countreimen, with what is brought  
From other countries. This man, minding nought  
But his reliefe: a poore vnhappy wretch,  
Wrackt here; and hath no other land to fetch.  
Him now we must prouide for, from *Ioue* come  
All strangers, and the neede of a home.  
Who any gift, though ne're so small it be,  
Esteeme as great, and take it gratefully.  
And therefore Virgins, giue the stranger food,  
And wine, and see ye bath him in the flood;  
Neare to some shore, to shelter most enclin'd;  
*To cold Bath-bathers, hurtfull is the wind.*  
Not onely rugged making th' outward skin,  
But by his thin powres, pierceth parts within.

This said; their sight in a returne they set;  
And did *Plysses* with all grace entreate:  
Shewd him a shore, wind-prooffe, and full of shade:  
By him a shirt, and vter mantle laid.  
A golden Iugge of liquid oile did adde;  
Bad wash; and all things as *Nausicaa* bad.

Diue *Plysses* would not vse their aid;  
But thus bespake them: Euery louely maid,  
Let me entreate to stand a litle by;  
That I alone the fresh flood may apply,  
To cense my bosome of the sea-wrought brine.  
And then vse oile; which long time did not shine  
On my poore shoulders. Ile not wash in sight  
Of faire-haired maidens. I should blush outright,  
To bathe all bare by such a virgin light.

They mou'd, and musde, a man had so much grace;  
And told their Mistis, what a man he was.

He clend his broad-shoulders; backe and head

*diuice Regis.*  
*Cui vitalis vel*  
*senfualis hu-*  
*miditas inest,*  
*Regis à plus;*  
*videtur quasi*  
*certus. Is in gyron,*  
*quod nihil sit*  
*magis fluxum*  
*quam homo.*  
*\*Viri virili ani-*  
*mo pradius,*  
*fortis, magna-*  
*nimus. Nor are*  
*those affirmed to*  
*be men: qui fet-*  
*uile quidpiam*  
*& abiectum fa-*  
*ciunt vel, accre-*  
*ding to this of*  
*Herodotus in*  
*Polyt. lib. vii. p. 10.*  
*as they are,*  
*corpi d' aspectu.*  
*Many, mens*  
*forms sustaine,*  
*but few are men.*  
*According to an*  
*other translator:*  
*Ab loue nam*  
*supplex pauper,*  
*procedit & hol-*  
*pes: Res breuis,*  
*at chara est,*  
*Magni quoque*  
*muneris vultus.*  
*Which I cite to*  
*shew his good*  
*when he keeps*  
*him to the Ori-*  
*ginal, and neare*  
*in any degree ex-*  
*pounds it.*

*Plysses modestie*  
*to the Virgins.*

*He taught their*  
*youths modestie,*  
*by his aged iudg-*  
*ment. As recei-*  
*uing the custome*  
*of maids then re-*  
*fer'd to that en-*  
*tertainment of*  
*men: notwith-*  
*standing the mo-*  
*destie of that*  
*age, could not be*

Yet



corrupted inwardly, for those outward kind observations of guests and strangers, and was therefore proud ledged. It is easie to outside shew: and those that most curiously avoid the outward construction, are ever most tainted with the inward corruption, Simile.

Yet neuer tan'd. But now, had some weed,  
Knit in the faire curls. Which dissolu'd; and he  
Slickt all with sweet oile: the sweet charitie,  
The vntoucht virgin shewd in his attire,  
He cloth'd him with. Then *Pallas* put a fire,  
More then before, into his sparkling eies;  
His late soile set off, with his soone fresh guife.  
His locks (cleas'd) curl'd the more; and matcht (in power  
To please an eye) the *Hyacinthian* flower.  
And as a workman, that can well combine  
Silver and gold; and make both striue to shine;  
As being by *Vulcan*, and *Minerva* too,  
Taught how farre either may be vrg'd to go,  
In strife of eminence; when worke sets forth  
A worthy soule, to bodies of such worth;  
No thought reproving th'act, in any place;  
Nor *Art* no debt to *Natures* lieliest grace:  
So *Pallas* wrought in him, a grace as great,  
From head to shoulders; and ashore did seat  
His goodly presence. To which, such a guife  
He shewd in going, that it rauisht eies.  
All which (continue) as he fate apart;

*Nauficaas* admiration of *Phyllis*.

*Nauficaas* eye strooke wonder through her heart;  
Who thus bespake her consorts: Heare me, you  
Faire-wristed Virgins; this rare man (I know)  
Treds not our country earth, against the will  
Of some God, thron'd on the *Olympian* hill.  
He shewd to me, till now, not worth the note;  
But now he lookes, as he had Godhead got.  
I would to heauen, my husband were no worse;  
And would be call'd no better; but the course  
Of other husbands pleas'd to dwell out here:  
Obserue and serue him, with our vtmost cheare.

She said; they heard, and did. He drunke and eate  
Like to a Harpy; hauing toucht no meate  
A long before time. But *Nauficaas* now  
Thought of the more grace, she did lately vow:  
Had horse to Chariot ioynd; and vp she rose:  
Vp chear'd her guest, and said: Guest, now dispose  
Your selfe for Towne; that I may let you see  
My Fathers Court; where all the Peeres will be  
Of our *Phaasian* State. At all parts then,  
Obserue to whom; and what place y'are t'attain;  
Though I need vther you with no aduice,  
Since I suppose you absolutely wise.  
While we the fields passe, and mens labours there;  
So long (in these maids guides) directly beare  
Vpon my Chariot (I must go before,

For

For cause that after comes: to which, this more  
Be my induction) you shall then soone end  
Your way to Towne; whose Towres you see ascend  
To such a steepnesse. On whose either side,  
A faire Port stands; to which is nothing wide }  
An enterers passage: on whose both hands ride }  
Ships in faire harbors; which, once past, you win  
The goodly market place, (that circles in  
A Phane to *Neptun*, built of curious stone,  
And passing ample) where munition,  
Gables, and masts men make, and polisht oares;  
For the *Phaicians* are not conquerors  
By bowes nor quiuers; Oares, masts, ships they are,  
With which they plow the sea, and wage their warre.  
And now the cause comes, why I leade the way,  
Not taking you to Coach. The men that sway  
In worke of those tooles, that so fit our State,  
Are rude Mechanicals; that rare and late  
Woike in the market place; and those are they  
Whose bitter tongues I shun; who strait would say,  
(For these vile vulgar are extremely proud,  
And foully languag'd) What, is he allow'd  
To coach it with *Nauficaas*? so large fer,  
And fairly fashion'd: where were these two mett  
He shall be sure her husband. She hath bene  
Gadding in some place; and (of foraine men,  
Fitting her fancie) kindly brought him home  
In her owne ship. He must, of force, be come  
From some farre region; we haue no such man.  
It may be (praying hard, when her heart ran  
On some wisht husband) out of heauen, some God  
Dropt in her lap; and there lies the at rode,  
Her complete life time. But, in sooth, if the  
Ranging aboad, a husband such as he,  
Whom now we saw, laid hand on; she was wife,  
For none of all our Nobles, are of prise  
Enough for her: he must beyond-sea come,  
That wins her high mind, and will haue her home.  
Of our Peeres, many haue importun'd her,  
Yet she will none. Thus these folks will conferre  
Behind my backe; or (meeting) to my face,  
The foule-mouth rout dare put home this disgrace.  
And this would be reproches to my fame;  
For euen my selfe, iust anger would enflame,  
If any other virgin I should see  
(Her parents liuing) keepe the companie  
Of any man; to any end of loue,  
Till open Nuptials should her act approue.

The Cities description so far forth as may in part, induce her promise reason, why sheooke not Phyllis to coach with her.

And

And therefore heare me guests; and take such way,  
That you your selfe may compasse, in your stay,  
Your quicke deduction, by my Fathers grace;  
And meanes to reach the roote of all your race.

We shall, not farre out of our way to Towne,  
A neuer-teld Groue find, that Poplars crowne;  
To *Pallas* sacred, where a fountaine flowes;  
And round about the Groue, a Medow growes;  
In which, my Father holds a Mannor house;  
Deckt all with Orchards, greene, and odorous;  
As farre from Towne, as one may heare a shout;  
There stay, and rest your foote paines; till full out  
We reach the Citie. Where, when you may guesse  
We are arriv'd, and enter our access  
Within my Fathers Court: then put you on  
For our *Phaasian* State, where, to be shovne  
My Fathers house, desire. Each infant there  
Can bring you to it; and your selfe will cleare  
Distinguish it from others: for no shoves,  
The Citie buildings make, compar'd with those  
That King *Aleinous* seate doth celebrate.  
In whose rooves, and the Court, (where men of state,  
And suiters sit and stay) when you shall hide:  
Strait passe it, entring further: where abide  
My Mother, with her withdrawne housewiferies;  
Who still sits in the fire shine, and applies  
Her Rocke, all purple, and of pompous show:  
Her Chaire plac'd gainst a Pillar: all arow  
Her maids behind her set, and to her here,  
My Fathers dining Throne looks. Seated where  
He powres his choice of wine in, like a God.  
This view once past; for th'end of your abode,  
Addresse suite to my Mother; that her meane,  
May make the day of your redition scene.  
And you may frolicke strait, though farre away  
You are in distance from your wished stay.  
For if the once be won to wish you well,  
Your *Hope* may instantly your Passport seale;  
And thenceforth lure abide to see your friends,  
Faite house, and all, to which your heart contends.

This said, she vnde her shining scourge, and laste  
Her Mules, that soone the shore left, where the washt;  
And (knowing well the way) their pace was fleet,  
And thicke they gatherd vp their nimble feet.  
Which yet \* she temperd so; and vnde her scourge  
With so much skill; as not to over-vge  
The foote behind; and make them straggle so,  
From close societic. Firme together go

Not without  
some little note  
of our omni-suffi-  
cient Homers ge-  
nerall touch of  
the least finesse  
lying in his way;  
may this courtly  
discretion be de-  
scribed in *Nau-  
tica*; be obs'rv'd  
if you please.

*Ulysses*

*Ulysses* and her maids. And now the Sunne  
Sunke to the waters; when they all had wonne  
The neuer-feld, and found-exciting wood,  
Sacred to *Pallas*: where the God-like good  
*Ulysses* rested; and to *Pallas* praid:

Heare me, of Goate-kept *Ioue*, th'vnconquerd Maid,  
Now throughly heare me; since in all the time  
Of all my wracke, my pray'rs could neuer clime  
Thy far-off eares; when noisefull *Neptune* tost  
Vpon his watry bristles, my imboist  
And rocke torne body: heare yet now, and daine  
I may of the *Phaasian* State obtaine  
Pitie, and grace. Thus praid he; and she heard:  
By no meanes yet (expolde to fight) appear'd,  
For feare to offend her Vnkle, the supreme  
Of all the \*Sea-Gods; whose wrath still extreme  
Stood to *Ulysses*; and would neuer cease,  
Till with his Country shore, he crown'd his peace.

More of our  
Poets curious  
and sweet pittie,

*Neptune.*

*Finis libri sexti Hom. Odysf.*

K

THE



# THE SEVENTH BOOK OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

## THE ARGUMENT.

**N**ausicaa arrives at Towne;  
And then Vlysses. He makes knowne  
His suite to Arete: who, view  
Takes of his vesture, which she knew;  
And asks him, from whose hands it came.  
He tells, with all the haplesse frame  
Of his affaires, in all the while,  
Since he forooke Calyppos Ile.

Another.

**H**is. The honor'd minds,  
And welcome things,  
Vlysses finds,  
In Scherias Kings.

**H**us praid the wife, and God-observing Man.  
The Maid, by free force of her Palfreys, wan  
Accesse to Towne; and the renowned Court,  
Reacht of her Father; where, within the Port,  
She staid her Coach; and round about her came  
Her Brothers, (made as of immortall frame.)  
Who yet disdain'd not, for her loue, meane deeds,

But tooke her \*Coach her Mules, brought in her weeds.  
And she ascends her chamber; where puruaid  
A quicke fire was, by her old chamber-maid  
*Eurymedusa*, th' *Apercan* borne;  
And brought by sea, from *Apera*, t'adore  
The Court of great *Alcinous*; because  
He gaue to all, the blest *Phaeacians* lawes;  
And, like a heauen-borne Powre in speech, acquir'd  
The peoples eares. To one then so admir'd,  
*Eurymedusa* was esteemd no worse,  
Then worth the gift: yet now growne old, was Nurse  
To Ivory-arm'd *Nausicaa*; gaue heate  
To all her fires, and dress'd her priuie meate.

Then rose *Vlysses*, and made way to Towne;  
Which ere he reacht, a mightie mist was throwne  
By *Pallas* round about him; in her Care,  
Left in the sway of enuies popular,  
Some proud *Phaeacian* might foule language passe,  
Iustle him vp, and aske him what he was.

Hæc fuit illius  
faculi simplici-  
tas: nam vel fra-  
ternæ quoque  
Amor, tantus  
fuit, ut libenter  
hanc redeunti  
charissime so-  
rori, operam  
præstaret.  
Spond.

Enning

Entring the loudly Towne yet: through the cloud  
*Pallas* appear'd; and like a yong wench shewd  
Beating a pitcher; Stood before him so,  
As if objected purposely to know  
What there he needed; whom he questiond thus:

Know you not (daughter) where *Alcinous*,  
That rules this Towne, dwels? I, a poore distrest  
Meere stranger here; know none I may request,  
To make this Court knowne to me. She replied:

Strange Father; I will see you satisfied  
In that request: my Father dwels, iust by  
The house you seeke for; but go silently;  
Nor aske, nor speake to any other; I  
Shall be enough to shew your way: the men  
That here inhabite, do not entertaine  
With ready kindnesse, strangers; of what worth!  
Or state soeuer: nor haue taken forth  
Lessons of ciuill vsage, or respect  
To men beyond them. They (vpon their powres  
Of swift thips building) top the watty towres:  
And *Ioue* nath giuen them ships, for saile so wrought,  
They cut a feather, and command a thought.

This said, she vherd him; and after, he  
Trod in the swift steps of the Deitie.  
The fr-e-faild sea-men could not get a sight  
Of our *Vlysses*, yet: though he foreright,  
Both by their houses and their persons past:  
*Pallas* about him, such a darknesse cast,  
By her diuine powre, and her reuerend care,  
She would not giue the Towne-borne, cause to stare.

He wonderd, as he past, to see the Ports;  
The shipping in them; and for all resorts,  
The goodly market steds; and Iles beside  
For the *Heroes*; walls so large and wide;  
Rampires so high, and of such strength withall;  
It would with wonder, any eye appall.

At last they reacht the Court; and *Pallas* said:  
Now, honourd stranger; I will see obaid  
Your will, to shew our Rulers house; tis here;  
Where you shall find, Kings celebrating cheare;  
Enter amongst them; nor admit a feare;  
More bold a man is, he preuailes the more;  
Though man nor place, he euer saw before.

You first shall find the Queene in Court, whose name  
Is *Arete*: of parents borne, the same  
That was the King her Spouse: their Pedigree  
I can report: the great Earth-shaker, he  
Of *Peribæa*, (that her sex out-shone,

Vlysses, à Mi-  
nerua in ardes  
Alcinoui perdu-  
xit, septus neq;  
bula,

hic vlysses vides  
naues veloces  
veluti penna,  
arque cogitatione,

\* *Arete* the wife  
of *Alcinous*.

K 2

And

And yongest daughter was, *Eurymedon*;  
 Who of th'vntemur'd-minded Giants, twaid  
 Th'Imperiall Scepter; and the pride allaid  
 Of men so impious, with cold death; and died  
 Himselfe soone after) got the magnified  
 In mind, *Naufthous*; who the kingdomes state  
 First held in supream rule. *Naufthous* gat  
*Rhexenor*, and *Aicinous*, now King:  
*Rhexenor* (whose seed did no male fruite spring;  
 And whom the siluer-bow-glac't *Phabus* lue  
 Yong in the Court) his shed blood did renew  
 In onely *Arete*; who now is Spouse  
 To him that rules the kingdome, in this house, }  
 And is her Vnkle; King *Aicinous*.

Who honors her, past equall. She may boast  
 More honor of him, then the honor most  
 Of any wife in earth, can offer Lord;  
 How many more fouer, Realmes affoord,  
 That keepe house vnder husband's. Yet no more  
 Her husband honors her, then her blest store  
 Of gracious children. All the Citie cast  
 Eyes on her, as a Goddess; and giue taste  
 Of their affections to her, in their praises,  
 Still as she decks the streets. For all affaires,  
 Wrapt in contention, she dissolues to men.  
 Whom she affects, she wants no mind to deigne  
 Goodnesse enough. If her heart stand inclin'd  
 To your dispatch; hope all you wish to find;  
 Your friends, your longing family, and all,  
 That can within your most affections fall.

This said; away the grey-eyd Goddess flew  
 Along th'vntamed sea. Left the lovely hew,  
*Scheria* presented. Out flew *Marathon*,  
 And ample-streeted *Athens* lighted on.  
 Where, to the house she casts so \* thicke a shade,  
 Of *Erechtheus*; she ingression made.

*Flysser*, to the lostie-built Court  
 Of King *Aicinous*, made bold resort;  
 Yet in his heart cast many a thought, before  
 The brazen pavement of the rich Court, bore;  
 His entered person. Like heauens two maine Lights,  
 The roomes illustrated, both daies and nights.  
 On euery side stood firme a wall of brass;  
 Euen from the threshold to the inmost paffe;  
 Which bore a rooffe vp, that all Saphire was;  
 The brazen thresholds both sides, did enfold  
 Silver Pilasters, hung with gates of gold;  
 Whose Portall was of silue; ouer which

For the more perspicuities of this pedigree, I haue here set downe the Diagram, as Spoudanous hath it. Neptune begot Naufthous of Periboea By Naufthous, Rhexenor, Aicinous, were begot. By Rhexenor, Arete the wife of her vnkle Aicinous.

The honor of Arete (or vertue) alleg.

myrrour: spissus:

The Courts of Aicinous.

A golden Cornish did the front enrich.  
 On each side, Dogs of gold and siluer fram'd,  
 The houses Guard stood; which the Deitie (\*lam'd)  
 With knowing inwards had inspir'd; and made,  
 That *Death* nor *Age*, should their estates inuide.

Along the wall, stood euery way a throne;  
 From th'entry to the Lobbie: euery one,  
 Cast ouer with a rich-wrought cloth of state.  
 Beneath which, the *Phaacion* Princes sate  
 At wine and food; and feasted all the yeare.  
 Youths forg'd of gold, at euery table there,  
 Stood holding flaming torches; that, in night  
 Gaue through the house, each honourd Guest, his light.

And (to encounter feast with housewifery)  
 In one roomie fiftie women did apply  
 Their severall tasks. Some, apple-colour'd corne  
 Ground in faire Quernes; and some did spindles turne.  
 Some worke in loomes: no hand, least rest recciues;  
 But all had motion, apt, as *Aspen* leaues.  
 And from the weeds they woue, (so fast they laid,  
 And so thicke thrust together, thred by thred)  
 That th'ole (of which the wooll had drunke his fill)  
 Did with his moisture, in light dewes distill.

As much as the *Phaacion* men exceld  
 All other countymen, in Art to build  
 A swift-saild ship: so much the women there,  
 For worke of webs, past other women were.  
 Past meane, by *Pallus* meane, they vnderstood  
 The grace of good worke; and had wits as good.

Without the Hall, and close vpon the Gate,  
 A goodly Orchard ground was situate,  
 Of neare ten Acres; about which, was led  
 A lostie Quickset. In it flourished  
 High and broad fruit trees, that Pomegranats bore;  
 Sweet Figs, Peares, Oliues, and a number more  
 Most vsfull Plants, did there produce their store.  
 Whose fruits, the hardest Winter could not kill;  
 Nor hottest Summer wither. There was still  
 Fruite in his proper season, all the yeare.  
 Sweet *Zephire* breath'd vpon them, blasts that were  
 Of varied tempers: these, he made to beare  
 Ripe fruites: these blossomes: Peare grew after Peare;  
 Apple succeeded apple; Grape, the Grape;  
 Fig after Fig came; *Time* made neuer rape,  
 Of any daintie there. A spritely vine  
 Spred here his roote; whose fruit, a hote sun-shine  
 Made ripe betimes. Here grew another, greene.  
 Here, some were gathering; here, some pressing scene.

Falcan.

Hortus Aicinoui memorabilis.

A large-allotted feuerall, each fruite had;  
And all th' adorn'd grounds, their apparance made,  
In flowre and fruite, at which the King did aime,  
To the precisest order he could claime.

Two Fountaines grac't the garden; of which, one  
Powrd out a winding streame, that ouer-runne  
The grounds for their vse chiefly: th' other went  
Close by the lousie Pallace gate; and lent  
The Citie his sweet benefit: and thus  
The Gods the Court deckt of *Alcinous*.

Patient *Vlysses* stood a while at gaze;  
But (hauing all obseru'd) made instant pace  
Into the Court; where all the Peeres he found,  
And Captaines of *Phaacia*; with Cups crown'd,  
Offering to sharp-eyd *Hermes*: to whom, last  
They vīde to sacrifice, when *Sleepe* had cast  
His inclination through their thoughts. But these,  
*Vlysses* past; and forth went; nor their eies  
Tooke note of him: for *Pallas* stopt the light  
With mists about him; that, vnstaid, he might  
First to *Alcinous*, and *Arete*,  
Present his person; and of both them, she  
(By *Pallas* counsell) was to haue the grace  
Of foremost greeting. Therefore his embrace,  
He cast about her knee. And then off flew  
The heavenly aire that hid him. When his view,  
With silence and with *Admiration* strooke  
The Court quite through: but thus he silence broake:

Diuine *Rhexenor* of spiring, *Aretes*,  
To thy most honourd husband, and to thee,  
A man whom many labours haue distresst,  
Is come for comfort; and to euery guest:  
To all whom, heauen vouchsafe delightfome liues;  
And after, to your issue that suruiues,  
A good reſignement of the Goods ye leaue;  
With all the honor that your selues receiue  
Amongst your people. Onely this of me,  
Is the Ambition, that I may but see  
(By your vouchsafte meane; and betimes vouchsafte)  
My country earth; since I haue long bin left  
To labors, and to errors, barrd from end;  
And farre from benefit of any friend.

He said no more; but left them dumbe with that;  
Went to the harth, and in the ashes sat,  
Aside the fire. At last their silence brake;  
And *Echineus*, th' old *Herce* spake.  
A man that all *Phaicians* past in yeares,  
And in perswasue eloquence, all the Peeres;

Mercurie.

Aretes, Vlysses  
supplex orat.

Knew

Knew much, and vīde it well; and thus spake he:

*Alcinous*! it shewes not decently;  
Nor doth your honor, what you see, admit;  
That this your guest, should thus abiection sit:  
His chaire the earth; the harth his cushion;  
Athes, as if appoſte for food: a Throne  
Adorn'd with duerites, stands you more in hand  
To see his person plac't in; and command  
That instantly your Heralds fill in wine;  
That to the God that doth in lightnings shine,  
We may do sacrifice: for he is there,  
Where these his reuerend suppliants appeare.  
Let what you haue within, be brought abroad,  
To sup the stranger. All these would haue showd  
This fit respect to him; but that they stay  
For your precedence, that should grace the way.

When this had added to the well-inclin'd,  
A sacred order of *Alcinous* mind;  
Then, of the great in wit, the hand he seild;  
And from the ashes, his faire person rais'd;  
A leaue't him to a well-adorn'd Throne;  
And from his seate rais'd his most loued sonne,  
(*Laodamas*, that next himselfe was set)  
To giue him place. The handmaid then did get  
An Ewe of gold, with water fill'd; which plac't  
Vpon a Caldron, all with siluer grac't)  
She powrd out on their hands. And then was spred  
A Table, which the Butler set with bread;  
As others seru'd with other food, the boord;  
In all the choise, the present could afford.  
*Vlysses*, meate and wine tooke; and then thus;  
The King the Herald call'd: *Pontonous*!  
Serue wine through all the house; that all may pay  
Rites to the Lightner, who is still in way  
With humble suppliants; and them pursues,  
With all benigne, and hospitable dues.

*Pontonous*, gaue act to all he willd,  
And hony sweetnesse-giuing-minds: \*wine filld;  
Disposing it in cups for all to drinke.  
All hauing drunke, what eithers heart could thinke  
Fit for due sacrifice, *Alcinous* said:  
Heare me, ye Dukes, that the *Phaicians* leade;  
And you our Counsellors; that I may now  
Discharge the charge, my mind suggests to you,  
For this our guest: Feast past, and this nights sleepe;  
Next morne (our Senate summond) we will keepe  
Iusts, sacred to the Gods; and this our Guest  
Receiue in solemne Court, with fitting Feast:

Echinus to Al-  
cinous.

The word that  
beares this long  
Epithet; is trans-  
lated only dal-  
ce which signi-  
fies merris.  
Vinum quod  
mellea dulce.  
dine, animum  
perfundit, &  
oblectat.

K 4

Then

Then thinke of his returne; that vnder hand  
Of our deduction; his naturall land  
(Without more toile or care; and with delight;  
And that soone giuen him; how farre hence diffite  
Soeuer it can be) he may ascend;  
And in the meane time, without wrong attend,  
Or other want; fit meanes to that ascent.  
What, after, austere Fates, shall make th'euent  
Of his lifes thred (now spinning, and began  
When his paind mother, freed his roote of man)  
He must endure in all kinds. If some God,

Ascent to his  
Countries shore.

Eustathius will  
haue this com-  
parison of the Pha-  
cians with the  
Giants and Cy-  
clops, to proceede  
out of the inuete-  
rate virulency of  
Antinous to the  
Cyclops, who were  
cannibals before  
said; of their re-  
moue from their  
country; & with  
great endeavour  
labors the appro-  
bation of it: but  
(vnder his peace)  
from the purpose  
for the sense of  
the Poet is cleere  
that the Cyclops  
& Giants being  
in part the issue  
of the God, and  
yet afterward  
their deserv, (as  
Polyph. hereafter  
dare professe)  
Antinous (out of  
bold and manly  
reason, even to  
the face of one  
that might haue  
bin a God, for the  
past manly ap-  
pearance he made  
there) would tell  
him, and the rest  
in him, that if  
they grac'd those  
Cyclops with  
their own appea-  
rance, that though  
d descended from  
them, durst yet  
deme them; they  
might much more  
do them the honor  
of their own pre-  
sence that ad-  
ored them.

Perhaps abides with vs, in his abode;  
And other things will thinke vpon then we;  
The Gods wils stand: who euer yet were free  
Of their appearance to vs; when to them  
We offerd Hecatombs, of fit esteem.  
And would at least sit with vs; euen where we  
Order our Session. They would likewise be  
Encounters of vs, when in way, alone  
About his fit affaires, went any one.  
Nor let them cloke themselues in any care,  
To do vs comfort; we as neare them are,  
As are the Cyclops; or the impious race,  
Of earthy Giants, that would heauen outface.  
Vlysses answerd; Let some other doubt  
Employ your thoughts, then what your words giue out;  
Which intimate a kind of doubt, that I  
Should shadow in this shape, a Deitie.  
I beare no such least semblance; or in wit,  
Vertue, or person. What may well besit  
One of those mortals, whom you chiefly know,  
Beares vp and downe, the burthen of the woe  
Appropriate to poore man; giue that to me;  
Of whose mones I sit, in the most degree;  
And might say more; sustaining griefes that all  
The Gods consent to: no one twist their fall  
And my vnpietied shoulders, letting downe  
The least diuersion. Be the grace then showne,  
To let me taste your free-giuen food, in peace.  
Through greatest griefe, the belly must haue ease.  
Worse then an enuious belly, nothing is.  
It will command his strict Necessities,  
Of men most griev'd in body or in mind,  
That are in health, and will not giue their kind,  
A desperate wound. When most with cause I grieue,  
It bids me still, Eate man, and drinke, and lue;  
And this makes all forgot. What euer ill  
I euer beare; it euer bids me fill.

But

But this ease is but so'ret, and will not last,  
Till what the mind likes, be as well embrac't;  
And therefore let me with you would partake  
In your late purpose; when the Morne shall make  
Her next appearance; daigne me but the grace,  
(Vnhappie man) that I may once embrace  
My country earth: though I be still thrust at,  
By ancient ill; yet make me but see that;  
And then let life go. When (withall) I see  
My high-roof large house, lands and family.

This, all approv'd; and each, willd euerie one;  
Since he hath said so fairly; set him gone.

Feast past, and sacrifice; to sleepe, all vow  
Their eies at eithers house. Vlysses now,  
Was left here with Alcinous, and his Queene,  
The all-lou'd Arete. The handmaids then  
The vessell of the Banquet, tooke away.  
When Arete set eye on his array;  
Knew both his out, and vnderwee'd, which she  
Made with her maids; and musde by what meanes he  
Obtaind their wearing: which she made request  
To know; and wings gaue to these speeches: Guest!  
First let me aske, what, and from whence you are?  
And then, who grac't you with the weeds you weare?  
Said you not lately, you had err'd at seas?

Arete to Vlysses.

And thence arriu'd here? Laertides  
To this, thus answerd: Tis a paine (O Queene)  
Still to be opening wounds wrought deepe and Greene,  
Of which, the Gods haue opened store in me;  
Yet your will must be seru'd: Farre hence, at sea,  
There lies an Ile, that beares Ogygius name;  
Where Atlas daughter, the ingenious Dame,  
Faire-haired Calypso liues: a Goddesse graue,  
And with whom, men, nor Gods, societie haue.  
Yet I (past man vnhappie) liu'd alone,  
By heau'ns wrath forc't) her house companion.  
For Ioue had with a feruent lightning cleft  
My ship in twaine; and farre at blacke sea left  
Me and my souldiers; all whose liues I lost.  
I in mine armes the keele tooke, and was tost  
Nine dayes together vp from waue to waue.  
The tenth grim Night, the angry Deities draue  
Me and my wracke on th'Ile, in which doth dwell  
Dreadfull Calypso; who exactly well  
Receiu'd and nourisht me; and promise made,  
To make me deathlesse: nor should Age inuade  
My powres with his deserts, through all my dayes.  
All moud not me; and therefore, on her stayes,

Vlysses to Arete.

Seuen

Scuen yeares she made me lie: and there spent I  
 The long time; sleeping in the miserie  
 Of ceaselesse teares, the Garments I did weare  
 From her faire hand. The eight reuolued yeare,  
 (Or by her chang'd mind; or by charge of *Ioue*)  
 She gaue prouokt way to my wisht remoue;  
 And in a many-joynted ship, with wine,  
 (Daintie in fauour) bread, and weeds diuine;  
 Sign'd with a harmlesse and sweet wind, my passe.  
 Then, seuentene dayes at sea, I homeward was;  
 And by the eighteenth, the darke hills appeard,  
 That your Earth thrusts vp. Much my heart was cheard;  
 (Vnhappie man) for that was but a beame;  
 To shew I yet, had agonies extream,  
 To put in sufferance: which th'Earth-shaker sent,  
 Crossing my way, with tempests violent;  
 Vnmeasur'd seas vp-lifting: nor would giue  
 The billowes leaue, to let my vessell liue  
 The least time quiet: that euen sigh'd to beare  
 Their bitter outrage: which, at last, did teare  
 Her sides in peeces, set on by the winds.  
 I yet, through-swomme the waues, that your shore binds,  
 Till wind and water threw me vp to it;  
 When, coming forth, a ruthlesse billow smit  
 Against huge rocks, and an acceslesse shore  
 My mangl'd body. Backe againe I bore,  
 And swom till I was salne vpon a flood,  
 Whose shores, me thought, on good aduantage stood,  
 For my receit: rock-free, and fenc'd from wind.  
 And this I put for, gathering vp my mind.  
 Then the diuine Night came; and treading Earth,  
 Close by the flood, that had from *Ioue* her birth.  
 Within a thicker I repose; when round  
 I ruff'd vp salne leaues in heape; and found  
 (Let fall from heauen) a sleepe interminate.  
 And here, my heart (long time excruciate)  
 Amongst the leaues I rested all that night;  
 Euen till the morning and meridian light.  
 The Sunne declining then; delightfome sleepe,  
 No longer laid my temples in his steepe;  
 But forth I went, and on the shore might see  
 Your daughters maids play. Like a Deitie  
 She shin'd about them; and I praid to her:  
 And she, in disposition did prefer  
*Noblesse*, and wisdom, no more low then might  
 Become the goodnesse of a Goddesse height.  
 Nor would you therefore hope (suppos'd distrest  
 As I was then, and old) to find the least

Of

Of any *Grace* from her; being yonger farre.  
*With young folkes, Wisdom makes her commerce rare.*  
 Yet she in all abundance did bestow,  
 Both wine (that makes the "blood in humanes grow)  
 And food; and bath'd me in the flood; and gaue  
 The weeds to me, which now ye see me haue.  
 This, through my griefes I tell you; and tis true.  
*Alcinous* answerd: Gueft! my daughter knew  
 Least of what most you giue her, nor became  
 The course she tooke, to let, with euery Dame,  
 Your person lackey; nor hath with them brought  
 Your selfe home to; which first you had besought.  
 O blame her not (said he) Heroicall Lord;  
 Nor let me heare, against her worth, a word.  
 She faultlesse is; and wisht I would haue gone  
 With all her women home: but I alone  
 Would venture my receit here; hauing feare  
 And reuerend aw of accidents that were  
 Of likely issue: both your wrath to moue,  
 And to inflame the common peoples loue,  
 Offspeaking ill: to which they soone giue place;  
*We men are all a mist suspicious race.*  
 My gueft (said he) I vse not to be stir'd  
 To wrath too rashly; and where are prefer'd  
 To mens conceits, things that may both waies faile;  
 The noblest euer should the most preuaile.  
 Would *Ioue* our Father, *Pallas*, and the *Sunne*,  
 That (were you still as now, and could but runne  
 One Fate with me) you would my daughter wed,  
 And be my son-in-law; still vowd to leade  
 Your rest of life here. I a house would giue,  
 And household goods; so freely you would liue,  
 Confin'd with vs: but gainst you will, shall none  
 Containe you here; since that were violence done  
 To *Ioue* our Father. For your passage home,  
 That you may well know, we can overcome  
 So great a voyage; thus it shall succeed:  
 To morrow shall our men take all their heed  
 (While you securely sleepe) to see the seas  
 In calmest temper; and (if that will please)  
 Shew you your Country and your house ere night;  
 Though farre beyond *Eubæa* be that sight.  
 And this *Eubæa* (as our subiects say,  
 That haue bin there, and seene) is farre away  
 Farthest from vs, of all the parts they know.  
 And made the triall, when they help't to row  
 The gold-lockt *Rhadamanth*, to giue him view  
 Of Earth-borne *Tityus*: whom their speeds did shew

*alci-  
nus,  
Vinum calefa-  
ciendi vim ha-  
bens.*

In

(In that far-off *Eubæa*) the same day  
 They set from hence; and home made good their way;  
 With ease againe, and him they did conuay.  
 Which, I report to you, to let you see  
 How swift my ships are; and how matchlesly  
 My yong *Phæacians*, with their oares preuaile,  
 To beate the sea through, and assist a faile.

This cheard *Vlysses*; who in priuate praid:  
 I would to Ioue our Father, what he said,  
 He could performe at all parts; he should then  
 Be glorified for euer; and I gaine  
 My naturall Country. This discourse they had;  
 When faire-armed *Arete*, her handmaids bad  
 A bed make in the *Portico*; and plie  
 With cloaths; the Couering Tapeſtric;  
 The Blankets purple. Wel-napt Waſtcoates too,  
 To weare for more warmth. What theſe had to do,  
 They torches tooke, and did. The Bed puruaid;  
 They moud *Vlysses* for his reſt; and ſaid:

Come Gueſt, your Bed is fit; now frame to reſt.  
 Motion of ſleepe, was gracious to their Gueſt;  
 Which now he tooke profoundly; being laid  
 Within a loop-hole Towre, where was conuaid  
 The founding *Portico*. The King tooke reſt  
 In a retir'd part of the houſe; where dreſt  
 The Queene her ſelfe, a Bed, and Trundlebed;  
 And by her Lord, repoſed her reuerend head.

*Finis libri ſeptimi Hom. Odyſſ.*



THE

## THE EIGHTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*The Peeres of the Phæacian State,  
 A Councell call, to conſolate  
 Vlyſſes, with all meanes for Home.  
 The Councell to a Banquet come,  
 Invited by the king: which done,  
 Affairs for hurling of the ſtone,  
 The Youths make with the ſtranger king.  
 Demodocus, at ſeaſt, doth ſing  
 Th' Adulterie of the God of Armes  
 With her that rules, in Amorous charmes.  
 And after, ſings the entercouſe  
 Of Ali's about th' Epæan Horſe.*

### Another.

*ſila. The Councels frame,  
 As ſleete applied;  
 In ſtrifes of Game,  
 Vlyſſes tried.*

**N**OW when the Roſie-fingerd morne aroſe;  
 The ſacred powre *Alcinous* did diſpoſe  
 Did likewise riſe; and like him, left his Eaſe,  
 The Cittie-racer *Laertiades*.  
 The Councell at the Nauię was deſign'd;  
 To which *Alcinous*, with the ſacred mind,  
 Came firſt of all. On poliſht ſtones they late  
 Neare to the Nauię. To increaſe the ſtate,

*Minerva* tooke the heralds forme on her  
 That ſeru'd *Alcinous*; ſtudious to prefer  
*Vlyſſes* Suite for home. About the towne  
 She made quicke way; and ſild with the renowne  
 Of that deſigne, the eares of euery man:  
 Proclaiming thus; *Peers Phæacenſian*!  
 And men of Councell: all haſte to the Court;  
 To heare the ſtranger that made late reſort  
 To king *Alcinous*: long time loſt at Sea;  
 And is in perſon, like a Deitie.

This, all their powres ſet vp; and ſpirit inſild;  
 And ſtraight the Court and ſeats, with men were ſild.  
 The whole State wonderd at *Laertes* Son  
 When they beheld him. *Pallas* put him on

L

*Pallas like the  
 Herald.*

A



A supernaturall, and heavenly dresse;  
 Enlarg'd him with a height, and goodlinesse  
 In breast, and shoulders; that he might appeare  
 Gracious, and graue, and reuerend; and beare  
 A perfect hand on his performance there,  
 In all the trials they resolu'd impose.

*Alcinous relates  
 the Phœacians  
 to the belife of  
 Vlysses.*

All met; and gather'd in attention close;  
*Alcinous* thus bespake them: Dukes, and Lords;  
 Heare me digest, my hearty thoughts in words;  
 This Stranger here whose trauels found my Court;  
 I know not; nor can tell if his resort  
 From East or West comes: But his suite is this;  
 That to his Countrey earth we would dismis  
 His hither-forced person; and doth beare  
 The minde to passe it vnder euery Peere:  
 Whom I prepare, and stirre vp; making knowne  
 My free desire of his deduction.  
 Nor shall there euer, any other man  
 That tries the goodnesse *Phœacian*,  
 In me, and my Courts entertainment; stay  
 Mourning for passage, vnder least delay.  
 Come then; A ship into the sacred seas,  
 New-built, now lanch we; and from out our prease;  
 Chuse two and fiftie Youths; of all, the best  
 To vse an oare. All which, see straight impress;  
 And in their Oare-bound feates. Let others hie  
 Home to our Court, commanding instantly  
 The solemne preparation of a feast;  
 In which, prouision may for any guest  
 Be made at my charge. Charge of these low things,  
 I giue our Youth. You Scepter-bearing kings,  
 Confort me home; and helpe with grace to vse  
 This guest of ours: no one man shall refuse.

Some other of you, haste, and call to vs  
 The sacred finger, graue *Demodocus*;  
 To whom hath God giuen, song that can excite  
 The heart of whom he listeth with delight.  
 This said, he led. The Scepter-bearers lent  
 Their free attendance; and with all speede, went  
 The herald for the sacred man in song.  
 Youths two and fiftie; chosen from the throng  
 Went, as was willd, to the vntam'd seas shore;  
 Where come; they lancht the ship: the Mast it bore  
 Aduanc't, sailes hoisted; euery seate, his Ore  
 Gaue with a lether thong: the deepe moist then  
 They further reacht. The drie streets flowd with men;  
 That troupt vp to the kings spacious Court.  
 Whose *Porticos*, were chok't with the resort:

Whose

Whose wals were hung with men: yong, old, thrust there,  
 In mighty concourse; for whose promist cheere  
*Alcinous* flue twelue Sheepe; eight white-toothd Swine:  
 Two crook-hancht Becues; which dead, and drest, diuine  
 The show was of so many a iocund Guest  
 All set together, at so set a feast.

To whose accomplisht state, the Herald then  
 The louely Singer led; Who past all mean  
 The Muse affected; gaue him good, and ill;  
 His eies put out; but put in foule at will.  
 His place was giuen him, in a chaire, all grac't  
 With siluer studs, and gainst a Pillar plac't;  
 Where, as the Center to the State, he rests;  
 And round about, the circle of the Guests.  
 The Herald, on a Pinne, aboue his head  
 His soundfull harpe hung: to whose height, he led  
 His hand for taking of it downe at will.  
 A Boord set by, with food; and forth did fill  
 A Bowle of wine, to drinke at his desire.  
 The rest then, fell to feast; and when the fire  
 Of appetite was quencht: the Muse inflam'd  
 The sacred Singer. Of men highliest fam'd,  
 He sung the glories; and a Poeme pend,  
 That in applause, did ample heauen ascend.  
 Whose subiect was, the sterne contention  
 Betwixt *Vlysses*, and Great *Thetis* Sonne;  
 As, at a banquet, sacred to the Gods  
 In dreadfull language, they exprest their ods.

When *Agamemnon*, sat reioyc't in foule  
 To heare the Greeke Peeres iarre, in termes so foule;  
 For *Augur Phœbus*, in presage had told  
 The king of men, (desirous to vnfold  
 The wars perplexed end; and being therefore gone  
 In heavenly *Pythia*, to the Porch of stone,)  
 That then the end, of all griefes should begin,  
 Twixt *Greece*, and *Troy*; when *Greece* (with strife to winne  
 That wisht conclusion) in her kings should iarre;  
 And pleade, if force, or wit must end the warre.

This braue contention did the Poet sing;  
 Expressing so the spleene of either king;  
 That his large purple weede, *Vlysses* held  
 Before his face, and eies; since thence distilld  
 Teares vncontaind; which he obscur'd, in feare  
 To let th'observing Presence, note a teare.  
 But when his sacred song the meere Diuine  
 Had giuen an end; a Goblet crown'd with wine  
*Vlysses* (drying his wet eies) did seise;  
 And sacrificd to those Gods that would please

L 2

*Demodocus  
 Poet.*

*The contention  
 of Achilles and  
 Vlysses.*

*Vlyssi mouetur  
 Actus.*

T in-

The continued  
piece of *Ulysses*  
through all pla-  
ces, times, and oc-  
casions.

T'inspire the Poet with a song so fit  
To do him honour, and renowne his wit.  
His teares then staid. But when againe began  
(By all the kings desires) the mourning man;  
Again *Ulysses*, could not chuse but yeeld  
To that soft passion: which againe, withheld,  
He kept so cunningly from sight; that none  
(Except *Alcinous* himselfe, alone)  
Discern'd him mou'd so much. But he sat next;  
And heard him deeply sigh. Which, his pretext  
Could not keepe hid from him. Yet he conceal'd  
His utterance of it; and would haue it held  
From all the rest. Brake off the song, and this  
Said to those Ore-affecting Peeres of his:

Princes, and Peeres! we now are satiate  
With sacred song, that fits a feast of state:  
With wine, and food. Now then, to field, and try;  
In all kinds our approu'd actiue;  
That this our Guest, may giue his friends to know  
In his returne: that we, as little owe  
To fights, and wrestlings, leaping, speede of race,  
As these our Court-rites; and commend our grace  
In all, to all superiour. Footh he led  
The Peeres and people, troupe't vp to their head:  
Nor must *Demodocus* be left within;  
Whose harpe, the Herald hung vpon the pinnes;  
His hand, in his tooke; and abroad he brought  
The heavenly Poet: out, the same way wrought  
That did the Princes: and what they would see  
With admiration, with his companie  
They wisht to honour. To the place of Game  
These throng'd; and after, routs of other came,  
Of all sort, infinite. Of Youths that stroue,

Many, and strong, rose to their trials loue.

Vp rose *Acronus*, and *Ocyalus*;  
*Elatreus*, *Prymneus*, and *Anchylus*;  
*Nauaeus*, *Eretnaeus*, *Tboon*, *Proraeus*;  
*Pontaeus*, and the strong *Amphialus*,  
Sonne to *Tetionides*, *Polimius*.

Vp rose to these, the great *Euryalus*;  
In action like the homicide of warre.

*Naubolides*, that was for person farre  
Past all the rest: but one he could not passe;  
Nor any thought improue, *Laodamas*.

Vp *Anabesius* then arose;  
And three sonnes of the Scepter state, and those;  
Were *Halius*, and fore-praïse *Laodamas*;  
And *Chytoneus*, like a God in grace.

Since the Phae-  
cians were not  
only dwellers by  
sea, but studious  
also of sea quail-  
ties: their names  
se me to surpe  
their faculties  
therein.  
All consisting of  
sea-faring signi-  
fication, except  
*Laodamas*.  
At *Acronus*,  
signa seu extre-  
ma Nautis parti.  
*Ocyalus* velox  
in mari. *Elatreus*  
us or *Elatry* dicitur  
Remex,  
&c.

These first the foote-game tride; and from the lists  
Took start together. Vp the dust, in mists  
They hurl'd about; as in their speede, they flew;

But *Chytoneus*, first, of all the crew  
A Stiches length in any fallow field  
Made good his pace; when where the Iudges yeeld  
The prize, and praise, his glorious speed arriu'd.  
Next, for the boistrous wrestling Game they stru'd;  
At which, *Euryalus*, the rest outhone.

At leape, *Amphialus*. At the hollow stone  
*Elatreus* exceld. At buffers, last,

*Laodamas*, the kings faire sonne surpast.

When all had stru'd in these assaies their fill;  
*Laodamas* said; Come friends; let's proue what skill  
This Stranger hath attain'd to, in our sport;  
Me thinks, he must be of the actiue sort.  
His calues, thighs, hands, and well-knit shoulders show,  
That *Nature* disposition did bestow

To fit with fact their forme. Nor wants he prime.

But fowre *Affliction*, made a mate with *Time*,  
Makes *Time* the more sene. Nor imagine I,

A worse thing to enforce debilitie,  
Then is the Sea: though nature ne're so strong

Knits one together. Nor conceiue you wrong,

(Replied *Euryalus*) but proue his blood:  
With what you question. In the midst then stood

Renown'd *Laodamas*, and prou'd him thus;

Come (stranger Father) and assaie with vs  
Your powrs in these contentions: If your show

Be answer'd with your worth, tis fit that you  
Should know these conflicts: nor doth glorie stand

On any worth more, in a mans command,

Then to be strenuous, both of foote and hand:

Come then, make prooue with vs; discharge your mind  
Of discontentments: for not farre behind

Comes your deduction. Ship is ready now;

And men, and all things. Why (said he) dost thou

Mocke me *Laodamas*! and these strifes bind

My powrs to answer: I am more inclin'd  
To cares, then conflict. Much sustaind I haue;

And still am suffering. I come here to craue  
In your assemblies, meanes to be dismiss,

And pray, both Kings, and subiects to assist.

*Euryalus*, an open brawle began;  
And said: I take you Sir, for no such man

As fits these honor'd strifes. A number more  
Strange men there are, that I would chuse before.

To one that loues to lie a ship-boord much;

*Laodamas* re-  
sist *Ulysses* to  
their sports.

The word is  
num signifying;  
deductio, qua  
transluendum  
curamus cum  
qui nobiscum  
aliquandiu est  
versatus.

*Euryalus* pp-  
brawls *Ulysses*.

Or is the Prince of sailours; or to such  
As traffique farre and neare, and nothing minde  
But freight, and passage, and a foreright winde,  
Or to a victler of a ship: or men

*μυσηδων ἀνταγωνισται.*

That set vp all their powrs forrampant Gaine,  
I can compare, or hold you like to be:  
But, for a wrestler, or of qualitie  
Fit for contentions noble; you abhor  
From worth of any such competitor.

*Ὀδυσσεὺς ἀντιφύσας.*

*Ulysses* (frowning) answers; Stranger! farre  
Thy words are from the fashions regular  
Of kinde, or honour. Thou art in thy guise  
Like to a man, that authors iniuries.

*ἀντιδωμῶν  
ἰσχυρῶν  
ἀντιφύσας.*

I see, the Gods to all men, giue not all  
Manly addition; wise dome; words that fall  
(Like dice) vpon the square still. Some man takes  
Ill forme from parents; but God often makes  
That fault of forme vp, with obseru'd repaire  
Of pleasing speech: that makes him held for faire;  
That makes him speake securely: makes him shine  
In an assembly, with a grace diuine.  
Men take delight, to see how euently lie  
His words ascepe, in honey modestie.  
Another then, hath fashion like a Gods;  
But in his language, he is foule, and broad:  
And such art thou. A person faire is giuen;  
But nothing else is in thee, sent from heauen.  
For in thee lurkes, a bafe, and earthy soule  
And t'haſt compelled me, with a speech most foule  
To be thus bitter. I am not vnſcene  
In theſe faire ſtrifes, as thy words ouerweene:  
But in the first ranke of the best I stand.  
At least, I did, when youth and strength of hand  
Made me thus confident: but now am worne  
With woes, and labours; as a humane borne  
To beare all anguish. Sufferd much I haue.  
The warre of men, and the inhumane waue  
Haue I driuen through at all parts: but with all  
My waste in sufferance: what yet may fall  
In my performance, at theſe ſtrifes Ile trie;  
Thy speech hath mou'd, and made my wrath runne hie.

This said; with robe, and all, he graspt a stone,  
A little grauer then was euer throwne  
By theſe *Phaicians* in their wrestling rout;  
More firme, more massie; which (wmd round about)  
He hurried from him, with a hand so strong  
It sung, and flew: and ouer all the throng  
(That at the others markes stood) quite it went:

Yet

Yet downe fell all beneath it; fearing spent  
The force that draue it flying from his hand,  
As it a dart were, or a walking wand.  
And, farre past all the markes of all the rest  
His wing stole way. When *Pallas* (straight impreſt  
A marke at fall of it; reſembling then  
One of the nauy-giuen *Phaician* men;  
And thus aduanc't *Ulyſſes*: One, (though blinde)  
(O stranger!) groping, may thy ſtones fall finde;  
For not amidſt the rout of markes it fell,  
But farre before all. Of thy worth, thinke well;  
And stand in all ſtrifes: no *Phaician* here,  
This bound, can either better or come nere.  
*Ulyſſes* ioyd, to heare that one man yet  
Vide him benignly; and would Truth abet  
In theſe contentions. And then, thus ſmooth  
He tooke his ſpeech downe: Reach me that now Youth,  
You ſhall (and ſtraight I thinke) haue one ſuch mores;  
And one beyond it too. And now, whoſe Core  
Stands found, and great within him (ſince ye haue  
Thus put my ſplene vp) come againe and braue  
The Gueſt ye tempted, with ſuch groſſe diſgrace:  
At wrestling, buſſets, whirbat, ſpeed of race.  
At all, or either, I except at none,  
But vrge the whole State of you; onely one  
I will not challenge, in my forced boalt,  
And that's *Laodamas*; for hee's mine Hoſt.  
And who will fight, or wrangle with his friend?  
Vnwiſe he is, and baſe, that will contend  
With him that feedes him, in a forreigne place;  
And takes all edge off, from his owne fought grace.  
None elſe except I here; nor none deſpiſe;  
But wiſh to know, and proue his faculties,  
That dares appeare now. No ſtrife ye can name  
Am I vnſkilld in; (reckon any game  
Of all that are, as many as there are  
In uſe with men) for Archerie I dare  
Affirme my ſelfe not meane. Of all a troupe  
Ile make the firſt foe with mine arrow ſtoute;  
Though, with me ne're ſo many fellowes bend  
Their bowes at markt men, and affect their end;  
Onely was *Philoctetes* with his bow  
Still my ſuperiour; when we Greekes would ſhow  
Our Archerie againſt our foes of *Troy*:  
But all that now by bread, fraile life enioy,  
I ſarre hold my inferiours. Men of old  
None now aliuē, ſhall witneſſe me ſo bold  
To vant equality with ſuch men as theſe;

L 4

He names *Laodamas* onely for all the other brothers, ſince in his exception, the others enuies were curb'd: for brothers, either are or ſhould be of one acceptation in all ſix things. And *Laodamas*, he calles his hoſt, being eldeſt ſon ſo *Alcinous*: the heire being euer the yong maſter; nor might he conueniently prefer *Alcinous* in his exception, ſince he ſtood not in competition at theſe contentions.

*Oechalian*,

*Ocehalian, Eurystus, Hercules;*

Who with their bowes, durst with the Gods contend.  
And therefore caught *Eurystus* loone his end.

*Apollo.*

Nor di'd at home, in age, a reuerend man;

But by the Great incensed *Delphian*

Was shot to death, for daring competence

With him, in all an Archers excellence.

A Speare Ile hurle as farre, as any man

Shall shoote a shaft. How at a race I can

Bestirre my feete; I onely yeeld to Feare,

And doubt to meete with my superiour here.

So many fease, so too much haue misfide

My lims for race; and therefore haue diffide

A dissolution through my loued knees.

*The ingenious  
and vocal speech  
of Alcinous to  
Vlysses.*

This said, he still all talking properties;

*Alcinous* onely answerd: O my Guest

In good part take we, what you haue bene preft

With speech to answer. You would make appeare

Your vertues therefore, that will still shine where

Your onely looke is. Yet must this man giue

Your worth ill language, when, he does not liue

In sort of mortals (whence so ere he springs

That iudgement hath to speake becoming things)

That will depraue your vertues. Note then now

My speech, and what, my loue presents to you;

That you may tell *Heroes*, when you come

To banquet with your Wife, and Birth at home,

(Mindfull of our worth) what deseruiungs *Ioue*

Hath put on our parts likewise, in remoue

From Sire to Sonne, as an inherent grace

Kinde, and perpetuall. We must needs giue place

To other Countrey-men; and freely yeeld

We are not blamelesse, in our fights of field;

Buffets, nor wrestlings: but in speede of feete;

And all the Equipage that fits a flecte,

We boast vs best. For table cuer spred

With neighbour feasts, for garments varied;

For *Poesie*, *Musique*, *Dancing*, *Baths*, and *Beds*.

And now, *Phaicians*, you that beare your heads

And feete with best grace, in enamouring dance;

Enflame our guest here; that he may aduance

Our worth past all the worlds, to his home friends;

As well for the vnmatcht grace, that commends

Your skills in footing of a dance; as theirs

That flie a race best. And so, all affaires,

At which we boast vs best; he best may trie;

As Sea-race, Land-race, Dance, and *Poesie*.

Some one, with instant speede to Court retire,

And

And fetch *Demodocus*, his foundfull lyre.

This said, the God-grac't king, and quicke resort

*Pontonus* made, for that faire harpe, to Court.

Nine of the lot-chus'de publique Rulers rose,

That all in those contentions did dispoſe;

Commanding a most smooth ground, and a wide,

And all the people, in faire game, aside.

Then with the rich harpe, came *Pontonus*;

And in the midst, tooke place *Demodocus*.

About him then stood forth, the choise yong men,

That on mans first youth, made fresh entrie then:

Had Art to make their naturall motion sweete

And thooke a most diuine dance from their feete;

That twinkl'd Star-like; mou'd as swift, and fine,

And beate the aire so thinne, they made it shine.

*Vlysses* wonderd at it; but amazd

He stood in minde, to heare the dance so phras'd.

For, as they danc't; *Demodocus* did sing,

The bright-crownd *Venus* loue, with Battails king;

As first they closely mixt, in t'house of fire.

What worlds of gifts, wonne her to his desire;

Who then, the night-and-day-bed did defile

Of good king *Vulcan*. But in little while

The Sunne their mixture saw; and came, and told.

The bitter newes, did by his eares take hold

Of *Vulcans* heart. Then to his Forge he went;

And in his shrewd mind, deepe stufte did inuent.

His mightie Anuile, in the stocke he put;

And forg'd a net, that none could loose, or cut;

That when it had them, it might hold them fast.

Which, hauing finish'd, he made vtmost haste

Vp to the deare roome, where his wife he wou'd;

And (madly wrath with *Mars*) he all bestrowd

The bed, and bed posts: all the beame about

That crost the chamber; and a circle stroue,

Of his deuice, to wrap in all the roome.

And twas as pure, as of a Spiders loome,

The woofe before tis wouen. No man nor God

Could set his eie on it: a sleight so odde,

His Art shew'd in it. All his craft bespent

About the bed: he said, as if he went

To well-built *Lemnos*; his most loued towne,

Of all townes earthly. Nor left this vnknowne

To golden-bridle-vfing *Mars*; who kept

No blinde watch ouer him: but, seeing stept

His riual so aside, he hast'd home

With faire-wreath'd *Venus* loue stung; who was come

New from the Court of her most mightie Sire.

*frequency of words  
conveys signifi-  
cant splendour  
vibrancy  
twinkled splen-  
dor: rapidity  
Vibrate veluti  
radios solares.  
Apre varified  
turn first.*

*The matter  
whereof none  
can see.*

*Reveling Ape.*

*Mars*

*Mars* enterd, wrung her hand; and the retire  
 Her husband made to *Lemnos* told; and said;  
 Now (*Loue*) is *Vulcan* gone; let vs to bed,  
 Hee's for the barbarous *Sintians*. Well appaid  
 Was *Venus* with it; and afresh affaid  
 Their old encounter. Downe they went; and straight  
 About them 'clingd, the artificial sleight  
 Of most wife *Vulcan*; and were so eninar'd,  
 That neither they could stirre their course prepar'd,  
 In any lim about them; nor arise.  
 And then they knew, they could no more disguise  
 Their close conueiance; but lay, forc't, stone still.  
 Backe rusht the Both foote cook't; but straight in skill,  
 From his neare skout-hole turnd; nor euer went  
 To any *Lemnos*; but the sure euent  
 Left *Phabus* to discover, who told all.  
 Then, home hopt *Vulcan*, full of griefe, and gall;  
 Stood in the Portall, and cried out so hee;  
 That all the Gods heard. Father of the skie  
 And every other deathlesse God (said he)  
 Come all, and a ridiculous object see;  
 And yet not sufferable neither; Come,  
 And witnesse, how when still I step from home,  
 (Lame that I am) *Ioues* daughter doth profess  
 To do me all the shamefull offices;  
 Indignities, despites, that can be thought;  
 And loues this all-things-making-come to nought  
 Since he is faire forsooth; foote-found, and I  
 Tooke in my braine a little, leg'd awrie;  
 And no fault mine; but all my parents fault,  
 Who should not get, if mocke me, with my halt.  
 But see how fast they sleepe, while I, in mone,  
 Am onely made, an idle looker on.  
 One bed their turne serues; and it must be mine;  
 I thinke yet, I haue made their selfe-loues shine.  
 They shall no more wrong me, and none perceiue:  
 Not will they sleepe together, I beleue  
 With too hote haste againe. Thus both shall lie  
 In craft, and force; till the extremitie  
 Of all the dowre, I gaue her Sire (to gaine  
 A dogged set-fac't Girle, that will not staine  
 Her face with blushing, though she shame her head)  
 He paies me backe: She's faire, but was no maide.  
 While this long speech was making, all were come  
 To *Vulcan*; whole-brazen-found home.  
 Earth-shaking *Neptune*; vifull *Mercurie*,  
 And far-shot *Phabus*. No She Deitie  
 For shame, would show there: all the giue-good Gods

*Vulcan* com-  
 plaint.

Stood

stood in the Portall; and past periods  
 Gaue length to laughers; all reioyc't to see  
 That which they said; that no impietie  
 Finds good successe at th'end. And now (said one)  
 The slow outgoes the swift. Lame *Vulcan*, knowne  
 To be the slowest of the Gods; outgoes  
*Mars* the most swift; And this is that, which growes  
 To greatest iustice; that Adulteries sport  
 Obtain'd by craft, by craft of other fort,  
 (And lame craft too) is plagu'd, which grieues the more,  
 That found lims turning lame; the lame, \* restore.

This speech amongst themselves they entertaind  
 When *Phabus*, thus askt *Hermes*: Thus enchaind  
 Would'st thou be *Hermes*, to be thus discloset  
 Though, with thee, golden *Venus* were repos'd?

He soone gaue that an answer: O (said he  
 Thou king of Archers) would twere thus with me.  
 Though thrice so much shame; nay, though infinite  
 Were powrd about me; and that euery light  
 In great heauen shining, witnest all my harmes,  
 So golden *Venus* slumberd in mine Armes.

The Gods againe laugh; euen the watry state  
 Wrung out a laughter: But propitiate  
 Was still for *Mars*, and praid the God of fire  
 He would dissolue him; offering the desire  
 He made to *Loue*, to pay himselfe; and said,  
 All due debts, should be, by the Gods repaid.

Pay me, no words (said he) where deeds lend paine;  
 Wretched the words are, giuen for wretched men.  
 How shall I binde you in th'Immortals fight  
 If *Mars* be once loos'd; nor will pay his right?

*Vulcan* (said he) if *Mars* should flie, nor see  
 Thy right repaid, it should be paid by me:  
 Your word, so giuen, I must accept (said he)  
 Which said; he loosd them: *Mars* then rusht from skie  
 And stoop't cold *Thrace*. The laughing Deity  
 For *Cyprus* was, and tooke her *Paphian* state  
 Where, She a *Grove*, ne're cut, hath consecrate:  
 All with *Arabian* odors fum'd; and hath  
 An Altar there, at which the *Graces* bathe,  
 And with immortall Balms besmooth her skin;  
 Fit for the blisse, Immortals solace in;  
 Deckt her in to-be-studied attire,  
 And apt to set beholders hearts on fire.

This sung the sacred Muse, whose notes and words  
 The dancers feete kept; as his hands his cords.  
*Vlyses*, much was pleased, and all the crew:  
 This would the king haue varied with a new.

\* Intending the  
 sound of footes  
 when they out-  
 goe the soundest.

This is  
 the place, where  
 the Gods bathe.  
 The *Graces* bathe  
 in the *Grove*,  
 which is the  
 place of  
 the *Graces*.

And

And pleasing measure; and performed by  
Two, with whom none would stieue in dancerie.  
And those, his sonnes were; that must therefore dance  
Alone; and onely to the harp aduance,  
Without the words; And this sweete couple, was  
Yong *Halius*, and diuine *Laodamas*:  
Who danc't a Ball dance. Then the rich-wrought Ball,  
(That *Polybus* had made, of purpleall)  
They tooke to hand: one threw it to the skie,  
And then danc't backe; the other (capping hie)  
Would surely catch it, ere his foote toucht ground;  
And vp againe aduanc't it; and so found  
The other, cause of dance; and then did he  
Dance lusty trickes; till next it came to be  
His turne to catch; and serue the other still.  
When they had kept it vp to eithers will,  
They then danc't ground tricks, oft mixt hand in hand;  
And did so gracefully their change command;  
That all the other Youth that stood at pause,  
With deafning shouts, gaue them the great applause.

*Vlysses* to *Alcinous*.

Then said *Vlysses*; O past all men here  
Cleare, not in powre, but in desert as cleare,  
You said your dancers, did the world surpasse;  
And they performe it, cleare, and to amaze.

This wonne *Alcinous* heart, and equall prise  
He gaue *Vlysses*, saying, Matchlesse wife  
(Princes, and Rulers) I perceiue our guest;  
And therefore let our hospitable best  
In fitting gifts be giuen him: twelue chiefe kings  
There are that order all the glorious things  
Of this our kingdome; and the thirteenth, I  
Exist, as Crowne to all: let instantly  
Be thirteene garments giuen him: and, of gold  
Precious, and fine, a Talent. While we hold  
This our assembly; be all fetcht, and giuen;  
That to our feast prepar'd, as to his heauen  
One guest may enter. And that nothing be  
Left vnperform'd, that fits his dignity;  
*Euryalus* shall here conciliate  
Himselfe, with words and gifts; since past our rate  
He gaue bad language. This did all commend  
And giue in charge; and euery king did send  
His Herald for his gift. *Euryalus*.  
(Answering for his part) said, *Alcinous*!  
Our chiefe of all; since you command, I will  
To this our guest, by all meanes reconcile;  
And giue him this entirely mettall sword:  
The handle massie siluer; and the bord

That

That giues it couer, all of Iuorie,  
New, and in all kinds, worth his qualitie.

This put he strait into his hand, and said:  
Frolicke, O Guest and Father; if words, fled,  
Haue bene offensiu; let swift whirlwinds take,  
And rauish them from thought. May all Gods make  
Thy wives sight good to thee; in quicke retreat  
To all thy friends, and best-lou'd breeding feate;  
Their long misse quitting with the greater ioy;  
In whose sweet, vanish all thy worst annoy.

And frolicke thou, to all height, Friend (said he)  
Which heauen confirme, with wisht felicitie.  
Nor euer giue againe desire to thee,  
Of this sword's vse, which with affects so free,  
In my reclaime, thou hast bestowd on me.

This said; athwart his shoulders he put on  
The right faire sword; and then did set the Sunne.  
When all the gifts were brought; which backe againe  
(With King *Alcinous*, in all the traine)  
Were by the honourd Heralds borne to Court;  
Which his faire sonnes tooke; and from the resort  
Laid by their reuerend Mother. Each his throne,  
Of all the Peeres (which yet were ouershone  
In King *Alcinous* command) ascended:  
Whom he, to passe as much in gifts contended;  
And to his Queene, said: Wife! see brought me here  
The fairest Cabinet I haue; and there  
Impose a well-cleane'd, in, and viter weed;  
A Caldron heate with water, that with speed  
Our Guest well bath'd, and all his gifts made sure;  
It may a ioyfull appetite procure  
To his succeeding Feast; and make him heare  
The Poets *Hymne*, with the securer eare.  
To all which, I will adde my boll of gold,  
In all frame curious, to make him hold  
My memory alwaies deare; and sacrifice  
With it at home, to all the Deities.

Then *Arete*, her maids charg'd to set on  
A well-fiz'd Caldron quickly. Which was done;  
Cleare water powr'd in, flame made so entire,  
It gilt the brasse, and made the water fire.  
In meane space, from her chamber brought the Queene  
A wealthy Cabinet, where (pure and cleane)  
She put the garments, and the gold bestowd  
By that free State; and then, the other vowd  
By her *Alcinous*, and said: Now Guest  
Make close and fast your gifts, lest when you rest  
A ship-boord sweetly, in your way you meet

M

Some

Some losse, that lesse may make your next sleepe sweet.

This when *Vlysses* heard; all sure he made;  
Enclosde and bound safe; for the fauing trade,  
The Reuerend for her wisdom (Circé) had  
In fortyeares taught him. Then the handmaid bad  
His worth to bathing; which reioyce't his heart.  
For since he did with his *Calypso* part,  
He had no hore baths. None had fauourd him;  
Nor bin so tender of his kingly lim.  
But all the time he spent in her abode,  
He liu'd respect'd, as he were a God.

Clean'd then and balm'd; faire shirt, and robe put on;  
Fresh come from bath, and to the Feasters gone;  
*Nausicaa*, that from the Gods hands tooke  
The soueraigne beautie of her blessed looke,  
Stood by a well-caru'd Colunne of the roome,  
And through her eye, her heart was overcome  
With admiration of the Port imprest

*Nausicaa* infla-  
med with *Vlysses*

In his aspect; and said: God saue you Guest!  
Be chearfull, as in all the future state,  
Your home will shew you, in your better Fate.)  
But yet, even then, let this rememberd be,  
Your lifes price, I lent, and you owe it me.

The varied in all counsels gaue reply:  
*Nausicaa*! flowre of all this Empery!  
So *Imos* husband, that the strife for noise  
Makes in the clouds, blesse me with strife of Ioyes,  
In the desir'd day, that my house shall show,  
As I, as I to a Goddesse, there shall vow,  
To thy faire hand, that did my Being giue;  
Which Ile acknowledge every houre I liue.

*seperandis,*  
*Poetam cuius*  
*hominibus dig-*  
*na est societas.*

This said; *Aleinous* plac'd him by his side;  
Then tooke they feast, and did in parts diuide  
The feuerall dishes; filld our wine, and then  
The striu'd-for, for his worth, of worthy men,  
And reuerenc't of the State; *Demodocus*  
Was brought in by the good *Pontonus*.  
In midst of all the guests, they gaue him place,  
Against a loffie Pillar; when, this grace  
The grac't with wisdom did him. From the Chine  
That stood before him of a white-tooth'd Swine,  
(Being farre the daintiest ioynt) mixt through with fat,  
He caru'd to him, and sent it where he sat,  
By his old friend, the Herald; willing thus:  
Herald! reach this to graue *Demodocus*;  
Say, I salute him; and his worth enbrace.  
Poets deserue past all the humane race.  
Reuerend respect and honor; since the *Queene*

Of

Of knowledge, and the supreme worth in men  
(*The Muse*) informes them; and loues all their race.

This, reacht the Herald to him; who, the grace  
Receiu'd encourag'd; which, when feast was spent,  
*Vlysses* amplified to this ascent:

*Demodocus*! I must preferre you farre,  
Past all your sort; if, or the *Muse* of warre,  
*Iones* daughter prompts you; (that the Greeks respects)  
Or if the Sunne, that those of *Troy* affects.  
For I haue heard you, since my coming, sing  
The Fate of *Greece*, to an admired string.  
How much our sufferance was; how much we wrought;  
How much the actions rose to, when we fought.  
So liuely forming, as you had bin there;  
Or to some free relator, lent your care.  
Forth then, and I sing the wooden horses frame,  
Built by *Epeus*; by the martiall Dame,  
Taught the whole Fabricke; which, by force of sleight,  
*Vlysses* brought into the Cities height;  
When he had stufft it with as many men,  
As leueld loslie *Ilion* with the Plaine.  
With all which, if you can as well enchant,  
As with expression quicke and elegant,  
You sung the rest; I will pronounce you cleare,  
Inspir'd by God, past all that euer were.

This said; euen stir'd by God vp, he began;  
And to his Song fell, past the forme of man;  
Beginning where, the Greeks a ship-boord went,  
And euery Chiefe, had set on fire his Tent.  
When th' other Kings, in great *Vlysses* guide,  
In *Troys* vast market place, the horse did hide:  
From whence, the *Troians*, vp to *Ilion* drew  
The dreadfull Engine. Where (late all crew)  
Their Kings about it: many counsels giuen,  
How to dispose it. In three waies were driuen  
Their whole distractions: first, if they should feele  
The hollow woods heart, (searcht with piercing Steele)  
Or from the battlements (drawne higher yet)  
Deiect it headlong, or, that counterfet,  
So vast and nouell, set on sacred fire,  
Vowd to appease each angered Godheads ire.  
On which opinion, they, thereafter, saw,  
They then should haue resolu'd: th' vnalterd law  
Of Fate presaging; that *Troy* then should end,  
When th' hostile horse, the should receiue to friends;  
For therein should the *Grecian* Kings lie hid,  
To bring the Fate and death, they after did.  
He sung besides, the Greeks eruption

M 2

From

Vlyffes.

As by the diuine  
fury directly in-  
spired so, for V-  
lyffes glory.In that the  
slaughters he  
made were ex-  
press'd so lively.translating  
from, as etaph.  
signifying, con-  
taining, tabesco.

Simile.

From those their hollow crafts; and horse forgone;  
And how they made *Depopulation* tread  
Beneath her feet, so high a Cities head.  
In which affaie, he sung in other place,

That of that ambush, some man else did race  
The *Ilion* Towres, then \**Laertiades*,  
But here he \*sung, that he alone did leife  
(With *Menelaus*) the ascended rooffe  
Of Prince *Deiphobus*; and *Mars*-like prooffe  
Made of his valour: a most dreadfull fight,  
Daring against him. And there vanquish't quite,  
In litle time (by great *Minerua* aid)  
All *Ilions* remnant, and *Troy* leuell laid.  
This the diuine Expressor, did so giue  
Both act and passion, that he made it liue;  
And to *Vlyffes* facts did breathe a fire,  
So \*deadly quickning, that it did inspire  
Old death with life; and renderd life so sweet,  
And passionate, that all there felt it fleet,  
Which made him pitie his owne crueltye,  
And put into that ruth, so pure an cie  
Of humane frailtie; that to see a man  
Could so reuiue from Death; yet no way can  
Defend from death; his owne quick powres it made  
Feele there deaths horrors: and he felt life fade  
In \*teares, his feeling braine sweet: for in things  
That moue past vtterance, teares ope all their springs.  
Nor are there in the Powries, that all life beares,  
More true interpreters of all, then teares.

And as a Ladie mournes her sole-lou'd Lord,  
That false before his Citie, by the sword,  
Fighting to rescue from a cruell Fate,  
His towne and children; and, in dead estate  
Yet panting, seeing him, wraps him in her armes,  
Weeps, shriekes, and powres her health into his armes;  
Lies on him, struing to become his shield  
From foes that still assaile him; speares impeld  
Through backe and shoulders; by whose points embrude,  
They raise and leade him into seruitude,  
Labor and languor: for all which, the Dame  
Eates downe her cheekes with teares, and feeds lifes flame  
With miserable sufferance: So this King,  
Of teare-sweet anguish, op't a boundlesse spring:  
Nor yet was seene to any one man there,  
But King *Alcinous*, who fate fo neare,  
He could not scape him: sighs (so chok't) so brake  
From all his tempers, which the King d.d take  
Both note, and graue resp: of, and thus spake:

Heare

Heare me, *Phaeacian* Counsellers and Peeres,  
And cease, *Demodocus*; perhaps all cares  
Are not delighted with his song; for, euer  
Since the diuine Muse sung, our Guest hath neuer  
Containd from secret mournings. It may fall,  
That something sung, he hath bin grieu'd withall,  
As touching his particular. Forbear;  
That *Feast* may ioyntly comfort all hearts here;  
And we may cheare our Guest vp; tis our best,  
In all due honor. For our reuerend Guest,  
Is all our celebration, gifts, and all,  
His loue hath added to our Festiuall.  
A Guest, and suppliant too; we should esteeme  
Deare as our brother; one that doth but dreame.  
He hath a soule; or touch but at a mind  
Deathlesse and manly; should stand so enclin'd.  
Nor cloke you, longer, with your curious wit,  
(Lou'd Guest) what euer we shall aske of it.  
It now stands on your honest state to tell;  
And therefore giue your name; nor more conceale,  
What of your parents, and the Towne that beares  
Name of your natiue; or of forreiners  
That neare vs border, you are calld in fame.  
There's no man liuing, walks without a name;  
Noble nor base; but had one from his birth;  
Impolde as fit, as to be borne. What earth,  
People, and citie, owne you? Giue to know:  
Tell but our ships all, that your way must show;  
For our \*ships know th'expressed minds of men,  
And will so most intently retaine  
Their scopes appointed, that they neuer erre;  
And yet vs neuer any man to sterc:  
Nor any Rudders haue, as others need.  
They know mens thoughts; and whither tends their speed.  
And there will let them. For you cannot name  
A Citie to them; nor far Soile, that *Fame*  
Hath any notice giuen; but well they know,  
And will flie to them, though they ebbe and flow,  
In blackest clouds and nights; and neuer beare  
Of any wracke or rocke, the slenderest feare.  
But this I heard my Sire *Nausithous* say  
Long since, that *Nephtune* (seeing vs conuay  
So safely passengers of all degrees,  
Was angry with vs; and vpon our seas,  
A well-built ship we had (neare habor come,  
From safe deduction of some stranger home)  
Made in his sifting billowes, sticke stone still,  
And dimm'd our Citie, like a mightie hill,

This supposition  
or affirmation of  
miracles, how  
impossible sooner  
in these times of  
fury, yet in these  
ages they were  
neither absurd  
nor strange. These  
inanimate things  
hauiug (it seems)  
certain *spirits*, in  
whose powers,  
they supposed,  
ships/skip/facul-  
ties. As others  
have affirmed  
Opes to haue  
sence of bearing;  
and so the ship of  
Argo was said  
to haue a *Moss*  
made of *Dodon*-  
an Oke, that was  
rooted, and could  
beake

M 3

With



*Intending his fa-  
ther's punishment*

With shade cast round about it. This report,  
The old \*King made; in which miraculous sort,  
If God had done such things, or left undone,  
At his good pleasure be it. But now, on,  
And truth relate vs; both whence you errd;  
And to what Clime of men would be transferd;  
With all their faire Townes; be they, as they are,  
If rude, vniust, and all irregular;  
Or hospitable, bearing minds that please  
The mightie Deitie. Which one of these  
You would be set at, say; and you are there;  
And therefore what afflicts you? why, to heare  
The Fate of Greece and *Ilion*, mourne you so?  
The Gods haue done it; as to all, they do  
Destine destruction; that from thence may rise  
A Poeme to instruct posterities.  
Fell any kinsman before *Ilion*?  
Some worthy Sire-in-law, or like-neare sonne?  
Whom next our owne blood, and selfe-race we loue;  
Or any friend perhaps, in whom did moue  
A knowing soule, and no vnpleasing thing:  
Since such a good one, is no vnderling  
To any brother: for, what fits true friends,  
True wisdom is, that blood and birth transcends.

*True wisdom  
fits true friends.*

*Finis libri octauo Hom. Odysf.*



THE

# THE NINTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGUMENT.

*V*Lysses here, is first made knowne;  
Who tells the sterne contention,  
His powres did gainst the Cicons trie;  
And thence to the Lotophagie  
Extends his conquest: and from them,  
Assayes the Cyclop Polypheme;  
And by the craft, his wit apply,  
He puts him quie his onely eye.

Another.

*Iola. The strangely fed  
Lotophagie.  
The Cicons fled.  
The Cyclops eye.*

*V*Lysses thus resolu'd the Kings demands.  
*Aleinous!* (in whom this Empire stands)  
You should not of so naturall right disherit  
Your princely feast, as take from it the spirit.  
To heare a Poet, that in accent brings  
The Gods brefts downe; and breathes them as he sings  
Is sweet, and sacred, nor can I conceiue,  
In any common weale, what more doth giue

*He begins where  
Aleinous com-  
manded Demas-  
accus to end.*

Note of the iust and blessed Empery,  
Then to see Comfort vniuersally  
Cheare vp the people. When in euery rooffe,  
She giues obseruers a most humane prooffe  
Of mens contents. To see a neighbours Feast  
Adorne it through; and thereat, heare the brest  
Of the diuine Muse; men in order set;  
A \*wine-page waiting. Tables crown'd with meate;  
Set close to guests, that are to vse it skill;  
The Cup-boords furnisht; and the cups still filld.  
This shewes (to my mind) most humanly faire:  
Nor should you, for me, still the heavenly aire,  
That stirr'd my soule so; for I loue such teares,  
As fall from fit notes; beaten through mine eares,  
With repetitions of what heaven hath done;  
And breake from heartie apprehension  
Of God and goodnesse, though they shew my ill.  
And therefore doth my mind excite me still,

M 4

To

To tell my bleeding mone; but much more now,  
To serue your pleasure; that, to ouer-flow  
My teares with such cause, may by sighs be driuen;  
Though ne're so much plagu'd, I may seeme by heauen;

And now my name; which, way shall leade to all  
My miseries after: that their sounds may fall  
Through your cares also; and shew (hauing fled  
So much affliction) first, who rests his head  
In your embraces; when (so farre from home)  
I knew not where to obtaine it resting roome.

I am *Plysses Laertiades*;  
The feare of all the world for policies;  
For which, my facts as high as heauen refound.  
I dwell in *Ithaca*, Earths most renownd:

All ouer-shadow'd with the \* Shake-leave hill  
Tree-fam'd *Neritus*, whose neare confines fill  
Ilands a number, well inhabited,

That vnder my obseruance taste their bread.

*Dulichius*, *Samos*, and the full-of-\*food  
*Zacynthus*, likewise grac't with store of wood.  
But *Ithaca*, (though in the seas it lie)

Yet lies the so aloft, she casts her eye  
Quite ouer all the neighbour Continent.  
Farre Norward situate; and (being lent  
But little fauour of the Morne, and Sunne)  
With barren rocks and cliffes is ouer-runne.  
And yet of hardie youths, a Nurse of Name.

How could I see a Spoile, where ere I came,  
More sweete and withfull. Yet, from hence was I  
Withheld with horror, by the Deitie  
Diuine *Calypso*, in her caue house;  
Enflam'd to make me her sole Lord and Spouse.  
*Circe* *Eaea* too, (that knowing Dame,  
Whose veines, the like affections did inflame)  
Detaind me like wife. But to neithers loue,  
Could I be tempted; which doth well approue;  
Nothing so sweete is as our countries earth;  
And ioy of those, from whom we claime our birth.  
Though rooves farre richer, we farre off possesse,  
Yet (from our native) all our more, is lesse.

To which, as I contended, I will tell  
The much-distrest-conferring-facts, that fell  
By *Jones* diuine preuention; since I set,  
From ruin'd *Troy*, my first foote in retreat.

From *Ilion*, ill winds cast me on the Coast  
The *Cicons* hold; where I emploid mine hoast  
For *Ismarus*, a Citie, built iust by  
My place of landings; of which, *Victory*

constiphalis.  
quatientem  
seu agitantem  
frondes.

quedam quibus  
corpus a'tur &  
vita iustentatur  
appellatur.

Amor patriæ.

Made me expugner. I depeop'd it,  
Slue all the men, and did their wiues remit,  
With much spoile taken; which we did diuide,  
That none might need his part. I then applide  
All speed for flight; but my command therein,  
(Fooles that they were) could no obseruance win  
Of many souldiers, who with spoile fed hie,  
Would yet fill higher; and excessiue  
Fell to their wine; gaue slaughter on the shore,  
Clouen-footed beecus and sheepe, in mightie store.  
In meane space, *Cicons* did to *Cicons* crie;  
When, of their nearest dwellers, instantly  
Many and better souldiers made strong head,  
That held the Continent, and managed  
Their horse with high skill: on which they would fight,  
When fittest cause seru'd; and againe alight,  
(With soone ferre vantage) and on foote contend.  
Their concourse swift was, and had neuer end;  
As thicke and sodaine twas, as flowres and leaues  
Darke Spring discouers, when the \*Light receaues.  
And then began the bitter Fate of *Ioue*  
To alter vs unhappie; which, euen stroue  
To giue vs suffrance. At our Fleet we made  
Enforced stand; and there did they invade  
Our thrust-vp Forces: darts encountred darts,  
With blowes on both sides: either making parts  
Good vpon either, while the Morning shone,  
And sacred *Day* her bright increase held on;  
Though much out-marcht in number. But as soone  
As *Phæbus* Westward fell, the *Cicons* wonne  
Much hand of vs; fixe proued souldiers tell  
(Of euey ship) the rest they did compell  
To seeke of *Flight* escape from *Death* and *Fate*.

Thence (sad in heart) we saild: and yet our State  
Was something chear'd; that (being ouer-marcht so much  
In violent number) our retreat was such,  
As fau'd so many. Our deare losse the lesse,  
That they surui'd; so like for like successe.  
Yet left we not the Coast, before we call'd  
Home to our country earth, the foules exhald,  
Of all the friends, the *Cicons* ouercame.  
Thrice call'd we on them, by their seuerall name,  
And then tooke leaue. Then from the angry *North*,  
Cloud-gathering *Joue*, a dreadfull storme call'd forth  
Against our Nauie, couerd shore and all,  
With gloomie vapors. *Night* did headlong fall  
From frowning *Heauen*. And then hurl'd here and there  
Was all our Nauie; the rude winds did teare;

After Night, in  
the first of the  
Morning.

The ancient cu-  
stome of calling  
home the dead.

Made

In

In three, in foure parts, all their sailes; and downe  
 Driuen vnder hatches were we, prest to drowne.  
 Vp rusht we yet againe; and with tough hand  
 (Two daies, two nights entold) we gat nere land;  
 Labours and forrowes, eating vp our minds.  
 The third cleare day yet, to more friendly winds  
 We masts aduanc't, we white sailes spread, and sare.  
 Forewinds, and guides, againe did iterate,  
 Our ease and home-hopes; which we cleare had reacht;  
 Had not, by chance, a sodaine North-wind fetcht,  
 With an extreame sea, quite about againe,  
 Our whole endeouours; and our course constrain  
 To giddie round; and with our bowd sailes greete  
 Dreadfull *Maleia*; calling backe our flecte,  
 As farre forth as *Cythera*. Nine dayes more,  
 Aduerse winds tost me; and the tenth, the shore,  
 Where dwell the blossome-fed *Lotophagie*,  
 I fetcht: fresh water tooke in; instantly  
 Fell to our food aship-boord; and then sent  
 Two of my choice men to the Continent,  
 (Adding a third, a Herald) to discouer,  
 What sort of people were the Rulers ouer

*The Lotophagie.* The land next to vs. Where, the first they met,  
 Were the *Lotophagies*, that made them eate  
 Their Country diet; and no ill intent,  
 Hid in their hearts to them: and yet th' euent,  
 To ill conuerted it; for, hauing eate  
 Their daintie viands; they did quite forget  
 (As all men else, that did but taste their feast)  
 Both country-men and country; nor addrest  
 Any returne, t'informe what sort of men  
 Made fixt abode there; but would needs maintaine,  
 Abode themselues there; and eate that food euer.  
 I made out after; and was faine to feuer  
 Th' enchanted knot; by forcing their retreat;  
 That stru'd, and wept, and would not leave their meate  
 For heauen it selfe. But, dragging them to flecte;  
 I wrapt in fure bands, both their hands and feete,  
 And cast them vnder hatches; and away  
 Commanded all the rest, without least stay;  
 Left they should taste the *Lote* too; and forget  
 With such strange raptures, their despitide retreat.

All then aboard, we beate the sea with Ores;  
 And still with sad hearts saild by our-way shores;  
 Till th' out-lawd *Cyclops* land we fetcht; a race  
 Of proud-liu'd loiterers, that neuer sow,  
 Nor put a plant in earth, nor vse a Plow;  
 But trust in God for all things; and their earth,

*The idle Cyclops.*

(Vn-

(Vnlowne, vnplowd) giues euery of-spring birth,  
 That other lands haue. Wheate, and Barley; Vines  
 That beare in goodly Grapes, delicious wines;  
 And *some* send showres for all: no counsels there,  
 Nor counsellors, nor lawes; but all men beare  
 Their heads aloft on mountaines, and those steepe,  
 And on their tops too: and there, houses keepe  
 In vaultie Caves; their households goue; and all  
 By each mans law, impos'd in feucral;  
 Nor wife, nor child awd; but as he thinks good.  
 None for another caring. But there stood  
 Another litle Ile, well stor'd with wood,  
 Betwixt this and the entry; neither nie  
 The *Cyclops* Ile, nor yet farre off doth lie.  
 Mens want it sufferd, but the mens supplies,  
 The Goates made with their inarticulate cries.  
 Goates beyond number, this small Iland breeds,  
 So tame, that no access disturbs their feeds.  
 No hunters (that the tops of mountaines scale,  
 And rub through woods with toile) seeke them at all.  
 Nor is the soile with flocks fed downe, nor plowd;  
 Nor euer in it any feed was sowd.  
 Nor place the neighbour *Cyclops* their delights;  
 In braue Vermilion prow-deckt ships; nor wrights  
 Vsefull and skilfull, in such works, as need  
 Perfection to those trafficks, that exceed  
 Their naturall confines: to flie out and see  
 Cities of men; and take in, mutually  
 The praise of others; To themselues they liue,  
 And to their Iland, that enough would giue  
 A good inhabitant; and time of yeare  
 Oblieue to all things. Art could order there.  
 There, close vpon the sea, sweet medowes spring,  
 That yet of fresh streames want no watering  
 To their soft burthens: but of speciall yeeld,  
 Your vines would be there; and your common field,  
 But gentle worke make for your plow; yet beare  
 A lostie haruest when you came to theare.  
 For passing far the soile is. In it lies  
 A harbor so opportune, that no ties,  
 Halfers, or gables need; nor anchors cast.  
 Whom stormes\* put in there, are with stay embrac't;  
 Or to their full wils safe; or winds aspire  
 To Pilots vse their more quicke desire.  
 At entry of the hauen, a siluer foord  
 Is from a rock-impresing fountaine pow'd,  
 All set with fable Poplars, and this Port  
 Were we arriu'd at, by the sweet resort

*The descriptions  
 of all these coun-  
 tries, haue admi-  
 rable allegories,  
 besides their arti-  
 ky and pleasing  
 relation.*

Of

Of some God guiding vs: for twas a night  
 So gattly darke, all Port was past our sight,  
 Clouds hid our ships, and would not let the Moone  
 Affoord a beame to vs; the whole Ile wonne,  
 By not an eye of ours. None thought the Bloue  
 That then was vp, thou'd waues against the shore,  
 That then to an vnmeasur'd height put on.  
 We still at sea esteemd vs, till alone  
 Our fleet put in it selfe. And then were strooke  
 Our gatherd sailles: our rest ashore we tooke,  
 And day expected. When the Morne gaue fire,  
 We rose, and walkt, and did the Ile admire.  
 The *Nymphs*, *Ioues* daughters, putting vp a heard  
 Of mountaine Goates to vs, to render cheard  
 My fellow souldiers. To our Fleet we flew;  
 Our crooked bowes tooke, long-pil'd darts, and drew  
 Our felues in three parts out; when, by the grace  
 That God voucht last, we made a gainfull chace.  
 Twelue ships we had, and euery ship had nine  
 Fat Goates allotted; ten onely mine.  
 Thus all that day, euen till the Sunne was set,  
 We fate and feasted, pleasant wine and meate,  
 Plenteously taking; for we had not spent  
 Our ruddie wine a ship-board: supplement  
 Of large sort, each man to his vessell drew,  
 When we the sacred Citie ouerthrew,  
 That held the *Cicons*. Now then saw we neare,  
 The *Cyclops* late-prais'd Iland; and might heare  
 The murmure of their sheepe and goates; and see  
 Their smokes ascend. The Sunne then set, and we  
 (When Night succeeded) tooke our rest ashore.  
 And when the world the Mornings fauour wore,  
 I call'd my friends to counsell, charging them  
 To make stay there, while I tooke ship and streame,  
 With some associates; and explor'd what men  
 The neighbour Ile held: if of rude disdain,  
 Churlish and tyrannous, or minds bewraid  
 Pious and hospitable. Thus much said,  
 I boarded, and commanded to ascend  
 My friends and souldiers, to put off, and lend  
 Way to our ship. They boarded, fate, and beate  
 The old sea forth, till we might see the scaer,  
 The greatest *Cyclop* held for his abode;  
 Which was a deepe Caue, neare the common rode  
 Of ships that toucht there, thicke with Lawrels spread,  
 Where many sheepe and goates lay shadowed:  
 And neare to this, a Hall of torne-up stone,  
 High built with Pines, that heauen and earth atone;

And

And loftie-fronted Oke: in which kept house,  
 A man in shape, immane, and monstrous,  
 Fed all his flocks alone; nor would afford  
 Commerce with men; but had a wit abhord;  
 His mind, his body answering. Nor was he  
 Like any man, that food could possibly  
 Enhance so hugely; but (beheld alone)  
 Shew'd like a sleepe hills top, all ouergrowne  
 With trees and brambles; litle thought had I  
 Of such vast objects. When, arriv'd so nee,  
 Some of my lou'd friends, I made stay aboard,  
 To guard my ship; and twelue, with me I shor'd,  
 The choice of all. I tooke besides along,  
 A Goat-skin flagon of wine, blacke and strong,  
 That *Maro* did present; *Euantheus* sonne,  
 And Priest to *Phæbus*, who had mansion  
 In *Thracian Ismarus* (the Towne I tooke)  
 He gaue it me; since I (with reuerence strooke,  
 Of his graue place, his wife and childrens good)  
 Freed all of violence. Amidst a wood  
 Sacred to *Phæbus*, stood his house; from whence  
 He fetcht me gifts of varied excellence;  
 Seuen talents of fine gold; a boll all fram'd  
 Of massie siluer. But his gift, most fam'd,  
 Was twelue great vessels, filld with such rich wine,  
 As was incorruptible, and diuine.  
 He kept it as his iewell, which none knew  
 But he himselfe, his wife, and he that drew.  
 It was so strong, that neuer any filld  
 A cup, where that was but by drops instilld,  
 And drunke it off; but twas before allaid  
 With twentie parts in water; yet so swaid  
 The spirit of that lide, that the whole,  
 A sacred odour breath'd about the boll.  
 Had you the odour smelt, and sent it cast,  
 It would haue vext you to forbear the taste.  
 But then (the taste gaind too) the spirit it wrought,  
 To dare things high, set vp an end my thought.  
 Of this, a huge great flagon full I bore,  
 And in a good large knaplacke, vittles store;  
 And longd to see this heape of fortitude,  
 That so illiterate was, and vpland rude,  
 That lawes diuine nor humane he had leard.  
 With speed we reacht the Cauerne, nor discern'd  
 His presence there. His flocks he fed at field.  
 Ent'ring his den; each thing beheld, did yeeld  
 Our admiration: shelues with cheefes heapt;  
 Sheds stuff with Lambs and Goates, distinctly kept;

Vinum Maro-  
 neum memo-  
 rabile.

N

Distinct

Distinct the biggest, the more meane distinct;  
Distinct the yongest. And in their precinct  
(Proper and placefull) stood the troughs and pailcs,  
In which he milkt; and what was giuen at meales,  
Set vp a creaming; in the Euening still,  
All scouring bright, as deau vpon the hill.

Then were my fellowes instant to conuay  
Kids, cheefes, lambs, aship boord; and away  
Saile the salt billow. I thought best, not so,  
But better otherwile; and first would know,  
What guest-gifts he would spare me. Little knew  
My friends, on whom they would haue preyd: his view  
Prou'd after, that his inwards were too rough  
For such bold visage: we were bold enough,  
In what I sufferd; which was there to stay;  
Make fire and feed there, though beare none away.  
There fate we, till we saw him feeding come,  
And on his necke a burthen lugging home,  
Most highly huge of Sere-wood; which the pile  
That fed his fire, supplide all supper while.  
Downe by his den he threw it; and vp rose  
A tumult with the fall. Afraid, we close  
Withdrew our selues, while he into a Caue  
Of huge receit, his high-fed cattell draue,  
All that he milkt; the males he left without  
His lostie roofes, that all bestrowd about  
With Rams and buck-goates were. And then a rocke  
He lift aloft, that damd vp to his focke,  
The doore they enterd: twas so hard to wield,  
That two and twentie Waggons, all foure-wheeld,  
(Could they be loaded, and haue reames that were  
Proportion'd to them) could not stirre it there.  
Thus, making sure, he kneeld and milkt his Ewes,  
And braying Goates, with all milkers dues.  
Then let in all their yong: then, quicke did dresse,  
His halfe milke vp for cheefe, and in a presse  
Of wicker prest it; put in bolls the rest,  
To drinke, and eate, and serue his supping feast.  
All works dispatcht thus; he began his fire;  
Which blowne, he saw vs; and did thus enquire:  
Ho! Guests! what are ye? whence saile ye these seas?  
Trafficke, or roue ye? and like theeues oppresse  
Poore strange aduenturers, exposing fo  
Your soules to danger, and your liues to woe?  
This vtterd he; when Feare from our hearts tooke  
The very life; to be so thunder-strooke  
With such a voice, and such a monster sec.  
But thus I answerd: *Ering Grecians* we,

From

From Troy were turning homewards; but by force  
Of aduerse winds, in far-diuered courtie,  
Such vnknowne waies tooke, and on rude seas tost,  
(As *Ioue* decreed) are cast vpon this Coast.  
Of *Agamemnon* (famous *Atreus* sonne)  
We boast our selues the fouldiers; who hath wonne  
Renowme that reacheth heauen; to ouerthrow  
So great a Citie, and to ruine so,  
So many nations. Yet at thy knees lie  
Our prostrate bosomes, forc't with praies to trie,  
If any hospitable right, or Boone  
Of other nature, (such as haue bin wonne  
By lawes of other houses) thou wilt giue.  
Reuerence the Gods, thou greatst of all that liue.  
We suppliant are; and hospitable *Ioue*  
Poures wracke on all, whom praies want powre to moue:  
And with their plagues, together will prouide,  
That humble Guests shall haue their wants supplide.  
He cruelly answerd: O thou foole (said he)  
To come so farre, and to importune me  
With any Gods feare, or obserued loue;  
We *Cyclops* care not for your Goat-fed *Ioue*;  
Nor other Blest ones; we are better farr.  
To *Ioue* himselfe, dare I bid open warre;  
To thee, and all thy fellowes, if I please.  
But tell me: where's the ship, that by the seas  
Hath brought thee hither? If farr off, or neare;  
Informe me quickly. These his tempings were.  
But I, too much knew, not to know his mind;  
And craft, with craft paid; telling him the wind  
(Thrust vp from Sea, by him that shakes the Shore)  
Had dasht our ships against his rocks, and tore  
Her ribs in peeces, close vpon his Coast;  
And we from high wracke sau'd; the rest were lost.  
He answerd nothing, but rusht in, and tooke  
Two of my fellowes vp from earth, and strooke  
Their braines against it. Like two whelps they flew  
About his shoulders; and did all embrew  
The blushing earth. No mountaine Lion tore  
Two Lambs so sternly; lapt vp all their gore,  
Gulst from their torne vp bodies; lim by lim,  
(Trembling with life yet) rauisht into him.  
Both flesh and marrow-stuffed bones he eate,  
And euen th'vnclensed entrails made his meate.  
We weeping, cast our hands to heauen, to view,  
A sight so horrid. Desperation flew  
With all our after liues, to instant death,  
In our beleu'd destruction. But when breath,

N 2

The

*This relation of Agamemnon, and his glory & theirs for Troies sake, with the picture of supplicants receit, to him that was so barbarous and impious, must be intended, spoken by Cyclops, with supposition that his hearers would note, still as he speaks how raine they would shew to the Cyclops, who respected little Agamemnon, or their valiant exploit against Troy, or the Gods themselves. For all this, the serious observations of the words (though good & grave, if spoken to another) want their intentional sharpness and life.*

The fury of his appetite had gor,  
 Because the gulfe his belly reacht his throte;  
 Mans flesh, and Goates milke, laying laire on laire,  
 Till neare chokt vp, was all the paffe for aire.  
 Along his den, amongst his cattell, downe  
 He rusht, and streakt him. When my mind was growne  
 Desperate, to step in; draw my sword, and part  
 His bosome, where the strings about the heart  
 Circle the Liuer, and adde strenght of hand.  
 But that rash thought, More staide, did countermand;  
 For there we all had perisht, since it past  
 Our powres to lift aside a log so vast,  
 As barrd all outscap; and so sigh'd away  
 The thought all Night, expecting actiue Day.  
 Which come, he first of all, his fire enflames,  
 Then milks his Goates and Ewes, then to their dams  
 Lets in their yong; and wondrous orderly,  
 With manly haste, dispatcht his houthwifery.  
 Then to his Breakfast, to which, other two  
 Of my poore friends went: which eate; out then go  
 His heards and fat flocks; lightly putting by  
 The churlish barre, and close it instantly;  
 For both those works, with ease, as much he did,  
 As you would ope and shut your Quiuer lid.

With stormes of whistlings then, his flocks he draue  
 Vp to the mountaines; and occasion gaue  
 For me to vse my wits, which to their height,  
 I striu'd to skrew vp; that a vengeance might  
 By some meanes fall from thence; and *Pallas* now  
 Affoord a full care to my neediest vow.  
 This then, my thoughts preferd: a huge club lay  
 Close by his milk-house, which was now in way  
 To drie, and season; being an Oliue tree  
 Which late he feld; and being greene, must be  
 Made lighter for his manage. I was so vast,  
 That we resembl'd it to some fit Mast;  
 To serue a ship of burthen, that was driuen  
 With twentie Ores; and had a bignesse giuen,  
 To beare a huge sea. Full so thicke, so tall  
 We iudg'd this club; which I, in part, hew'd small,  
 And cut a fathome off. The peece I gaue  
 Amongst my souldiers, to take downe, and shaue;  
 Which done, I sharpn'd it at top, and then  
 (Hardn'd in fire) I hid it in the den,  
 Within a nastie dunghill reeking there,  
 Thicke, and so moist, it illude euery where.  
 Then made I lots cast, by my friends to trie,  
 Whose fortune seru'd to dare the bo'd out eie

Of

Of that man-eater: and the lot did fall  
 On foure I wisht to make my aid, of all;  
 And I, the fift made, chosen like the rest.

Then came the Euen; and he came from the feast  
 Of his fat cattell; draue in all; nor kept  
 One male abroad: if, or his memory slept  
 By Gods direct will, or of purpose was  
 His driuing in of all then, doth surpasse  
 My comprehension. But he close againe  
 The mightie barre; milkt, and did still maintaine  
 All other obseruation, as before.  
 His worke, all done; two of my souldiers more,  
 At once he snatcht vp; and to supper went.  
 Then dar'd I words to him, and did present  
 A boll of wine, with these words: *Cyclop!* take  
 A boll of wine from my hand, that may make  
 VVay for the mans flesh thou hast eate; and show  
 What drinke our ship held; which in sacred vow,  
 I offer to thee; to take ruth on me  
 In my dismissal home. Thy rages be  
 Now no more sufferable. How shall men  
 (Mad and inhumane that thou art) againe  
 Greet thy abode, and get thy actions grace,  
 If thus thou ragest, and castst vp their race.

He tooke, and drunke; and vehemently ioyd  
 To taste the sweet cup; and againe employd  
 My flagons powre; entreating more, and said:  
 Good Guest, againe affoord my taste thy aid;  
 And let me know thy name; and quickly now;  
 That in thy recompence I may bestow  
 A hospitable gift on thy desert;  
 And such a one as shall reioyce thy heart;  
 For to the *Cylops* too, the gentle Earth  
 Beares generous wine; and *Ioue* augments her birth,  
 In store of such, with showres. But this rich wine,  
 Fell from the riuer that is meere diuine,  
 Of *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*. This againe  
 I gaue him; and againe; nor could the foole abstaine,  
 But drunke as often. When the noble Iuyce  
 Had wrought vpon his spirit; I then gaue vse  
 To fairer language; saying: *Cyclop!* now  
 As thou demandst, Ile tell thee my name; do thou  
 Make good thy hospitable gift to me;  
 My name is *No-Man*; *No-Man*, each degree  
 Of friends, as well as parents, call my name.  
 He answerd, as his cruell soule became:  
*No-Man!* Ile eate thee last of all thy friends;  
 And this is that, in which so much amends

N 3

I

I vowd to thy deferuings, thus shall be  
 My hospitable gift, made good to thee.  
 This said, he vpwards fell; but then bent round  
 His fleshie necke; and *Sleepe* (with all crownes, crownd)  
 Subdude the Sauage. From his throte brake out  
 My wine, with mans flesh gobbers, like a spout;  
 When loded with his cups, he lay and snord.  
 And then tooke I the clubs end vp, and gor'd  
 The burning cole-heape, that the point might heate.  
 Confirmd my fellowes minds, lest *Feare* should let  
 Their vowd assay, and make them flie my aid.  
 Strait was the Oliue Leuer, I had laid  
 Amidst the huge fire, to get hardning, hot;  
 And slowd extremely though time creeps (which was

Such horrid clamors; and in sacred Night,  
 To breake their sleepes for? Askt him, if his fright  
 Came from some mortall, that his flocks had driuen?  
 Or if by craft, or might, his death were giuen?  
 He answerd from his den, By craft, nor might,  
 No man hath giuen me death. They then said right,  
 If no man hurt thee, and thy selfe alone;  
 That which is done to thee, by *Ioue* is done.  
 And what great *Ioue* inflicts, no man can flie;  
 Pray to thy Father yet, \*a Deitie;  
 And proue, from him, if thou canst helpe acquire.  
 Thus spake they, leauing him. When all on fire,  
 My heart with ioy was, that so well my wit,  
 As I sawd deathdelt;

Neptune.

For there did I hang; and that Ram he staid;  
And me withall had in his hands, my head  
Troubl'd the while, not causlesly, nor least.  
This Ram he grop't, and talkt to: Lazie beast!  
Why last art thou now? thou hast neuer vñde  
To lag thus hindmost: but still first hast brufde  
The tender blossome of a flowre; and held  
State in thy steps, both to the flood and field:  
First still at Fold, at Euen; now last remaine;  
Doeft thou not wish I had mine eye againe;  
Which that abhord man *No-Man* did put out,  
Assisted by his execrable rout,  
When he had wrought me downe with wine: but he  
Must not escape my wreake so cunningly.  
I would to heauen thou knewst, and could but speake,  
To tell me where he lurks now; I would breake  
His braine about my Caue, strewd here and there,  
To ease my heart of those foule illes, that were  
Th'inflictions of a man, I priſde at nought.

Thus let he him abroad; when I (once brought  
A litle from his hold) my selfe first losde,  
And next, my friends. Then draue we, and dispoſde,  
His strait-leggd fat ſeece-bearers ouer land,  
Euen till they all were in my ships command;  
And to our lou'd friends, shewd our praid-for fight,  
Escap't from death. But for our losse, outright  
They brake in teares; which with a looke I staid,  
And bad them take our Boote in. They obaid;  
And vp we all went; fate, and vñde our Ores,  
But hauing left as farre the sauage shores,  
As one might heare a voice; we then might see  
The *Cyclop* at the haven; when inttantly  
I staid our Ores, and this insultance vñde:  
*Cyclop!* thou shouldst not haue so much abuse  
Thy monstrous forces, to oppose their least,  
Against a man immartiall, and a guest,  
And eate his fellows: thou mightst know there were  
Some illes behind (rude ſwaine) for thee to beare;  
That feard not to deuoure thy guests, and breake  
All lawes of humanes: *loue* sends therefore wreake,  
And all the Gods, by me. This blew the more  
His burning furie; when the top he tore  
From off a huge Rocke; and so right a throw  
Made at our ship, that iust before the Prow,  
It ouerſlew and fell: mist Mast and all  
Exceeding litle; but about the fall,  
So fierce a waue it raisd, that backe it bore  
Our ship so farre, it almost toucht the shore.

*Ulyſſes insults  
ouer the Cyclop.*

A

A bead-hooke then (a far-extended one)  
I snatcht vp, thrust hard, and so set vs gone  
Some litle way; and strait commanded all  
To helpe me with their Ores; on paine to fall  
Again on our confusion. But a signe,  
I with my head made; and their Ores were mine,  
In all performance. When we off were set,  
(Then first, twice further) my heart was so great,  
It would againe prouoke him: but my men  
On all sides vsht about me, to containe;  
And said: Vnhappie! why will you prouoke  
A man so rude; that with so dead a stroke,  
Giuen with his Rock-dart, made the sea thrust backe  
Our ship so farre; and neare hand forc't our wracke?  
Should he againe, but heare your voice rebound,  
And any word reach; thereby would be found  
His Darts direction; which would, in his fall,  
Crush peece-meale vs, quite split our ship and all;  
So much dart weilds the monster. Thus vrg'd they  
Impossible things, in feare; but I gaue way  
To that wrath, which so long I held deprest,  
(By great *Neceſſitie* conquerd) in my brest.  
*Cyclop!* if any aske thee, who imposde  
Th'vnſightly blemish that thine eye enclofde;  
Say that *Ulyſſes* (old *Laertes* sonne,  
Whose ſeate is *Ithaca*; and who hath wonne  
Surname of Citie-racer) bor'd it out.

At this, he brai'd so loud, that round about  
He draue affrighted Ecchoes through the Aire;  
And said: O beast! I was premoniſht faire,  
By aged Prophecie, in one that was  
A great, and good man; this should come to passe;  
And how tis prou'd now? *Augur Telemus*,  
Surname'd *Eurymodes* (that spent with vs  
His age in *Augurie*; and did exceed  
In all preſage of *Truth*) laid all this deed,  
Should this euent take; author'd by the hand  
Of one *Ulyſſes*, who I thought was mand  
With great and goodly perſonage; and bore  
A vertue answerable: and this shore  
Should shake with weight of such a conqueror,  
When now a weaking came, a dwarſie thing,  
A thing of nothing; who yet wit did bring,  
That brought ſupply to all; and with his wine,  
Put out the flame, where all my light did shine.  
Come, land againe, *Ulyſſes*! that my hand,  
May Guest-rites giue thee; and the great command,  
That *Neptune* hath at ſea, I may conuert

*Ulyſſes continued  
inſolence, no more  
to reſtate what  
he ſaid to the Cy-  
clop, then to let  
his hearers know  
Epithetes, and  
eſtimation in the  
world.*

To



To the deduction, where abides thy heart,  
With my follicitings; whose Sonne I am;  
And whose fame boasts to beare my Fathers name.  
Nor thinke my hurt offends me; for my Sire  
Can soone repose in it the vifual fire,  
At his free pleasure; which no powre beside  
Can boast: of men, or of the Deicide.

I answerd: Would to God I could compell  
Both life and soule from thee; and send to hell  
Those spoiles of nature. Hardly *Neptune* then  
Could cure thy hurt, and giue thee all again.

Then flew fierce vowes to *Neptune*, both his hands  
To starre-borne heauen cast: O thou that all lands  
Girdst in thy ambient Circle; and in aire  
Shak'st the curld Tresses of thy Saphire haire;  
If I be thine, or thou maist iustly vane,  
Thou art my Father: heare me now, and grant  
That this *Vlysses* (old *Laertes* Sonne,  
That dwels in *Ithaca*; and name hath woone  
Of Citie-ruiner) may neuer reach  
His naturall region. Or if to fetch,  
That, and the sight of his faire roofes and friends,  
Be fatall to him; let him that Amends  
For all his miseries, long time and ill,  
Smart for, and faile of: nor that Fate fulfill,  
Till all his souldiers quite are cast away  
In others ships. And when, at last, the day  
Of his sole-landing, shall his dwelling show,  
Let *Detrimēt* prepare him wrongs enow.

Thus praid he *Neptune*; who, his Sire appeard;  
And all his praire, to euery syllable heard.  
But then a Rocke, in size more amplified  
Then first, he rauisht to him; and implied  
A dismall strength in it; when (wheel'd about)  
He sent it after vs; nor flew it our  
From any blind aime; for a litle passe  
Beyond our Fore-decke, from the fall there was:  
With which the sea, our ship gaue backe vpon,  
And shrunke vp into billowes from the stone;  
Our ship againe repelling, neare as neare  
The shore as first. But then our Rowers were  
(Being warnd, more armd) and stronger stemd the flood  
That bore backe on vs, till our ship made good  
The other Iland, where our whole Fleet lay;  
In which our friends lay mourning for our stay;  
And euery minute lookt when we should land.  
Where (now arriu'd) we drew vp to the sand;  
The *Cyclops* theepe diuinding, that none there

*Polyphemus im-  
precation a-  
gainst Vlysses.*

(Of all our priuates) might be wrung, and beare  
Too much on powre. The Ram yet was alone,  
By all my friends, made all my portion,  
Aboue all others; and I made him then,  
A sacrifice for me, and all my men,  
To cloud-compelling *Ioue*, that all commands,  
To whom I burn'd the Thighs: but my sad hands,  
Receiu'd no grace from him; who studied how  
To offer, men and fleete to *Ouerthrow*.

All day, till Sun-set yet, we fate and eate;  
And liberall store tooke in, of wine and meate.  
The Sunne then downe, and place resign'd to shade,  
We slept; Morne came, my men I raid, and made  
All go aboard; weigh Anker, and away.  
They boarded, fate and beate the aged seas;  
And forth we made saile; sad for losse before,  
And yet had comfort, since we lost no more.

*No occasion let  
passe to Vlysses  
fietie in our Pa-  
ets singular wit  
and wisdom.*

*Finis libri noni Hom. Odysf.*

THE



## THE TENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

### THE ARGUMENT.

**V**lysses now relates to vs,  
The grace he had with *Aeolus*,  
Great Guardian of the hollow winds:  
Which in a leather bag he binds,  
And gives Vlysses; all but one,  
Which *Zephyre* was; who sild alone  
Vlysses sailes. The Bag once seene  
(While he slept) by Vlysses men;  
They thinking it did gold inclose;  
To find it, all the winds did lose.  
Who backe flew to their guard againe,  
Forth saile he; and did next attaine  
To where the *Læstrigions* dwell,  
Where he eleven ship; lost; and fell  
On the *Aëxan* coast; whose shore  
He sends *Eurylochus* explore,  
Dividing with him halfe his men:  
Who go, and turne no more againe;  
(All save *Eurylochus*, to swine  
By *Circe* turn'd.) Their stayes encline  
Vlysses to their search; who got  
Of *Mercurie* an *Antidote*,  
(Which *Moly* was) gainst *Circes* charmes,  
And so avoids his souldiers harmes.  
A yeare with *Circe* all remaine,  
And then their native forme regaine.  
On utter shores, a time they dwell,  
While *Ithacus* descends to hell.

Another.

*Kappa.* Great *Aëolus*  
And *Circe*, friends,  
Find *Ithacus*;  
And *Hell* descends.

**T**O the *Aëolian* land we attained,  
That swumme about still on the sea; where reign'd  
The God-lou'd *Aëolus* *Hipparydes*.  
A wall of Steele it had; and in the seas,  
A waue-beat smooth-rocke, mou'd about the wall.  
Twelve children, in his house imperiall,  
Were borne to him: of which, sixe daughters were,  
And sixe were sonnes, that youths sweet flowre did beare.

His

His daughters, to his sonnes he gaue, as wiues;  
Who spent in feastfull comforts all their liues;  
Close seated by their Sire, and his graue Spouse.  
Past number were the dishes, that the house  
Made euer sauour; and still full the Hall;  
As long as day shin'd; in the night-time, all  
Slept with their chaste wiues. Each his faire caru'd bed  
Most richly furnisht; and this life they led.

We reacht the *Cittie*, and faire roofes of these;  
Where, a whole moneths time, all things that might please  
The King vouchsaf't vs. Of great *Troy* enquir'd,  
The *Grecian* fleet, and how the *Greekes* retir'd:  
To all which, I gaue answer, as behou'd.

The fit time come, when I dismission mou'd;  
He nothing would denie me, but addrest  
My passe with such a bountie, as might best  
Teach me contentment. For he did enfold  
Within an Oxe hide, stead at nine yeares old,  
All th'aire blasts, that were of stormie kinds.  
*Saturnius* made him Steward of his winds;  
And gaue him powre, to raise and to aswage;  
And these he gaue me, curb'd thus of their rage.  
Which in a glittering siluer band I bound  
And hung vp in my ship: enclos'd so round,  
That no egression, any breath could find.  
Onely he left abroad the Westerne wind;  
To speede our ships and vs, with blasts secure.  
But our securities, made all vnfire:  
Nor could he consummate our course alone,  
When all the rest had got egression.  
Which thus succeeded. Nine whole daies and nights  
We sail'd in safetie; and the tenth, the lights  
Borne on our Countrey earth, we might descrie:  
So neere we drew, and yet euen then fell I  
(Being ouerwatcht) into a fatall sleepe:  
For I would suffer no man else to keepe  
The foote that rul'd my vessels course; to leade  
The faster home. My friends then Enuy fed,  
About the bag I hung vp; and suppos'd,  
That gold, and siluer, I had there enclos'd,  
As gift from *Aëolus*. And said, O heauen!  
What grace, and graue price, is by all men giuen  
To our Commander? What soeuer coast  
Or towne, he comes to, how much he engroft  
Of faire and precious prey, and brought from *Troy*;  
We the same voiage went; and yet enioy  
In our returne, these emptie hands for all.  
This bag now, *Aëolus* was so lib'ral

*Jupiter.*

*ne he was  
He called the  
Sterne, the  
foote of the ship.*

To

To make a Guest-gift to him. Let vs trie  
Of what confists, the faire-bound Treasure;  
And how much gold, and siluer it contains.  
*ill counsaile, presents approbation gaires.*  
They op't the bag, and out the vapours brake;  
When instant tempest did our vessell take,  
That bore vs backe to Sea; to mourne anew  
Our absent Country. Vp amazd I flew,  
And desperate things discours'd; if I should cast  
My selfe to ruine in the seas; or taste  
Amongst the liuing more mone, and sustaine:  
Silent, I did so; and lay hid againe  
Beneath the hatches: while an ill winde tooke  
My ships, backe to *Aolia*: my men strooke  
With woe enough. We pump't and landed then;  
Tooke foode, for all this; and (of all my men,)  
Iooke a Herald to me, and away  
Went to the Court of *Aeolus*; Where they  
Were feasting still: he, wife and children set  
Together close. We would not (at their meate)  
Thrust in; but humbly on the threshold sat.  
He then, amazd, my presence wonder'd at;  
And call'd to me: *Vlysses*! how, thus backe  
Art thou arriv'd here? what fowle spirit brake  
Into thy bosome to retire thee thus?  
We thought we had deduction, curious  
Given thee before; to reach thy shore and home:  
Did it not like thee? I (euen overcome  
With worthy sorrow) answerd: My ill men  
Hau'e done me mischiefes; and to them hath bene  
My sleepe th'vnhappy moriue. But do you  
(Dearest of friends) daine succour to my vow:  
Your powres command it. Thus endeuord I  
With soft speech to repaire my misery.  
The rest, with ruth, sat dumbe: but thus spake he;  
Auant; and quickly quit my land of thee,  
Thou worst of all that breathe; it fits not me  
To conuoy, and take in, whom heauens expose.  
Away, and with thee go, the worst of woes,  
That seek't my friendship, and the Gods thy foes.  
Thus he dismiss't me, sighing; foomh we saild,  
At heart afflicted: and now wholly faild  
The minds my men sustaind: so spent they were  
With toiling at their oares; and worse did beare  
Their growing labours; that they caus'd their grought,  
By selfe-willd follies; nor now, euer thought  
To see their Country more. Six nights and daies  
We saild; the seuenth, we saw faire *Lamos* raise

Her

Her loftie Towres (The *Lastrigian* State)  
That beares her Ports, so farre determinate.  
Where \*Shepherd, Shepherd calls out; he at home  
Is call'd out by the other that doth come  
From charge abroad; and then goes he to sleepe,  
The other issuing. He whose turne doth keepe  
The Night obseruance, hath his double hire;  
Since Day and Night, in equall length expire,  
About that Region; and the Nights watch weigh'd  
At twice the Daies ward; since the charge thats laid  
Vpon the Nights-man (besides breach of sleepe)  
Exceeds the Daies-mans: for one, oxen keepe,  
The other sheepe. But when the haueu we found,  
(Exceeding famous; and enuiron'd round  
With one continuat rocke: which, so much bent,  
That both ends almost met; so prominent  
They were; and made, the hauens mouth passing streight)  
Our whole flete, in we got; in whole receipt  
Our Ships lay anchor'd close: nor needed we  
Feare harme on any \*staies; *Tranquillitie*  
So purely fate there: that waues great, nor small  
Did euer rise to any height at all.  
And yet would I, no entrie make; but staid  
Alone without the haueu; and thence furuaid  
From out a loftie watch-towre raised there,  
The Countrie round about: nor any where  
The worke of man or beast, appeard to me;  
Onely a smoke from earth brake, I might see.  
I then made choice of two; and added more,  
A Herald for affociate, to explore  
What sort of men liu'd there. They went, and saw  
A beaten way, through which, carts vld to draw  
Wood from the high hills, to the Towne; and met  
A maid without the Port; about to get  
Some neare spring-water. She, the daughter was  
Of mightie *Lastrigian*, *Antiphae*:  
And to the cleare spring, call'd *Artacta*, went;  
To which the whole Towne, for their water sent.  
To her they came, and askt who gouern'd there?  
And what the people, whom he orderd were?  
She answerd nor, but led them through the Port,  
As making haste, to shew her fathers Court:  
Where, enterd; they beheld (to their affright)  
A woman like a mountaine top, in height.  
Who rush't abroad; and from the Counsaile place  
Cald home her horrid husband *Antiphae*.  
Who (deadly minded) straight he snatch't vp one,  
And fell to supper. Both the rest were gone;

O 2

This place suffers different construction, in all the Commentaries, (in which all erre from the mind of the Poet: as in a hundred other places (which see I want: time so apt) especially about *vlysses* *prope enim nocet & dici sunt vix* (or *si mulier* which *vlysses* signifies) which they will haue to be vnderstood, that the daies in that region are long and the nights short; where *idem*, intends, that the Equinoctiall is there: (for how else is the course of day and night neare or equall?) But therefore the nights-man hath his double hire, being as long about his charge as the other: and the night being more dangerous, &c. And if the day were so long, why should the nights-man be preferred in wages? For being cast on the hills, as ships are by weather.

*Antiphae* is a king there.

And

And to the fleet came. *Antipha*, a cric  
Draue through the Citie; (which heard,) instantly  
This way, and that, innumerable forts,  
Not men, but Gyants, issued through the Ports;  
And mightie flints from rocks tore, which they threw  
Amongst our ships; through which, an ill noise flew,  
Of shiuerd ships, and life-expiring men,  
That were, like fishes, by the monsters slaine,  
And borne to sad feast. While they slaughterd these,  
That were engag'd in all th'aduantages,  
The close-mouth'd, and most dead-calme haue could giue;  
I (that without lay) made some meanes to liue;  
My sword drew; cut my gables; and to oares  
Set all my men; and, from the plagues, those shores  
Let flie amongst vs, we made haste to flie;  
My men, close working, as men loth to die.  
My ship flew freely off; but theirs that lay  
On heapes in harbors, could enforce no way  
Through these sterne fates, that had engag'd them there.  
Forth our sad remnant saild; yet still retaind,  
The ioyes of men, that our poore few remaind,

Then to the Ile *Aeas* we attaind;  
Where faire-haired, dreadfull, eloquent *Circe* raignd;  
*Aetas* sister, both by Dame and Sire,  
Both daughters to heavens man-enlightning fire;  
And *Perse*, whom *Oceanus* begat.  
The ship-fit Port here, loone we landed at:  
Some God directing vs. Two daies; two nights,  
We lay here pining in the fatall spights  
Of toile and sorrow. But the next third day  
When faire *Aurora* had informd; quick way  
I made out of my ships; my sword and lance  
Tooke for my surer guide; and made aduance  
Vp to a prospect, I assay to see  
The works of men; or heare mortalitie  
Expire a voice. When I had climb'd a height  
Rough and right hardly accessible; I might  
Behold from *Circes* house (that in a groue  
Set thicke with trees, stood; a bright vapor moue.  
I then grew \* curious in my thought to trie  
Some fit enquire; when so spritely flie  
I saw the yallow smoke. But my discourse,  
A first retiring to my ship gaue force  
To giue my men their dinner, and to send,  
(Before th'adventure of my (selfe) some friend.  
Being neare my ship; of one so desolate  
Some God had pittie, and would recreate  
My woes a little, putting vp to me

\* *perquisio*  
Curiosus cogito.  
\* *aduersa narratio*  
notus significans  
natus: by reason  
of the fire  
mixt with it.  
Purnus qui fit  
dam aliquid  
accenditur.

A great and high-palmd Hart; that (fatalle,  
Iust in my way it selfe, to taste a flood)  
Was then descending: the Sunne heate had sure  
Importun'd him, besides the temperature  
His naturall heate gaue. Howsoever, I  
Made vp to him, and let my Iauelin flie,  
That strooke him through the mid-part of his chine;  
And made him (braying) in the dust confine  
His flying forces. Forth his spirit flew,  
When I stept in, and from the deaths wound drew  
My shrewdly-bitten lance; there let him lie  
Till I, of cut-vp Officers, did imply,  
A With; a fathome long, with which, his feete  
I made together, in a sure league meete,  
Stoop't vnder him, and to my necke, I heau'd  
The mightie burthen; of which, I receau'd  
A good part on my lance: for else I could  
By no meanes, with one hand alone, vphould  
(loynd with one shoulder) such a deathfull lode.  
And so, to both my shoulders, both hands stood  
Needfull assistents: for it was a Deare  
Goodly-wel-growne: when (coming something neare  
Where rode my ships) I cast it downe, and rer'd  
My friends with kind words; whom, by name I cheer'd,  
In note particular, and said; See friends,  
We will not yet to *Phulos* house, our ends  
Shall not be hastend, though we be declind  
In cause of comfort; till the day design'd  
By Fates fixt finger. Come, as long as food  
Or wine lasts in our ship; lets spirit our blood  
And quit our care and hunger, both in one.

This said; they frolikt, came, and lookt vpon  
With admiration, the huge bodied beast;  
And when their first-feru'd eyes, had done their feast;  
They wash, and made a to-be-stru'd-for meale,  
In \* point of honour. On which all did dwell  
The whole day long. And, to our venzens store,  
We added wine till we could wish no more.

Sunne set, and darknesse vp; we slept, till light  
Put darknesse downe: and then did I excite  
My friends to \* counsaile, vtering this: Now, friends,  
Affoord vnpassionate eare; though ill Fate lends,  
So good cause to your passion; no man knowes  
The reason whence, and how, the darknesse growes;  
The reason, how the Morne is thus begunne:  
The reason, how the Man-enlightning Sunne  
Dies vnder earth: the reason how againe  
He reret his golden head. Those counsailes then

\* *perquisio*  
The whole end of  
the counsaile  
was to persuade  
his souldiers to  
explore those  
parts: which he  
knew would  
prooue a most un-  
pleasing motion  
to them: for their  
fellows terrible  
entertainment  
with *Antiphas*,  
and *Polyph*, and  
therefore he pre-  
pares the little  
he hath to say,  
with this long  
circumstance  
implying a ne-  
cessitie of that  
service, and ne-  
cessary resolution  
to adde the trial  
of the event, to  
their other ad-  
uantage.

That passe our comprehension, we must leaue  
 To him that knowes their causes; and receaue  
 Direction from him, in our acts, as farre  
 As he shall please to make them regular;  
 And scoope them to our reason. In our state,  
 What then behoues vs? Can we estimate  
 With all our counsailes, where we are? or know  
 (Without instruction, past our owne skils) how  
 (Put off from hence) to stee our course the more?  
 I thinke we can not. We must then explore  
 These parts for information; in which way  
 We thus farre are: last Morne I might display  
 (From off a high-raisd cliffe) an lland lie  
 Girt with th' vnmeasur'd Seas; and is so nie  
 That in the midst I saw the smoke arise  
 Through tufts of trees. This rests then to aduise,  
 Who shall explore this. This strooke dead their hearts,  
 Remembring the most execrable parts  
 That *Lastrigonian Antiphas* had plaid:  
 And that foule *Cyclop*, that their fellows braid  
 Betwixt his iawes; which mou'd them so; they cried.  
 But idle teares, had neuer wants supplied.  
 I, in two parts diuided all; and gaue  
 To either part his Captaine: I must haue  
 The charge of one; and one of God-like looke,  
*Eurylochus*, the other. Lots we shooke,  
 (Put in a caske together,) which of vs  
 Should leade th' attempt; and twas *Eurylochus*.  
 He freely went; with two and twenty more:  
 All which, tooke leaue with teares; and our eyes wore  
 The same wet badge, of weake humanity.  
 These, in a dale, did *Circes* house deserue;  
 Of bright stone built, in a conspicuous way:  
 Before her gates, hill-wolues, and Lyons lay;  
 Which with her virtuous drugs, so tame she made;  
 That Wolfe, nor Lyon, would one man inuade  
 With any violence; but all arose;  
 Their huge long tailes wagd; and in fawnes would close,  
 As louing dogs, when masters bring them home  
 Relicks of feast; in all obseruance, come  
 And sooth their entrie, with their fawnes and bounds;  
 All guests, still bringing, some scraps for their hounds:  
 So, on these men, the Wolues, and Lyons ramp;  
 Their horrid paws set vp. Their spirits were damp  
 To see such monstrous kindnesse; staid at gate,  
 And heard within, the Goddesse eleuate  
 A voice diuine, as at her web, she wrought,  
 Subtle, and glorious, and past earthly thought;

Circes house.

Simile.

As

As all the houswiferies of Deities are.  
 To heare a voice, so rauishingly rare;  
*Polites* (one exceeding deare to me,  
 A Prince of men; and of no meane degree  
 In knowing vertue, in all Acts, whose mind  
 Discrete cares all wayes, vsde to turne, and wind)  
 Was yet surpris'd with it; and said; O friends,  
 Some one abides within here, that commends  
 The place to vs; and breathes a voice diuine;  
 As she some web wrought; or her spindles twine  
 She cherisht with her song: the pauement rings,  
 With imitation of the tunes she sings,  
 Some woman, or some Goddesse tis; Assay  
 To see with knocking. Thus said he; and they  
 Both knockt, and call'd; and straight her shining gates  
 She opened, issuing: bade them in, to cares.  
 Led, and (vnwife) they follow'd; all, but one  
 Which was *Eurylochus*; who stood alone  
 Without the gates; suspicious of a sleight;  
 They enterd, she made sit; and her deceit  
 She cloakt with Thrones; and goodly chairs of State;  
 Set hearby honey, and the delicate  
 Wine brought from *Smyrna*, to them; meale and cheefe;  
 But harmefull venoms, she commixt with these;  
 That made their Countrey vanish from their thought.  
 Which, eate; she toucht them, with a rod that wrought  
 Their transformation, farre past humane wunts;  
 Swines snouts, swines bodies, tooke they, bristles, grunts;  
 But still retaind the foules they had before;  
 Which made them mourne their bodies change the more.  
 She shut them straight in sties; and gaue them meate  
 Oke-mast, and beech, and Cornell fruite, they eate,  
 Groueling like swine on earth, in fowlest fort.  
*Eurylochus*, straight halst the report  
 Of this his fellowes most remorsefull fate.  
 Came to the ships; but so exccruciate  
 Was with his woe; he could not speake a word:  
 His eyes stood full of teares; which shew'd how stor'd,  
 His mind with mone remaind. We all admir'd;  
 Askt what had chanc't him, earnestly desir'd  
 He would resolue vs. At the last, our eyes,  
 Enflam'd in him, his fellowes memories;  
 And out his griefe burst thus; You wil'd; we went  
 Through those thicke woods you saw; when, a descent  
 Shew'd vs a faire house, in a lightfome ground,  
 Where (at some worke) we heard a heauenly sound  
 Breath'd from a Goddesse, or a womans brest:  
 They knockt, the op't her bright gates; each, her guest

nebris  
 Caius animus  
 curas prodentes  
 variat.

Seeing them, he  
 thought of his  
 fellowes.

O 4

Her

Her faire inuitement made: nor would they stay,  
(Fooles that they were) when she once led the way.  
I enterd not, suspecting some deceit  
When all together vanisht; nor the fight  
Of any one, (though long I lookt) mine eye  
Could any way discouer. Instantly,

*Vlysses mou'd  
for his souldiers.  
Eurylochus.*

(My sword, and bow reacht) I bad shew the place,  
When, downe he fell, did both my knees embrace,  
And praid with teares thus; O thou kept of God,  
Do not thy selfe lose; nor to that abroad  
Leade others rashly; both thy selfe, and all  
Thou ventur'st thither, I know well, must fall  
In one sure ruine: with these few then flie;  
We yet may shunne the others destinie.

I answerd him: *Eurylochus*! stay thou  
And keepe the ship then; eate and drinke: I now  
Will vndertake th' aduerture; there is cause  
In great *Necessities* vnalterd lawes.  
This said, I left both ship and seas; and on  
Along the sacred vallies all alone  
Went in discovery: till at last I came  
Where, of the maine, medicine-making Dame  
I saw the great house: where, encounterd me,

*Vlysses encoun-  
ters Mercurie.*

The golden-rod, sustaining *Mercurie*,  
Euen entring *Circes* doores. He met me in  
A yong mans likenesse, of the first-flow'd chin,  
Whose forme hath all the grace, of one so yong:  
He first cald to me: then my hand, he wrung,  
And said, Thou no-place-finding-for repose;  
Whither, alone, by these hill-confines, goes  
Thy erring foote? Th' art entring *Circes* house,  
Where, by her medicines, blacke, and forcious)  
Thy souldiers all are shut, in well-arm'd sties,  
And turnd to swine. Art thou arriv'd with prife  
Fit for their ransomes? Thou com'st out no more  
If once thou enterst. Like thy men before  
Made to remaine here; But Ile guard thee free;  
And saue thee in her spire: receiue of me  
This faire and good receipt, with which, once arm'd;  
Enter her rooves; for th' art to all prooffe charm'd  
Against the ill day: I will tell thee all  
Her banefull counsaile. With a festiuall  
Sheele first receiue thee, but will spice thy bread  
With flowrie poysons: yet vnalterd  
Shall thy firme forme be; for this remedy  
Stands most approv'd, gainst all her Sorcery.  
Which, thus particularly shunne: When she  
Shall with her long rod strike thee; instantly

Draw from thy thigh thy sword; and flie on her  
As to her slaughter. She, (surprised with feare  
And loue) at first, will bid thee to her bed;  
Nor say the Goddesse nay; that welcomed  
Thou maist with all respect be; and procure  
Thy fellowes freedomes. But before, make sure  
Her fauours to thee; and the great oath take  
With which the blessed Gods, assurance make  
Of all they promise: that no preiudice  
(By stripping thee of forme, and faculties)  
She may so much as once attempt on thee.  
This said, he gaue his Antidote to me;  
Which from the earth he pluckt; and told me all  
The vertue of it: With what Deities call  
The name it beares. And *Moly* they impose  
For name to it. The roote is hard to looke  
From hold of earth, by mortals: but Gods powre  
Can all things do. Tis blacke, but beares a flowre  
As white as milke. And thus flew *Mercurie*  
Vp to immense *Olympus*, gliding by  
The sylvan Iland. I, made backe my way  
To *Circes* house: my mind, of my assay  
Much thought reuoluing. At her gates I staid  
And cald: she heard, and her bright doores displaid;  
Inuited, led; I followed in: but tract  
With some distraction. In a Throne she plac't  
My welcome person. Of a curious frame  
Twasse, and so bright; I sate as in a flame.  
A foote-stoole added. In a golden boule  
She then subord a potion: in her soule,  
Deformd things thinking; for amidst the wine  
She mixt her man-transforming medicine:  
Which when she saw I had deuourd; she then,  
No more obseru'd me with her soothing vaine;  
But strooke me with her rod, and, To her Sty,  
Bad, out, away, and with thy fellowes lie.  
I drew my sword, and charg'd her, as I ment  
To take her life. When out the cri'd, and bent  
Beneath my sword, her knees, embracing mine;  
And (full of teares) said, Who? of what high line  
Art thou the issue? whence? what shores sustaine  
Thy native Citie? I amaz'd remaine  
That drinking these my venomes, th' art not turnd.  
Neuer drunke any this cup; but he mournd  
In other likenesse; if it once had past  
The iuorie bounders of his tongue, and taste.  
All but thy selfe, are brutishly declind:  
Thy breast holds firme yet, and vnchang'd thy mind:

*The herbe Moly  
which with V-  
lysses whole  
Narration, hath  
in this an al-  
legorical expre-  
ssion. Notwith-  
standing I say,  
with our Spon-  
danius. Credo in  
hoc vasto mun-  
di ambitu exte-  
re res innume-  
ras mirandas fa-  
cultatis adeo,  
ut ne quid ista  
quæ ad trans-  
formanda coti-  
pora pertinet,  
iure e mundo  
eximi possit. &c*

Draw

Thou

Thou canst be therefore, none else but the man  
Of many virtues: *Ithacusian*,  
Deepe-soul'd *Vlysses*: who, I oft was told,  
By that flie God, that beares the rod of gold,  
Was to arrive here, in retreat from *Troy*.  
Sheath then thy sword, and let my bed enioy  
So much a man; that when the bed we proue,  
We may belecue in one anothers loue.

I then: O *Circe*, why entreat'st thou me  
To mixe in any humane league with thee;  
When thou, my friends hast beasts turn'd: and thy bed  
Tenderst to me; that I might likewise leade  
A beasts life with thee; for'n'd, naked stript;  
That in my blood, thy banes, may more be sleapt.  
I neuer will ascend thy bed, before  
I may affirme; that in heavens fight you swore  
The great oath of the Gods; that all attempt  
To do me ill, is from your thoughts exempt.

I said; she swore: when, all the oath-rites said,  
I then ascended her adorned bed;  
But thus prepar'd: foure handmaids seru'd her there;  
That daughters to her siluer fountaines were,  
To her bright-sea-observing sacred floods;  
And to her vncut consecrated woods.  
One deckt the Throne-tops, with rich clothes of state;  
And did, with filkes, the foote-pace, consecrate.  
Another, siluer tables set before  
The pompous Throne; and golden dishes store  
Seru'd in with feuerall feast. A third fill'd wine;  
The fourth brought water, and made fewell shine  
In ruddy fires; beneath a wombe of brass.  
Which heat, I bath'd; and odorous water was  
Disperpl'd lightly, on my head, and necke;  
That might my late, heart-hurting sorowes checke  
With the refreshing sweetnesse; and, for that,  
Men sometimes, may be something delicate.  
Bath'd, and adorn'd; she led me to a Throne  
Of massie siluer; and of fashion  
Exceeding curious. A faire foote-stoole set;  
Water appos'd, and euery sort of meate  
Set on th'elaborately polish'd boord.  
She wisht my taste emloid; but not a word  
Would my cares taste, of taste: my mind had food  
That must digest; eye meate would do me good.  
*Circe* (observing, that I put no hand  
To any banquet, hauing countermand  
From weightier cares; the light cates could excuse)  
Bowling her neare me; these wing'd words did vsc:

Why

Why sits *Vlysses*, like one dumber? his mind  
Lessening with languors: Nor to food enclind;  
Nor wine? Whence comes it? out of any feare  
Of more illusion? You must needs forbear  
That wrongfull doubt, since you haue heard me sweare.

O *Circe*! (I replied) what man is he,  
Awd with the rights of true humanitie,  
That dares taste food or wines before he sees  
His friends redeem'd from their deformities?  
If you be gentle, and indeed incline  
To let me taste the comfort of your wine;  
Dissolue the charmes, that their forc't formes encheine  
And shew me here, my honord friends, like men.

This said, she left her Throne, and tooke her rod;  
Went to her Stie, and let my men abroad,  
Like swine of nine yeares old. They opposit stood;  
Obscu'd their brutish forme; and look't for food;  
When, with another medicine, (euery one  
All ouer sencer'd) their bristles all were gone,  
Produc't by malice of the other bane;  
And euery one, afresh, lookt vp a man.  
Both yonger then they were; of stature more;  
And all their formes, much goodlier then before.  
All knew me; cling'd about me, and a cry  
Of pleasing mourning, flew about so hie,  
The horrid roose resounded; and the Queene  
Her selfe, was mou'd, to see our kinde so keene.  
Who bad me now, bring ship and men ashore;  
Our armes, and goods, in caues hid; and restore  
My selfe to her, with all my other men.  
I granted, went, and op't the weeping veine  
In all my men; whose violent ioy to see  
My safe returne, was passing kindly free  
Of friendly teares, and miserably wept.  
You haue not seene yong Heifers (highly kept;  
Fill'd full of daifies at the field, and driuen  
Home to their houels; all so spritely giuen  
That no roome can containe them; but about,  
Bace by the Dams, and let their spirits out  
In ceaselesse bleating) of more iocund plight  
Then my kind friends, euen crying out with sight  
Of my returne so doubted. *Circe* led me  
With all their welcomes, and as cheerfully  
Dispos'd their rapt minds, as if there they saw  
Their naturall Countie, cliffe *Ithaca*;  
And euen the rooves where they were bred and borne.  
And vow'd as much, with teares: O your returne  
As much delights vs; as in you had come

Our

Our Countrie to vs, and our naturall home.  
But what vnhappy fate hath rest our friends?  
I gaue vnlookt for answer: That amends  
Made for their mourning, bad them first of all,  
Our ship ashore draw; then in Cauens stall  
Our foodie cattell, hide our mutuall prize;  
And then (said I) attend me, that your eies,  
In *Circes* sacred house, may see each friend,  
Eating and drinking, banquets out of end.

They soone obeid; all but *Eurylochus*;  
Who needes would stay them all; and counsell'd thus;

O wretches! whither will ye? why are you  
Fond of your mischiefs? and such gladnesse show  
For *Circes* house; that will transforme ye all  
To Swine, or Wolves, or Lions? Neuer shall  
Our heads get out, if once within we be,  
But stay compell'd by strong *Necessitie*.  
So wrought the *Cyclops*, when this cause, our friends  
This bold on, led one, and brought all their ends  
By his one indiscretion. I, for this  
Thought with my sword (that desperate head of his  
Hewne from his necke) to gash vpon the ground  
His mangld bodie, though my blood was bound  
In neare alliance to him. But the rest  
With humble suite containd me, and request,  
That I would leaue him, with my ship alone;  
And to the sacred Pallace leade them on.

I led them; nor *Eurylochus* would stay,  
From their attendance on me: Our late fray  
Strooke to his heart so. But meane time, my men,  
In *Circes* house, were all, in seuerall baine  
Studiously sweetn'd, sinugd with oile, and deckt  
With, in, and outweeds: and a feast secret  
Seru'd in before them: at which, close we found  
They all were set, cheer'd, and carousing round.  
When (mutuall sight had, and all thought on) then

Feast was forgotten; and the mone againe  
About the house flew, driuen with wings of ioy.  
But then spake *Circe*; Now, no more annoy:  
I know my selfe, what woes by sea and shore,  
And men vnusht, haue plagu'd enough before  
Your iniur'd vertues: here then, feast as long,  
And be as cheerfull, till ye grow as strong,  
As when ye first forsooke your Countrie earth.  
Ye now fare all, like exiles; not a mirth  
Flasht in amongst ye, but is quencht againe  
With still-renewd teares: though the beaten vaine  
Of your distresses, should (me thinke) be now

Memoria-  
bauteque omnia  
Intending all  
their miseries,  
escapes, and  
meetings:

Benumb with sufferance. We did well allow  
Her kind perswasions; and the whole yeare staid  
In varied feast with her. When, now arraid  
The world was with the Spring; and orbic houres  
Had gone the round againe, through herbs and flowres,  
The moneths absol'd in order, till the daies  
Had runne their full race, in *Apollos* raies;  
My friends rememberd me of home; and said,  
If euer Fate would signe my passe; delaid  
It should be now no more. I heard them well;  
Yet that day, spent in feast, till darknesse fell;  
And sleepe, his virtues, through our vapours shed.  
When I ascended, sacred *Circes* bed;  
Implor'd my passe; and her performed vow  
Which now, my soule wr'd; and my souldiers now  
Afflicted me with teares to get them gone.  
All these I told her; and she answerd these;  
Much-skild *Vlysses* *Laertiades*!  
Remaine no more, against your wils with me:  
But take your free way: onely this must be  
Perform'd before you stee your course for home;  
You must the way to *Pluto* overcome;  
And sterne *Persephone*, to forme your passe,  
By th' aged *Theban* Soule *Tiresias*;  
The dark-browd Prophet: whose soule yet can see  
Clearly, and firmly: graue *Persephone*,  
(Euen dead) gaue him a mind; that he alone  
Might sing *Truths* solide wisedome, and not one  
Proue more then shade, in his comparison.

This broke my heart; I funke into my bed,  
Mourn'd, and would neuer more be comforted  
With light, nor life. But hauing now exprest  
My paines enough to her, in my vnrest,  
That so I might prepare her ruth; and get  
All I held fit, for an affaie so great;  
I said, O *Circe*, who shall stee my course  
To *Plutos* kingdome? Neuer ship had force  
To make that voiage. The diuine in voice,  
Said, Seeke no guide, raise you your Mast, and hoise  
Your ships white failes; and then, sit you at peace;  
The fresh North spirit, shall waite ye through the seas.  
But, hauing past th' *Ocean*, you shall see;  
A little shore, that to *Persephone*  
Put vp a consecrated wood; where growes,  
Tall Firres, and Sallows, that their fruits soone loose:  
Cast anchor in the gulphes: and go alone  
To *Plutos* darke house, where, to *Acheron*  
*Cocytus* runnes, and *Pyriphlegiton*:

Be-

P

*Cocytus*



*Cocytus* borne of *Styx*, and where a *Rocke*  
 Of both the met floods, beares the roring shocke,  
 The darke *Heroe*, (great *Tiresias*)  
 Now coming neare, (to gaine propitious passe)  
 Dig (of a cubit euery way) a pit;  
 And powre (to all that are deceast) in it  
 A solemne sacrifice. For which, first take  
 Honey and wine, and their commixtion make:  
 Then sweete wine, neate; and thirdly, water powre;  
 And lastly, adde to these, the whitest flowre:  
 Then vow to all the weake necks of the dead,  
 Offerings a number: and when thou shalt tread  
 The *Ithacensian* shore, to sacrifice  
 A Heifer neuer tam'd, and most of prize,  
 A pyle of all thy most-esteemed goods  
 Enflaming to the deare streames of their bloods:  
 And, in secret Rites, to *Tiresias* vow  
 A Ram cole blacke, at all parts, that doth flow  
 With fat, and fleece; and all thy flockes doth leade:  
 When the all-calling nation of the dead  
 Thou thus hast paid to, offer on the place,  
 A Ram and Ewe all blacke: being turn'd in face  
 To dreadfull *Erebus*; thy selfe aside  
 The floods shore walking. And then, gratified  
 With flocks of Soules, of Men, and Dames deceast,  
 Shall all thy pious Rites be. Straight, addest  
 See then the offering that thy fellowes flew;  
 Flayd, and imposde in fire, and all thy Crew,  
 Pray to the state of either Deitie,  
*Grane Pluto*, and seuerer *Persephone*.  
 Then draw thy sword, stand firme; nor suffer one  
 Of all the faint shades, of the dead and gone,  
 T'approch the blood, till thou hast heard their king,  
 The wife *Tiresias*: who, thy offering  
 Will instantly do honour: thy home wayes,  
 And all the measure of them, by the seas  
 Amply vnfoldng. This the Goddesse told;  
 And then, the morning in her Throne of gold,  
 Suruaid the vast world; by whose orient light,  
 The *Nymph* adorn'd me with attires as bright;  
 Her owne hands putting on, both shirt and weede,  
 Robes fine, and curious; and vpon my head,  
 An ornament that glitterd like a flame:  
 Girt me in gold; and forth betimes I came  
 Amongst my souldiers; rousd them all from sleepe;  
 And bad them now; no more obseruance keepe  
 Of ease, and feast; but straight, a shipboard fall,  
 For now the Goddesse had inform'd me all:

ad vna then mōdy  
 which is ex-  
 pounded Inclya  
 examina mot-  
 tuorum. But  
 ad vna; is the  
 Epistole of Pla-  
 to, and by Ana-  
 logie belongs to  
 the dead, quod  
 ad se omnes ad-  
 uocet.

Their

Their noble spirits agreed; nor yet so cleare  
 Could I bring all off; but *Elpenor* there  
 His heedlesse life left: he was yongest man  
 Of all my company, and one that wanne  
 Least fame for armes, as little for his braine;  
 Who (too much sleept in wine, and so made faine;  
 To get refreshing by the coole of sleepe;  
 Apart his fellowes; plung'd in vapors deepe;  
 And they as high in tumult of their way)  
 Sodaynly wak't, and (quite out of the stay  
 A sober mind had giuen him) would descend  
 A huge long Ladder, forward; and an end  
 Fell from the very rooffe; full pitching on  
 The dearest ioynt, his head was plac't vpon;  
 Which (quite dissolu'd,) let loose his foule to hell.  
 I, to the rest; and *Circes* meanes did tell  
 Of our returne (as crossing cleane the hope  
 I gaue them first) and said; You thinke the scope  
 Of our endeouours now, is straight for home,  
 No: *Circe* otherwise design'd; whose doome  
 Enioynd vs first, to greet the dreadfull house  
 Of *Austere Pluto*, and his glorious spouse;  
 To take the counsaile of *Tiresias*  
 (The reuerend *Theban*) to direct our passe.  
 This brake their hearts, and grieve made teare their haire  
 But grieve was neuer good, at great affaire.  
 It would haue way yet. We went wofull on  
 To ship and shore, where, was arriu'd as soone  
*Circe* vnseene; a blacke Ewe, and a Ram,  
 Binding for sacrifice; and as she came  
 Vanisht againe, vnwittest by our eyes;  
 Which grieu'd not vs, nor checkt our sacrifice;  
 For who would see God, loath to let vs see?  
 This way, or that bent; still his waies are free.

*Finis decimi libri Hom. Odysf.*

THE

P 2

# THE XI. BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

## THE ARGUMENT.

**V**lysses way to Hell appears;  
Where he, the grane Tiresias beares;  
Enquires his owne, and others fates.  
His mother sees, and th' after states,  
In which, were held, by sad Decease  
Heroes, and Heroines;  
A number, that at Troy may dwell;  
As Ajax that was still at iarre  
With Ithacus, for th' armes he left;  
And with the great Achilles Ghost.

Another.

*Λυβία. Vlysses here  
Inuokes the dead;  
The liues appeare,  
Hereafter led.*

*They mourned the  
event before  
they knew it.*

**A**rriu'd now at our ship, we lancht, and set  
Our Mast vp, put forth saile, and in did get  
Our late got Castell. Vp our sailes, we went;  
My wayward fellowes mourning now th' euent.  
A good companion yet, a foreright wind;  
*Circe*, (the excellent vtterer of her mind)  
Supplied our murmuring comforts with, that was  
Both speed, and guide to our aduenturous passe:  
All day our sailes stood to the winds, and made  
Our voiage prosperous. Sunne then set, and shade  
All wayes obscuring: on the bounds we fell  
Of deepe *Oceanus*, where people dwell  
Whom a perpetuall cloud obfcures outright:  
To whom the cheerfull Sunne lends neuer light;  
Nor when he mounts the star-sustaining heauen;  
Nor when he stoopes earth, and sets vp the Euen:  
But Night holds fixt wings, fetterd all with Banes,  
Aboue those most vnblest *Cimmerianes*.  
Here drew we vp our ship: our sheepe with-drew;  
And walkt the shore till we attaine the view  
Of that sad region *Circe* had foreshow'd;  
And then the sacred offerings, to be vow'd,  
*Eurylochus*, and *Perfumedes* bore.  
When I, my sword drew, and earths wombe did gore

Till

Till I, a pit digg'd of a cubite round,  
Which with the liquid sacrifice, we crown'd  
First, honey mixt with wine, then, sweete wine neat;  
Then water powr'd in, last the flowre of wheate.  
Much I importun'd then, the weake-neckt dead,  
And vowd, when I the barren soile should tread  
Of clifffe *Ithaca*, amidst my hall  
To kill a Heifer, my cleare best of all,  
And giue in offering: on a Pile composd  
Of all the choise goods, my whole house enclod.  
And to *Tiresias*, himsele, alone  
A sheepe cole-blacke, and the selectest one  
Of all my flocks. When to the powres beneath,  
The sacred nation, that suruiue with Death,  
My prayrs, and vowes, had done deuotions fit;  
I tooke the offring, and vpon the pit  
Bereft their liues. Our gusht the sable blood;  
And round about me, fled out of the flood,  
The Soules of the decaft. There cluster'd then,  
Youths, and their wiues, much suffering aged men,  
Soft tender virgins, that but new came there,  
By timelesse death, and Greene their forrowes were.  
There, men at Armes, with armors all embrew'd,  
Wounded with lances, and with faulchions hew'd;  
In numbers, vp and downe the ditch, did stalke;  
And threw vnmeasur'd cries, about their walke;  
So horrid that a bloodlesse feare surprisde,  
My daunted spirits. Straight then, I aduise  
My friends to slay the slaughter'd sacrifices;  
Put them in fire, and to the Deities,  
Sterne *Pluto*, and *Persphone*, apply  
Excitefull prayrs. Then drew I from my Thy,  
My well-edg'd sword, stept in, and firmly stood  
Betwixt the prease of shadowes, and the blood;  
And would not suffer any one to dip  
Within our offring, his vnfolide lip;  
Before *Tiresias*, that did all controule.  
The first that preast in, was *Elpenors* soule;  
His body, in the broad-waid earth, as yet  
Vnmournd, vnburied by vs, since we swet  
With other vrgent labours. Yet his smart,  
I wept to see, and ru'd it from my heart;  
Enquiring how, he could before me be,  
That came by ship: He mourning, answerd me:  
In *Circes* house, the spite some Spirit did beare;  
And the vnspcakable gopd licour there  
Hath bene my bane. For being to descend  
A ladder much in height, I did not tend

P 3

My

My way well downe; but forwards made a prooffe  
 To tread the rounds; and from the very rooffe  
 Fell on my necke, and brake it. And this made  
 My foule thus visite this infernall shade.  
 And here, by them that next thy selfe are deare,  
 Thy Wife, and Father, that a little one  
 Gaue food to thee; and by thy onely Sonne  
 At home behind thee left, (*Telemachus*)  
 Do not depart by stealth, and leaue me thus,  
 Vnmourn'd, vnburied: lest neglected I  
 Bring on thy selfe, th'incensed Deitie.  
 I know, that saild from hence, thy ship must touch  
 On th' Ile *Aeae*; where vouchlate thus much  
 (Good king) that, landed, thou wilt instantly,  
 Bestow on me, thy royall memory;  
 To this grace, that my body, armes and all,  
 May rest consum'd in fire funerall.  
 And on the fomie shore, a Sepulchre  
 Erect to me; that after times may heare  
 Of one so haplesse. Let me these implore;  
 And fixe vpon my Sepulchre, the Ore  
 With which aline, I shooke the aged seas;  
 And had, of friends, the deare societies.  
 I told the wretched Soule, I would fulfill  
 And execute to th' vtmost point, his will;  
 And, all the time, we sadly talkt; I still  
 My sword about the blood held; when aside  
 The Idoll of my friend, still amplified  
 His plaint, as vp and downe, the shades he err'd.  
 Then, my deceased mothers Soule appeard;  
 Faire daughter of *Anticleus*, the Great;  
 Graue *Anticleus*, Whom, when forth I set  
 For sacred *Ilium*, I had left aliue.  
 Her sight, much mou'd me; and to teares did driue  
 My note of her deceasse: and yet, not the  
 (Though in my ruth, she held the highest degree)  
 Would I admit to touch the sacred blood;  
 Till from *Tiresias*, I had vnderstood  
 What *Circes* told me. At the length did land,  
*Theban Tiresias* foule; and in his hand  
 Sustained a golden Scepter, knew me well;  
 And said; O man vnhappy, why to hell  
 Admitt thou darke arriual; and the light  
 The Sunne giues, leaue; to haue the horrid sight  
 Of this blacke region, and the shadowes here:  
 Now sheath thy sharpe sword; and the pit forbear.  
 That I the blood may taste; and then relate  
 The truth of those acts, that affect thy Fate.

Misenus apud  
 Virgilium, in-  
 genti mole, &c.

*Tiresias* to *Ulysses*.

I sheath'd my sword; and left the pit, till he  
 The blacke blood tasting, thus instructed me;  
 Renoum'd *Ulysses*! all vnaskt, I know  
 That all the cause of thy arriual now,  
 Is to enquire thy wisht retreat, for home:  
 Which hardly God will let thee ouercome;  
 Since *Neptune* still will his opposure trie,  
 With all his laid vp anger, for the eye  
 His lou'd Sonne lost to thee. And yet through all  
 Thy suffering course, (which must be capital)  
 If both thine owne affections, and thy friends  
 Thou wilt containe; when thy access ascends  
 The three-forkt Iland, hauing scap't the seas;  
 (Where ye shall find fed, on the flowrie leas,  
 Fat flocks, and Oxen; which the Sunne doth owne;  
 To whom are all things, as well heard as showne:  
 And neuer dare, one head of those to slay;  
 But hold, vnharmed full on, your wished way)  
 Though through enough affliction; yet secure  
 Your Fates shall land ye. But *Presage* saies sure,  
 If once ye spoile them; spoile to all thy friends,  
 Spoile to thy Fleet; and if the iustice ends  
 Short of thy selfe; it shall be long before,  
 And that length, forc't out, with inflictions store:  
 When, losing all thy fellowes, in a saile  
 Of forreigne built (when most thy Fates preuaile  
 In thy deliuerance) thus th'euent shall sort;  
 Thou shalt find shipwracke, raging in thy Port:  
 Proud men, thy goods consuming; and thy Wife  
 Vrging with gifts, giue charge vpon thy life.  
 But all these wrongs, *Reuenge* shall end to thee;  
 And force, or cunning, set with slaughter, free  
 Thy house of all thy spoilers. Yet againe,  
 Thou shalt a voyage make; and come to men  
 That know no Sea; nor ships, nor oares, that are  
 Wings to a ship; nor mixe with any fare,  
 Salts sauorie vapor. Where thou first shalt land,  
 This cleare-giuen signe, shall let thee vnderstand,  
 That there those men remaine: assume ashore,  
 Vp to thy roiall shoulder, a ship oare;  
 With which, when thou shalt meete one on the way,  
 That will, in Countey admiration, say  
 What dost thou with that wanne, vpon thy necke:  
 There, fixe (that wanne) thy oare; and that shore decke  
 With sacred Rites to *Neptune*: slaughter there  
 A Ram, a Bull, and, (who for strength doth beare  
 The name of husband to a herd) a Bore.  
 And, coming home, vpon thy naturall shore,

Men that neuer  
 eate salt with  
 their foode.

Give pious *Hecatombs*, to all the Gods  
(Degrees obseru'd). And then the *Periods*  
Of all thy labors, in the peace shall end  
Of easie death; which shall the lesse extend  
His passion to thee; that thy foe, the Sea  
Shall not enforce it, but *Deaths* victory,  
Shall chance in onely earnest pray-vow dage:  
Obtaind at home, quite emptied of his rage;  
Thy subiects round about thee, rich and blest:  
And here hath *Truth* summ'd vp, thy vitall rest.

I answerd him; We will suppose all these  
Decreed in Deity; let it likewise please  
*Tiresias* to resolue me, why so neare  
The blood and me, my mothers Soule doth beare;  
And yet, nor word, nor looke, vouchsafe her Sonne?  
Doth she not know me? No (said he) nor none  
Of all these spirits, but my selfe alone;  
Knowes any thing, till he shall taste the blood;  
But whomsoever, you shall do that good,  
He will the truth, of all you wish, vnfold;  
Who, you enuy it to, will all withhold.

Thus said the kingly soule, and made retreat,  
Amidst the inner parts of *Plutos* Scate,  
When he had spoke thus, by diuine instinct:  
Still I stood firme, till to the bloods precinct  
My mother came, and drunke; and then she knew,  
I was her Sonne, had passion to renew  
Her naturall plaints, which thus she did pursue:  
How is it, (O my Sonne) that you aliae,  
This deadly darksome region vnderdiue:  
Twixt which, and earth, so many mighty seas,  
And horrid currents, interpose their prease?  
*Oceanus*, in chiefe, which none (vnlesse  
More helpt then you) on foote now can transgresse.  
A well built ship he needs, that ventures there:  
Com't thou from *Troy* but now? enforce'to erre  
All this time with thy fouldiers? Nor hast scene,  
Ere this long day, thy Country, and thy *Queene*?

I answerd; That a necessary end  
To this infernall state, made me contend;  
That from the wife *Tiresias Theban* Soule,  
I might, an Oracle, inuolu'd, vnroole:  
For I came nothing neare *Achaia* yet;  
Nor on our lou'd earth, happy foote had set;  
But (misshaps suffering) err'd from Coast to Coast;  
Euer since first, the mighty *Grecian* hoast  
Diuine *Atrides*, led to *Ilion*,  
And I, his follower, to set warre vpon

Which all trans-  
late senectute  
sub molli. The  
Epitaphicall  
not of *Nereus*,  
vix. pinguis or  
Nereus, a pin-  
guiter. But *Nereus*  
was signifying  
flagitanter o-  
rando. To which,  
pious age is e-  
uer altogether  
addicted.

The rapefull *Troyans*: and so praid he would  
The Fate of that vngente death vnfold,  
That forc't her thither: if some long disease,  
Or that the Splene, of her that arrowes please,  
(*Diana*, enuious of most eminent Dames)  
Had made her th' object of her deadly aimes:  
My Fathers state, and sonnes, I fought, if they  
Kept still my goods: or they became the prey  
Of any other, holding me no more  
In powre of safe returne, or if my store  
My wife had kept together, with her Sonne:  
If she, her first mind held, or had bene wonne  
By some chiefe *Grecian*, from my loue, and bed?

All this she answerd; that *Affliction* fed  
On her blood still at home; and that to griefe,  
She all the dayes, and darknesse, of her life,  
In teares, had consecrate. That none posselt  
My famous kingdomes Throne, but th' interest  
My sonne had in it; till he held in peace.  
A Court kept, like a Prince, and his increase  
Spent in his subiects good; administering lawes  
With iustice, and the generall applause  
A king should merit, and all call'd him king.  
My Father, kept the vpland, labouring;  
And shun'd the Citie: vnde no sumptuous beds,  
Wonderd at furnitures; nor wealthy weeds;  
But, in the Winter, strew'd about the fire  
Lay with his slaues in ashes; his attire  
Like to a beggers. When the Sommer came;  
And Autumne all fruits ripend with his flame;  
Where Grape-charg'd vines, made shadows most abound,  
His couch with false leaues, made vpon the ground:  
And here lay he; his Sorrowes fruitfull state,  
Increasing, as he faded, for my Fate.  
And now, the part of age, that irksome is  
Lay sadly on him. And that life of his,  
She led, and persist in; not slaughterd by  
The Dame, that darts lou'd, and her archeries  
Nor, by disease inuaded, vast and foule  
That waits the body, and sends out the soule  
With shame and horror: onely in her morie,  
For me, and my life, she consum'd her owne.  
She thus, when I, had great desire to proue  
My armes, the circle, where her soule did moue;  
Thrice prou'd I, thrice she vanish, like a sleepe;  
Or fleeting shadow, which strooke much more deepe  
The wounds, my woes made; and made, aske her why  
She would my Loue to her embraces flie;

The

And

*Proserpina or  
Persephone.*

And not vouchsafe, that euen in hell we might,  
Pay pious Nature, her vnalterd right,  
And giue *Vexation* here, her cruell fill?  
Should not the Queene here, to augment the ill  
Of euery sufferance (which her office is)  
Enforce thy idoll, to afford me this?

O Sonne (the answerd) of the race of men  
The most vnhappy; our most equall Queene,  
Will mocke no solide armes, with empty shade;  
Nor suffer empty shades, againe t'invade  
Flesh, bones, and nerues: nor will defraud the fire  
Of his last duces; that, soone as spirits expire,  
And leaue the white bone, are his native right;  
When, like a dreame, the soule assumes her flight.  
The light then, of the liuing, with most haste  
(O Sonne) contend to: this thy little taste  
Of this state is enough; and all this life,  
Will make a tale, fit, to be told thy wife.

*The old Hero-  
esses appeare  
Vlysses.*

This speech we had; when now repair'd to me  
More female spirits; by *Persephone*,  
Driven on before her. All heroes wiues  
And daughters, that, led there their second liues,  
About the blacke blood throng'd. Of whom, yet more  
My mind impell'd me to enquire, before  
I let them altogether taste the gore;  
For then would all haue bene disperst, and gone,  
Thicke as they came. I therefore, one by one  
Let taste the pit: my sword drawne from my Thy  
And stand betwixt them made; when, severally  
All told their stockes. The first that quencht her fire,  
Was *Tyro*, issu'd of a noble Sire.

*Tyro.*

She said she sprong from pure, *Salmonesus* bed;  
And *Cretheus*, Sonne of *Eolus* did wed.  
Yet the diuine flood *Enipeus*, lou'd,  
Who much the most faire streame, of all floods mou'd.  
Neare whose streames, *Tyro* walking: *Neptune* came,  
Like *Enipeus*, and enioyd the Dame:  
Like to a hill, the blew, and Snake flood  
About th'immortall, and the mortall flood;  
And hid them both; as both together lay,  
Iust where his current, falls into the Sea.  
Her virgine wast, dissolu'd, she slumberd then;  
But when the God had done the worke of men,  
Her faire hand gently wringing; thus he said;  
Woman! Reioyce in our combined bed;  
For when the yeare hath runne his circle, round  
(Because the Gods loues, must in fruit abound)  
My loue shall make (to cheere thy teeming monies)

*Tyro*

Thy one deare burthen, beare two famous Sonnes;  
Loue well, and bring them vp: go home, and see  
That, though of more ioy yet, I shall be free;  
Thou dost not tell, to glorifie thy birth:  
Thy Loue is *Neptune* shaker of the earth.  
This said, he plung'd into the sea, and she  
(Begot with child by him) the light let see  
Great *Pelias*, and *Nelus*; that became  
In *Ioues* great ministrie, of mighty fame.  
*Pelias*, in broad *Iolcus* held his Throne,  
Wealthy in cattell, th'other roiall Sonne  
Rul'd fandy *Pylos*. To these, issue more  
This Queene of women to her husband bore:  
*Atson*, and *Pheres*, and *Amythaon*,  
That for his sight on horsebacke, stoopt to none.

Next her, I saw admir'd *Antiope*  
*Alopus* daughter; who (as much as she  
Boasted attraction, of great *Neptunes* loue)  
Boasted to slumber in the armes of *Ioue*:  
And two Sonnes likewise, at one burthen bore,  
To that, her all-controlling Paramore:  
*Amphion*, and faire *Zethus*, that first laid  
Great *Thebes* foundations; and strong wals copuaid  
About her turrets, that seuen Ports enclafde.  
For though the *Thebans*, much in strength reposde,  
Yet had not they, the strength to hold their owne,  
Without the added aides, of wood, and stone.

*Alcmena*, next I saw; that famous wife  
Was to *Amphytrio*; and honor'd life  
Gaued to the Lyon-hearted *Hercules*,  
That was, of *Ioues* embrace, the great increase.

I saw besides, proud *Craons* daughter there,  
Bright *Megara*; that nuptiall yoke did weare  
With *Ioues* great Sonnes; who neuer field did try,  
But bore to him, the flowre of victory.

The mother then, of *Oedipus*, I saw,  
Fairst *Epicastra*; that beyond all law,  
Her owne Sonne married, ignorant of kind;  
And, he (as darkly taken, in his mind)  
His mother wedded, and his father slew;  
Whose blind act, heauen exposde at length to view:  
And he, in all lou'd *Thebes*, the supream state  
With much mone manag'd; for the heauy Fate  
The Gods laid on him. She made violent flight  
To *Platos* darke house, from the lothed light;  
Beneath a steepe beame, strangl'd with a cord;  
And left her Sonne, in life, paines as abhorrd,  
As all the furies powr'd on her in hell.

*Antiope like Tyro.*

*Alcmena.*

*Megara.*

*Epicastra the mother of Oedipus.*

Then

Then saw I *Chloris*, that did to excell  
 In answering beauties, that each part had all;  
 Great *Neleus* married her, when gifts not small,  
 Had wonne her fauour; term'd by name of dowre.  
 She was of all *Amphions* seed, the flowre:  
 (*Amphion*, call'd *Isides*, that then  
 Rul'd strongly, *Myniaean Orchomen*)  
 And now his daughter rul'd the *Pylean* Throne;  
 Because her beauties Empire ouershone.  
 She brought her wife and husband, *Neleus*,  
*Nestor*, much honor'd; *Perclymenus*,  
 And *Chromius*, Sonnes, with soueraine vertues grac't;  
 But after, brought a daughter that surpass't,  
 Rare-beautied *Pero*, so for forme exact;  
 That *Nature*, to a miracle, was ract,  
 In her perfections, blaz'd with th'eyes of men.  
 That made of all the Countries hearts, a chaine,  
 And drew them suiters to her. Which her Sire  
 Tooke vantage of; and (since he did aspire  
 To nothing more, then to the broad-browd herd  
 Of Oxen, which the common fame so rer'd,  
 Own'd by *Iphiclus*) not a man should be  
 His *Peros* husband, that from *Phylace*,  
 Those neuer-yet-driuen Oxen, could not driue:  
 Yet these, a strong hope held him to atchieue;  
 Because a Prophet that had neuer err'd,  
 Had said, that onely he should be prefer'd  
 To their possession. But the equall Fate  
 Of God, withstood his stealth: inextricate  
 Imprisoning Bands; and sturdy churlish Swaines  
 That were the Heardsmen, who withheld with chaines  
 The stealth attempter: which was onely he  
 That durst abet the Act with Prophecie;  
 None else would vnder take it; and he must:  
 The king would needs, a Prophet should be iust;  
 But when some daies and moneths, expired were,  
 And all the *Hours* had brought about the yeare;  
 The Prophet, did so satisfie the king  
 (*Iphiclus*; all his cunning quest'ioning)  
 That he enfranchis'd him; and (all worst done)  
*Iones* counsaile made, th'all-safe conclusion.  
 Then saw I *Leda*; (linkt in nuptiall chaine  
 With *Tyndarus*) to whom, she did sustaine  
 Sonnes much renown'd for wisdom; *Castor* one,  
 That past, for use of horse, comparison;  
 And *Pollux*, that exceld, in whirlebat fight;  
 Both these, the fruitfull Earth bore; while the light  
 Of life inspir'd them; After which, they found

Leda,

Such

Such grace with *Ione*, that both liu'd vnder ground,  
 By change of daies: life still did one sustaine,  
 While th'other died; the dead then, liu'd againe,  
 The liuing dying; both, of one selfe date,  
 Their liues and deaths made, by the Gods and Fate.

*Iphimedia*, after *Leda* came,

That did deriue from *Neptune* too, the name  
 Offather to two admirable Sonnes:  
 Life yet made short their admirations;  
 Who God-oppoed *Otus* had to name,  
 And *Ephialtes*, farre in found of Fame.  
 The prodigall Earth so fed them, that they grew  
 To most huge stature, and had fairest hew  
 Of all men, but *Orion*, vnder heauen;  
 At nine yeares old, nine cubits they were driuen  
 Abroad in breadth, and sprung nine fathomes hie.  
 They threatn'd to giue battell to the skie,  
 And all th'Immortals. They were setting on  
 Offa vpon *Olympus*; and vpon  
 Steepe *Offa*, leauie *Pelius*, that euen  
 They might a high-way make, with loftie heauen.  
 And had perhaps perform'd it, had they liu'd  
 Till they were Striplings. But *Iones* Sonne depriu'd  
 Their lims of life; before th'age that begins  
 The flowre of youth; and should adorne their chins.

*Phedra* and *Procris*, with wife *Minos* flame,

(Bright *Ariadne*) to the offring came.  
 Whom whilom *Theseus* made his prise from *Cretes*,  
 That *Athens* sacred soile, might kisse her feete.  
 But neuer could obtaine her virgin Flowre;  
 Till, in the Sea-girt *Dia*, *Dians* powre  
 Detain'd his homeward haste; where (in her Phane,  
 By *Bacchus* witness) was the fatall wane  
 Of her prime Glorie. *Mera*, *Chymene*,  
 I winct there; and loth'd *Eryphile*,  
 That honour'd \*gold more, then she lou'd her Spouse.

But all th' *Heroesses* in *Plutos* house,  
 That then encounter'd me, exceeds my might  
 To name or number; and *Ambrosian* Night  
 Would quite be spent; when now the formall houres,  
 Present to *Sleepe*, our all-disposed powres.  
 If at my ship, or here, my home-made vow,  
 I leaue for fit grace, to the Gods and you.

This said; the silence his discourse had made,  
 With pleasure held still, through the houses shade.  
 When, white-arm'd *Arete* this speech began:  
*Phaeacians*! how appeares to you this man?  
 So goodly person'd, and so matcht with mind?

Iphimedia,

Phedra and  
Procris.Mera and Cly-  
mene.

*Amphiaras* was  
 her husband: who  
 she betrayd to his  
 ruine at Thebes,  
 for gold taken of  
 Adrastus her  
 brother.

My

My guest he is; but all you stand combin'd,  
In the renowne he doth vs. Do not then  
With carelessse haste dismise him: nor the maine  
Of his dispatch, to one so needie, maime;  
The Gods free bountie, giues vs all iust claime  
To goods enow. This speech, the oldest man  
Of any other *Phaenician*,  
The graue *Heroe*, *Echineus* gaue  
All approbation; saying: Friends; ye haue  
The motion of the wife *Queene*; in such words,  
As haue not mist the make; with which, accords  
My cleare opinion. But *Alcinous*,  
In word and worke, must be our rule. He thus;  
And then *Alcinous* said: This then must stand,  
If while I liue, I rule in the command  
Of this well-skild-in-Navigation State.  
Endure then (Guest) though most importunate  
Be your affects for home. A litle stay  
If your expectance beare; perhaps it may  
Our gifts make more complete. The cares of all,  
Your due deduction asks; but Principall  
I am therein, the ruler. He replied:  
*Alcinous*! the most duly glorified,  
With rule of all; of all men; if you lay  
Commandment on me, of a whole yeares stay;  
So all the while, your preparations rise,  
As well in gifts, as \*time: ye can deuise  
No better wish for me; for I shall come  
Much fuller handed, and more honourd home;  
And dearer to my people: in whole loues,  
The richer euermore the better proues.  
He answered: There is argu'd in your sight,  
A worth that works not men for benefit,  
Like Prolers or Impostors; of which crew,  
The gentle blacke Earth feeds not vp a few;  
Here and there wanderers, blanching tales and lies,  
Of neither praise, nor vse: you moue our eies  
With forme; our minds with matter, and our cares  
With elegant oration; such as beares,  
A musicke in the orderd historie  
It layes before vs. Not *Demodocus*,  
With sweeter straines hath vs'd to sing to vs,  
All the *Greece* sorrowes, wept out in your owne.  
But say; of all your worthy friends, were none  
Obiected to your eyes; that *Consorts* were  
To *Iliou* with you; and seru'd destinie there?  
This Night is passing long, vnmeasur'd: none  
Of all my household would to bed yet: On,

Venustè & falsè  
dictum.

Relate

Relate these wondrous things. Were I with you;  
If you would tell me but your woes, as now,  
Till the diuine *Aurora* shewd her head,  
I should in no night relish thought of bed.  
Most eminent King, (said he) *Times*, all must keepe;  
There's time to speake much, time as much to sleepe.  
But would you heare still, I will tell you still,  
And viter more, more miserable ill,  
Of Friends then yet, that scap't the dismall warres,  
And perisht homewards, and in household iarres.  
Wag'd by a wicked woman. The chaste \**Queene*,  
No sooner made these Ladie-ghosts vnseene,  
(Here and there flitting) but mine eie-sight wonne  
The Soule of *Agamemnon*, (*Atreus* sonne)  
Sad; and about him, all his traine of friends,  
That in *Egythus* house, endur'd their ends,  
With his sterne Fortune. Hauing dranke the blood,  
He knew me instantly; and forth a flood  
Of springing teares gush't. Out he thrust his hands,  
With will embrace me; but their old commands,  
Flow'd not about him; nor their weakest part.  
I wept to see; and mon'd him from my heart.  
And askt: O *Agamemnon*! King of men!  
What sort of cruell death, hath renderd slaine  
Thy royall person? *Neptune*, in thy Fleet?  
Heauen, and his hellish billowes making meete;  
Rowling the winds? Or haue thy men by land  
Done thee this ill; for vsing thy command,  
Past their consents, in diminution  
Of those full shaaes, their worths by lot had wonne,  
Of sheepe or oxen? or of any towne?  
In couetous strife, to make their rights, thine owne,  
In men or women prisoners? He replied:  
By none of these; in any right, I died;  
But by *Egythus*, and my murtherous wife,  
(Bid to a banquet at his house) my life  
Hath thus bene rest me: to my slaughter led,  
Like to an Oxe, pretended to be fed.  
So miserably fell I; and with me,  
My friends lay massacred: As when you see  
At any rich mans nuptials, shot, or feast,  
About his kitchen, white-tooth'd swine lie drest.  
The slaughters of a world of men, thine eies,  
Both priuate, and in prease of enemies,  
Haue personally witness'd; but this one,  
Would all thy parts haue broken into mone:  
To see how strewd about our Cups and Cates,  
As Tables set with Feast, so we with Fates,

Here he begins  
his other relation,  
*Proserpina*.

Q 2

All

All gasht and flaine, lay; all the floore embrude  
 With blood and braine. But that which most I ru'd,  
 Flew from the heauie voice, that *Priams* seed,  
*Cassandra* breath'd; whom, she that wit doth feed  
 With banefull crafts, false *Chytemnestra* slew,  
 Close sitting by me; vp my hands I threw  
 From earth to heauen; and tumbling on my sword,  
 Gaue wretched life vp. When the most abhord,  
 By all her sexes shame, forsooke the roome;  
 Nor daind (though then so neare this heauie home)  
 To shur my lips, or close my broken eies.  
 Nothing so heapt is with impieties,  
 As such a woman, that would kill her Spouse,  
 That married her a maid. When to my houle  
 I brought her, hoping of her loue in heart,  
 To children; maids, and slaues. But she (in th' Art  
 Of onely mischief heartie) not alone  
 Cast on her selfe, this foule aspersiō;  
 But louing Dames, hereafter, to their Lords  
 Will beare, for good deeds, her bad thoughts and words.

Alas (said I) that *Ioue* should hate the lines  
 Of *Atreus* seed, so highly for their wines.

For *Menelaus* wife, a number fell;  
 For dangerous absence, thine sent thee to hell.

For this, (he answerd) Be not thou more kind  
 Then wise to thy wife; neuer, all thy mind  
 Let words expresse to her. Of all she knowes,  
 Curbs for the worst still, in thy selfe repose.  
 But thou by thy wifes wiles, shalt lose no blood;  
 Exceeding wife she is, and wise in good.

*Icarus* daughter, chaste *Penelope*,  
 We left a yong Bride; when for battell, we  
 Forsooke the Nuptiall peace; and at her brest,  
 Her first child sucking. Who, by this houre, blest,  
 Sits in the number of iuruiuing men.  
 And his blisse, she hath, that she can containe;  
 And her blisse, thou hast, that she is so wise;  
 For, by her wisedome, thy returned eies  
 Shall see thy sonne; and he shall greete his Sire,  
 With fitting welcomes. When in my retire,  
 My wife denies mine eyes, my sonnes deare sight;  
 And, as from me, will take from him the light;  
 Before she addes one iust delight to life;  
 Or her false wit, one truth that fits a wife.  
 For her sake therefore, let my harmes aduise;  
 That though thy wife be neere so chaste and wise,

Yet come not home to her in \*open view,  
 With any ship, or any personall shew.

This aduice he  
 full well at his  
 coming home,

But

But take close shore disguisde: nor let her know;  
 For tis no world, to trust a woman now.  
 But what sayes Fame? Doth my Sonne yet suruiue,  
 In *Orchomen*, or *Pylus*? or doth liue  
 In *Sparta*, with his Vnkle? yet I see  
 Diuine *Orestes* is not here with me.

I answerd, asking: Why doth *Atreus* sonne:  
 Enquire of me? who yet arriu'd where none  
 Could giue to these newes any certaine wings?  
 And tis absurd, to tell vncertaine things.

Such sad speech past vs; and as thus we stood,  
 With kind teares rendring vnkind fortunes good;  
*Achilles* and *Patroclus* Soule appear'd;  
 And his Soule, of whom neuer ill was heard,  
 The good *Antilochus*: and the Soule of him,  
 That all the *Greeks* past, both for force and lim,  
 Excepting the vnmatcht *Æacides*,  
 Illustrous *Ajax*. But the first of these,  
 That saw, acknowledg'd, and saluted me,  
 Was \* *Thetis* conquering Sonne, who (heauily  
 His state here taking) said: Vnworthy breath?  
 What act, yet mightier, imagineth  
 Thy ventrous spirit? How doest thou descend  
 These vnder regions: where the dead mans end,  
 Is to be lookt on? and his foolish shade?

I answerd him: I was induc'd t' inuade  
 These vnder parts, (most excellent of *Greece*)  
 To visite wife *Tiresias*, for aduice  
 Of vertue to direct my voyage home  
 To rugged *Ithaca*; since I could come  
 To note in no place, where *Achaia* stood;  
 And so liu'd euer, tortur'd with the blood  
 In mans vaine veines. Thou therefore (*Thetis* sonne)  
 Hast equald all, that euer yet haue wonne  
 The blisse the earth yeelds; or hereafter shall.  
 In life, thy eminence was ador'd of all,  
 Euen with the Gods. And now, euen dead, I see  
 Thy vertues propagate thy Emperie,  
 To a renewd life of command beneath;  
 So great *Achilles* triumphs ouer death.  
 This comfort of him, this encounter found;  
 Vrge not my death to me, nor rub that wound;  
 I rather wish, to liue in earth a Swaine,  
 Or serue a Swaine for hire, that scarce can gaine  
 Bread to sustaine him; then (that life once gone)  
 Of all the dead, (way the Imperiall throne.  
 But say; and of my Sonne, some comfort yeeld;  
 If he goes on, in first fights of the field;

Achilles.

Achilles of the  
 next life.

Q

Or



Or lurks for safetie in the obscure Rere;  
 Or of my Father, if thy royall care  
 Hath bene aduertide, that the *Phthian* Throne,  
 He still commands, as greatest *Myrmidon*?  
 Or that the *Phthian* and *Theſſalian* rage,  
 (Now ſecte and hands are in the hold of Age)  
 Deſpiſe his Empire: Vnder thoſe bright rayes,  
 In which, heauens ſeruour hurles about the dayes;  
 Muſt I no more ſhine his reuenger now;  
 Such as of old, the *Ilion* ouerthrow  
 Witneſt my anger: th'vniuerſall hoſt,  
 Sending before me, to this ſhadie Coaſt,  
 In fight for *Grecia*. Could I now reſort,  
 (But for ſome ſmall time) to my Fathers Court;  
 In ſpirit and powre, as then: thoſe men ſhould find  
 My hands inacceſſible; and of fire, my mind,  
 That durſt, with all the numbers they are ſtrong,  
 Vnſeate his honour, and ſuborne his wrong.

This pitch ſtill ſlew his ſpirit, though ſo low;  
 And this, I anſwerd thus: I do not know,  
 Of blameleſſe *Peleus*, any leaſt report;  
 But of your ſonne, in all the vmoſt fort,  
 I can informe your care with truth; and thus:

*Ulyſſes reports of  
 Neoptolemus the  
 ſon of Achilles.*

From *Seyros*, princely *Neoptolemus*,  
 By Fleete, I conuaid to the *Greeks*; where he  
 Was Chiefe, at both parts: when our grauitie  
 Retir'd to counsell; and our youth to fight.  
 In counsell ſtill (ſo ſirie was *Conceit*,  
 In his quicke apprehenſion of a cauſe)  
 That firſt he euer ſpake; nor paſt the lawes  
 Of any graue ſtay, in his greateſt laſt;  
 None would contend with him, that counſell laſt;  
 Vnleſſe illuſtrous *Neſſor*, he and I  
 Would ſometimes put a friendly contrary,  
 On his opinion. In our fights, the preſe  
 Of great or common, he would neuer ſeaſe;  
 But farre before fight euer. No man there,  
 For force, he forced. He was ſlaughterer  
 Of many a braue man, in moſt dreadfull fight.  
 But one and other, whom he reſt of light,  
 (In *Grecian* ſuccour) I can neither name,  
 Nor giue in number. The particular ſame,  
 Of one mans ſlaughter yet, I muſt not paſſe;  
*Eurypius Telephides* he was,

*This place (and  
 a number more)  
 is moſt miſerably  
 miſtaken by all  
 tranſlators and  
 commentators.*

That fell beneath him; and with him, the falls  
 Of ſuch huge men went, that they ſhewd like \*whales,  
 Rampi'd about him. *Neoptolemus*  
 Set him ſo ſharply, for the ſumptuous

Fauours

Fauours of Miſtreſſes, he ſaw him weare;  
 For paſt all doubt, his beauties had no peere,  
 Of all that mine eyes noted; next to one,  
 And that was *Memnon*, *Tithons* Sun-like ſonne.  
 Thus farre, for fight impublike, may a taſt  
 Giue of his eminence. How farre ſurpaſt  
 His ſpirit in priuate, where he was not ſcene;  
 Nor glorie could be ſaid, to praiſe his ſpleene;  
 This cloſe note, I excerpted. When we ſate  
 Hid in *Epeus* horſe; no Optimate

*Though about  
 ſaid,*

Of all the *Greeks* there, had the charge to ope  
 And ſhut the \*Stratageme, but I. My ſcope  
 To note then, each mans ſpirit, in a ſtreight  
 Of ſo much danger; much the better might  
 Be hit by me, then others: as, prouokt,  
 I ſhifted place ſtill; when, in ſome I ſmoke  
 Both priuie tremblings, and cloſe vent of teares.  
 In him yet, not a loſt conceit of theirs,  
 Could all my ſearch ſee, either his wet eyes  
 Plie'd ſtill with wipings; or the goodly giule,  
 His perſon all waies put forth; in leaſt part,  
 By any tremblings, ſhewd his touch-at heart.  
 But euer he was vrging me to make  
 Way to their ſally; by his ſigne to ſhake  
 His ſword hid in his ſcabberd; or his Lance  
 Loded with iron, at me. No good chance,  
 His thoughts to *Troy* intended. In th'euent,  
 (High *Troy* depopulate) he made aſcent  
 To his faire ſhip, with priſe and treaſure ſtore:  
 Safe; and no touch, away with him he bore,  
 Of farre-off hurl'd Lance, or of cloſe-fought ſword,  
 Whole wounds, for fauours, Warre doth oft afford;  
 Which he (though fought) miſt, in warres cloſeſt wage;  
 In cloſe fights; *Mars* doth neuer fight, but rage.

This made the ſoule of ſwift *Achilles* tread  
 A March of glorie, through the herbie meades;  
 For ioy to heare me ſo renowne his Sonne;  
 And vaniſht ſtalking. But with paſſion  
 Stood th'other Soules ſtrooke: and each told his bane.  
 Onely the ſpirit \**Telamonian*

*Alas the ſonne  
 of Telamon,*

Kept farre off; angrie for the victorie  
 I wonne from him at Fleete; though *Arbitrie*  
 Of all a Court of warre, pronounc'd it mine,  
 And *Pallas* ſelfe. Our priſe were th'armes diuine,  
 Of great \**Acides*; propolde four fames  
 By his bright \*Mother, at his funerall Games.  
 I wiſh to heauen, I ought not to haue wonne;  
 Since for thoſe Armes, ſo high a head, ſo ſoon

*Achilles,  
 Thais.*

Q 4

The

The base earth couerd. *Ajax*, that of all  
The hoast of *Greece*, had perfon capitall,  
And acts as eminent; excepting his,  
Whose armes those weres; in whom was nought amiffe.  
I ride the great Soule with soft words, and said:

*Ajax*! great sonne of *Telamon*; arraid  
In all our glories! what: not dead resigne  
Thy wrath for those curst Armes: The Powres diuine,  
In them forg'd all our banes; in thine owne One;  
In thy graue fall, our Towre was ouerthrowne.  
We mourne (for euer maimd) for thee as much,  
As for *Achilles*: nor thy wrong doth touch,  
In sentence, any, but *Saturnius* doome;  
In whose hate, was the hoast of *Greece* become  
A very horror. Who expect it well,  
In signing thy Fate, with this timelesse Hell.  
Approch then (King of all the *Grecian* merit)  
Represse thy great mind, and thy flammie spirit;  
And giue the words I giue thee, worthy care.

All this, no word drew from him; but lesse peare  
The sterne Soule kept. To other Soules he fled;  
And glid along the Riuer of the dead.

Though Anger mou'd him; yet he might haue spoke;  
Since I to him. But my desires were trooke  
With sight of other Soules. And then I saw  
*Mimos*, that ministred to *Death* a law;

And *Joues* bright sonne was. He was set, and swaid  
A golden Scepter; and to him did pleade  
A sort of others, set about his Throne;

In *Plutos* wide-door'd house; when strait came on,  
Mightie *Orion*, who was hunting there,  
The heard of those beasts he had slaughterd here,  
In desert hills on earth. A Club he bore,  
Entirely Steele, whose vertues neuer wore.

*Tityus* I saw: to whom the glorious Earth  
Opened her wombe, and gaue vnhappy birth;  
Vpwards, and flat vpon the Pavement lay  
His ample lims; that spred in their display,  
Nine Acres compass. On his bosome sat  
Two Vultures, digging through his caule of fat,  
Into his Liuer, with their crooked Beakes;  
And each by turnes, the concrete entrails breakes,  
(As Smiths their Steele beate) set on either side.

Nor doth he euer labour to diuide  
His Liuer and their Beakes; nor with his hand,  
Offer them off: but suffers by command,  
Of th'angrie Thunderer; offing to enforce,  
His loue *Latona* in the close recourse,

She vnde to *Pytho*, through the dancing land,  
Smooth *Panopeus*. I saw likewise stand,  
Vp to the chin, amidst a liquid lake,  
Tormented *Tantalus*; yet could not slake  
His burning thirst. Oft as his scornfull cup,  
Th'old man would taste; so oft twas swallowd vp;  
And all the blacke earth to his feete descried;  
Diuine powre (plaguing him) the lake still dried.  
About his head, on high trees, clustering, hung  
Peares, Apples, Granes, Oliues, euer yong;  
Delicious figs, and many fruite trees more,  
Of other burthen; whose alluring store,  
When th'old Soule stru'd to pluck, the winds from sight,  
In gloomie vapours, made them vanish quite.

There saw I *Sisyphus*, in infinite mone,  
With both hands heauing vp a massie stone;  
And on his tip-toes, racking all his height,  
To wrest vp to a mountaine top, his freight;  
When prest to rest it there (his nerues quite spent)  
Downe rusht the deadly Quarrie: the euent  
Of all his torture, new to raise againe;  
To which, strait set his neuer-rested paine.  
The sweate came gushing out from euery Pore;  
And on his head a standing mist he wore;  
Recking from thence, as if a cloud of dust  
Were rais'd about it. Downe with these was thrust,  
The Idoll of the force of *Hercules*.

But his firme selfe, did no such Fate oppresse;  
He feasting liues amongst th'immortal States;  
White-ankled *Hebe*, and himselfe, made mates,  
In heavenly Nuptials. *Hebe*, *Joues* deare race,  
And *Imos*, whom the golden Sandals grace.  
About him flew the clamors of the dead,  
Like Fowles; and still stoop cuffing at his head.  
He, with his Bow, like Night, stalkt vp and downe;  
His shaft still nockt; and hurling round his frowne,  
At those next houerers, aiming at them still;  
And still, as shooting out, desire to still.  
A horrid Bawdricke, wore he thwart his brest;  
The Thong all gold, in which were formes imprest;  
Where Art and Miracle, drew equal breaths,  
In Beares, Bores, Lions, Battels, Combats, Deaths.  
Who wrought that worke, did neuer such before;  
Nor so diuinely will do euer more.  
Soone as he saw, he knew me; and gaue speech:  
Sonne of *Laertes*; high in wisedomes reach;  
And yet unhappy wretch; for in this heart,  
Of all exploits archieud by thy desert,

Sisyphus.

Hercules.

Thy

She

Thy worth but works out some finifter Fate.  
As I in earth did. I was generate  
By *Joue* himſelfe; and yet paſt meane, oppreſt  
By one my farre inferiour; whoſe proud heft,  
Impoſſible abhorred labours, on my hand,  
Of all which, one was, to deſcend this Strand,  
And hale the dog from thence. He could not thinke  
An act that *Danger* could make deeper ſinke;  
And yet this depth I drew; and fetcht as hie,  
As this was low, the dog. The *Deitie*,  
Of ſleight and wiſedome, as of downe-right powre,  
Both ſtoopt, and raiſd, and made me Conquerour.

This ſaid; he made deſcent againe as low  
As *Plutos* Court; when I ſtood firme; for ſhow  
Of more *Heroes*, of the times before;  
And might perhaps haue ſcene my wiſh of more;  
(As *Theſeus* and *Pirithous*, deriu'd  
From rootes of *Deitie*) but before th'atchieu'd  
Rare ſight of theſe; the rank-ſoul'd multitude  
In infinite ſlocks roſe; venting ſounds ſo rude,  
That pale *Fear*ooke me, leſt the *Gorgons* head  
Ruſht in amongſt them; thruſt vp, in my dread,  
By grim *Perſephone*. I therefore ſent  
My men before to ſhip; and after went.  
Where, boorded, ſet, and lancht; th'Ocean waue,  
Our Ores and forewinds, ſpedie paſſage gaue.

*Finis libri undecimi Hom. Odyſſ.*



THE

## THE XII. BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

### THE ARGUMENT.

**H**E ſhewes from Hell his ſafe retreat,  
To th' Ile *Aiæa*, *Circes* ſeate.  
And how he capt the *Sirens* call.  
With th'erring *Rockes*, and waters fall,  
That *Scylla* and *Charybdis* breake.  
The *ſunnes* ſilue Herd; and his ſad wreake,  
Both of *Vlyſſes* ſhip and men,  
His owne head, ſcaping ſcarce the paine.

### Another.

*My. The Rockes that errd;  
The Sirens call;  
The ſunnes ſilue Herd;  
The ſouldiers fall.*

**V**r Ship now paſt the ſtreights of th'Ocean flood,  
She plowd the broad ſeas billowes; and made good,  
The Ile *Aiæa*, where the *Pallace* ſtands  
Of th'early Riſer, with the roſie hands,  
At *Aiæne Aurora*; where ſhe loues to dance,  
And where the *Sunne* doth his prime beames aduance.  
When here arriu'd; we drew her vp to land,  
And trod our ſelues the reſaluted ſand:

Found on the ſhore, ſitceſting for the Night;  
Slept, and expected the ceſteſtiall light.

Soone as the white-and-red-mixt-fingerd Dame,  
Had guilt the mountaines with her *Saffron* flame,  
I lent my men to *Circes* houſe before,  
To fetch deceaſt *Elpenor* to the ſhore.

Strait ſwelld the high banks with ſeld heapes of trees;  
And (full of teares) we did due *Exequies*  
To our dead friend. (Vvhoſe Corſe conſum'd with fire,  
And honourd *Armes* whole *Sepulcher* entire;  
And ouer that, a *Column* raiſd) his Ore,  
Curiouſly caru'd (to his deſire before)  
Vpon the top of all his *Tombe*, we fixt.  
Of all Rites fit, his *Funerall* Pile was mixt.

Nor was our life aſcent from hell, conceald  
From *Circes* knowledge; nor ſo ſoone reueald,  
But ſhe was with vs, with her bread and food,  
And ruddie wine, brought by her ſacred brood

*Reditur ab in-  
feris ad Circe,*

*Elpenor tumu-  
latur,*

OF

Of woods and Fountaines. In the midst the stood,  
 And thus saluted vs: Vnhappie men,  
 That haue (inform'd with all your fences) bene  
 In *Plutos* dismall mansion. You shall die  
 Twice now; where others that *Mortalitie*,  
 In her faire armes, holds; shall but once decease.  
 But eate and drinke out all conceit of thee;  
 And this day dedicate to food and wines;  
 The following *Night to Sleepe*. When next shall shine  
 The chearfull Mornings; you shall proue the seas.  
 Your way, and euery act ye must adresse,  
 My knowledge of their order shall designe:  
 Left with your owne bad counsels, ye encline  
 Euent as bad against ye; and sustaine  
 By sea and shore, the wofull ends that raigne  
 In wilfull actions. Thus did the aduise;  
 And, for the time, our Fortunes were so wise,  
 To follow wise directions. All that day  
 We fate and feasted. When his lower way,  
 The Sunne had enterd; and the *Euen*, the hie:  
 My friends slept on their Gables, she and I,  
 (Led by her faire hand, to a place apart,  
 By her well fortified) did to sleepe conuert  
 Our timed powres. When, all things *Fate* let fall  
 In our affaire, she askt; I told her all.  
 To which she answerd: These things thus tooke end:  
 And now to those that I informe, attend:  
 Which (you remembering) God himselfe shall be,  
 The blessed author of your memorie.

Circe praefigit  
 futura pericula.

Sirenarum de-  
 scriptio.

First, to the *Sirens* ye shall come, that taint  
 The minds of all men, whom they can acquaint  
 With their attractions. Whose euer shall  
 (For want of knowledge mou'd) but heare the call  
 Of any *Siren*: he will so despise  
 Both wife and children, for their forceries,  
 That neuer home turnes his affections streame;  
 Nor they take ioy in him, nor he in them.  
 The *Sirens* will so soften with their song,  
 (Shrill, and in sensuall appetite so strong)  
 His loose affections, that he giues them head.  
 And then obserue: They sit amidst a meade;  
 And round about it runnes a hedge or wall  
 Of dead mens bones: their withered skins and all,  
 Hung all along vpon it, and these men  
 Were such as they had fawnd into their Fen,  
 And then their skins hung on their hedge of bones.  
 Saile by them therefore, thy companions  
 Before hand causing to stop euery care

With

With sweete soft waxe so close, that none may heare  
 A note of all their charmings. Yet may you  
 (If you affect it) open eare allow  
 To trie their motion: but presume not fo  
 To trust your iudgement; when your senses go  
 So loose about you; but giue straight command  
 To all your men, to bind you foote and hand,  
 Sure to the Mast; that you may safe approue  
 How strong in instigation to their loue  
 Their raptun tunes are. If so much they moue,  
 That, spite of all your reason, your will stands  
 To be enfranchis'd, both of feete and hands;  
 Charge all your men before, to sleight your charge,  
 And rest so farre, from fearing to enlarge,  
 That much more sure they bind you. When your friends  
 Haue outfaild these: the danger that transcends  
 Rests not in any counsaile to preuent;  
 Vnlesse your owne mind, finds the tract and bent  
 Of that way, that auoids it. I can say  
 That in your course, there lies a twofold way;  
 The right of which, your owne, taught, present wit  
 And grace diuine, must prompt. In generall yet  
 Let this informe you: Neare these *Sirens* shore  
 Moue two steepe Rocks; at whose feete, lie and rore  
 The blacke seas cruell billowes: the blest Gods  
 Call them the *Rouers*. Their abhord abods  
 No bird can passe: no not the *Dones*, whose feare  
 Sire *Ioue* so loues, that they are said to beare  
*Ambrosia* to him; can their rauine scape;  
 But one of them, falls euer to the rape  
 Of those slie rocks. Yet *Ioue*, another still  
 Adds to the rest; that so may euer fill  
 The sacred number. Neuer ship could shunne  
 The nimble perill wing'd there; but did runne  
 With all her bulke, and bodies of her men  
 To vtter ruine. For the seas retaine  
 Not onely their outgaious æsture there;  
 But fierce assistants, of particular feare,  
 And supernaturall mischiefe, they expire;  
 And those are whirlwinds of deuouring fire  
 Whisking about still. Th' *Argiue* ship, alone

οὐβία ἡρώων.  
 Columbarum imi-  
 da. What these  
 Dones were, and  
 the whole minds  
 of this place: the  
 Great Macedon  
 asking Chiron  
 Amphipolites, he  
 answered, They  
 were the Pleiades  
 or seven Stars.  
 One of which  
 (besides his pro-  
 per imperfection  
 of being quod pri-  
 a. adeo exilis,  
 vel subobscurus,  
 ut vix appareat)  
 is vterque obser-  
 ued or let by  
 these Rocks. Why  
 then, or how,  
 Ioue still suppli-

ed the best one, that she number might be full: *Athenas* selles to it, and helps the other out: Interpreting it to be affirmed of  
 their perpetuall septenary number, though there appeared but sixe. But how lame and loathsome these *Progers* shew in their af-  
 fected expostions of the Poeticall Minde, this and an hundred others; spent in meere presumptuous guesses at this inuincible  
 Poet; I hope will make plaine enough to the most envious of any thing done, besides their owne set censures, and most arrogant  
 ouer meanings. In the 23. of the *Iliads*, (being 4.) at the Games celebrated 'at Patroclus funerals', they tied to the top of a Mast,  
 οὐβία ἡρώων, tumidam Columbam, to shew as for a game: so that (by these great mens abovesaid expostitions,) they shew  
 at the Pleiades.

R

(Which



Increase, they yeeld not, for they neuer die;  
 There euery shepherdesse, a Deitie.  
 Faire *Phaetusa*, and *Lempetie*,  
 The louely *Nymphs* are, that their Guardians be.  
 Who, to the daylights lofty-going flame  
 Had gracious birthright, from the heavenly Dame  
 Still yong *Neera*; who (brought forth and bred)  
 Farre off dismiss them; to see duly fed  
 Their Fathers herds and flocks in *Sicilie*.  
 These herds, and flocks, if to the Deitie  
 Ye leaue, as sacred things, vntoucht; and on  
 Goe with all fit care of your home, alone,  
 (Though through some sufferance) you yet safe shall land  
 In wished *Ithaca*. But if impious hand  
 You lay on those herds to their hurts: I then  
 Presage sure ruine, to thy ship and men.  
 If thou escap'st thy selfe, extending home  
 Thy long'd for landing; thou shalt lodged come  
 With store of losses, most exceeding late,  
 And not comforted with a fauour'd mate.

This said; the golden-thron'd *Aurora* rose;  
 She, her way went, and I did mine dispose.  
 Vp to my ship, weigh'd Anchor, and away.  
 When reuerend *Circe*, helpt vs to conuaise  
 Our vessell safe, by making well incline  
 A Sea mans true companion, a forewind;  
 With which she filld our sailes, when, siting all  
 Our Armes close by vs; I did sadly fall  
 To graue relation, what concern'd in Fate.  
 My friends to know, and told them that the state  
 Of our affaires successe, which *Circe* had  
 Presag'd to me alone, must yet be made  
 To one, nor onely two knowne; but to all:  
 That since their liues and deaths were left to fall  
 In their elections; they might life elect,  
 And giue what would preferue it, fit effect.

I first inform'd them, that we were to sic  
 The heavenly-singing *Sirens* harmony,  
 And flowre-adorn'd *Meadow*: And that I  
 Had charge to heare their song; but sounder fast  
 In bands, vnfauor'd, to the erected Mast;  
 From whence, if I should pray; or vie command  
 To be enlarg'd; they should with much more band  
 Containe my struglings. This I simply told  
 To each particular; nor would withhold  
 What most enioyn'd mine owne affections stay,  
 That theirs the rather might be taught to bay.

In meane time, flew our ships; and straight we fetcht

The

The *Sirens* Ile; a spleenelesse wind, so stretch  
 Her wings to waite vs, and so vrg'd our keele.  
 But hauing reacht this Ile, we could not feele  
 The least gaspe of it: it was stricken dead,  
 And all the Sea, in prostrate slumber spread:  
 The *Sirens* diuell charm'd all. Vp then flew  
 My friends to worke; strooke saile, together drew,  
 And vnder hatches stowd them: sat, and plied  
 Their polliht oares; and did in curls diuide  
 The white-head waters. My part then came on;  
 A mighty waxen Cake, I set vpon;  
 Chopt it in fragments, with my sword; and wrought  
 With strong hand, euery peece, till all were soft.  
 The great powre of the Sunne, in such a beame  
 As then flew burning from his Diademe,  
 To liquefaction helpt vs. Orderlie,  
 I stopt their cares; and they, as faire did ply  
 My feete, and hands with cords; and to the Mast  
 With other halers, made me foundly fast.

Then tooke they seate; and forth our passage strooke;  
 The fomie Sea, beneath their labour shooke.

Rowd on, in reach of an erected voice;  
 The *Sirens* soone tooke note, without our noice;  
 Tun'd those sweete accents, that made charmes so strong;  
 And these learn'd numbers, made the *Sirens* long:

Come here, thou, worthy of a world of praise;  
 That dost so high, the Grecian glory raise;  
 Vlysses! stay thy ship; and that song heare  
 That none past euer, but is bent his care:  
 But lest him rauish, and instructed more  
 By vs, then any, euer heard before.  
 For we know all things whatsoeuer were  
 In wide Troy labour'd, whatsoeuer there  
 The Grecians and the Troians both sustain'd;  
 By those high issues that the Gods ordain'd.  
 And whatsoeuer, all the earth can show  
 T'informe a knowledge of desert, we know.

This they gaue accent in the sweetest straine  
 That euer open'd an enamour'd vaine.  
 When, my constrain'd heart, needs would haue mine care  
 Yet more delighted; force way forth, and heare.  
 To which end I commanded, with all signe  
 Sterne lookes could make (for not a ioynt of mine  
 Had powre to stirre) my friends to rise, and giue  
 My limbs free way. They freely strid to driue  
 Their ship still on. When (farre from will to lose)  
*Eurylochus*, and *Perimedes* rose  
 To wrap me surer; and oppress me more

R 3

With

With many a halser, then had vsf before.  
 When, rowing on, without the reach of found;  
 My friends vnstopt their eares; and me, vnbound;  
 And, that Ile quite we quitted. But againe  
 Fresh feares emploid vs. I beheld a maine  
 Of mighty billows, and a smoke ascend:  
 A horrid murmure hearing. Euery friend  
 Astonisht fat: from euery hand, his oare  
 Fell quite forsaken: with the dismall Rore  
 Where all things there made Echoes, stone still stood  
 Our ship it selfe: because the ghastly flood  
 Tooke all mens motions from her, in their owne:  
 I, through the ship went, labouring vp and downe  
 My friends recouerd spirits. One by one  
 I gaue good words, and said: That well were knowne  
 These ills to them before: I told them all;  
 And that these could not proue, more capitall  
 Then those the *Cyclop* blockt vs vp in; yet  
 My vertue, wit, and heauen-helpt Counsailes, set  
 Their freedoms open. I could not belecue  
 But they rememberd it, and wisht them giue  
 My equall care, and meanes, now equall trust:  
 The strength they had, for stirring vp, they must  
 Rouze, and extend, to trie if *Ioue* had laid  
 His powres in theirs vp, and would adde his aid  
 To scape euen that death. In particular then  
 I told our Pylot, that past other men  
 He, most must beare firme spirits; since he swaid  
 The Continent, that all our spirits conuaid  
 In his whole guide of her. He saw there boile  
 The fierie whirlpooles; that to all our spoile  
 Inclosde a Rocke: without which, he must stere,  
 Or all our ruines stood concluded there.

All heard me, and obaid; and little knew  
 That, shunning that Rocke, fixe of them should rue  
 The wracke, another hid. For I conceal'd  
 The heauy wounds that neuer would be heal'd,  
 To be by *Scylla* opened; for their feare  
 Would then haue robd all, of all care to stere,  
 Or stirre an oare, and made them hide beneath:  
 When they, and all, had died an idle death.  
 But then, euen I forgot to shunne the harme  
*Circe* forewarnd: who wuld I should not arme,  
 Nor shew my selfe to *Scylla*, left in vaine  
 I ventur'd life. Yet could not I containe  
 But arm'd at all parts; and two lances tooke:  
 Vp to the foredecke went, and thence did looke  
 That Rockie *Scylla* would haue first appear'd,

And

And taken my life, with the friends I feard.

From thence yet, no place could afford her sight;  
 Though through the darke rocke, mine eye threw her light,  
 And ranackt all waies. I then tooke a streight  
 That gaue my selfe, and some few more receipt  
 Twixt *Scylla*, and *Charybdis*; whence we saw  
 How horridly *Charybdis* throat did draw  
 The brackish sea vp, which, when all abroad  
 She spit againe out: neuer Caldron fod  
 With so much feruor, fed with all the store  
 That could enrage it. All the Rocke did rore  
 With troubl'd waters: round about the tops  
 Of all the steepe crags, flew the fomy drops.  
 But, when her draught, the sea and earth dislunderd,  
 The troubl'd bottoms turnd vp, and she thunderd;  
 Farre vnder shore, the swart lands naked lay.  
 Whose whole sterne sight, the start'd blood did fry  
 From all our faces. And while we on her  
 Our eyes bestowd thus, to our ruines feare;  
 Sixe friends had *Scylla* snatcht out of our keele,  
 In whom, most losse, did force and virtue feele.  
 When looking to my ship, and lending eye  
 To see my friends estates, their heeles turnd hie,  
 And hands cast vp, I might discerne, and heare  
 Their calles to me for helpe, when now they were  
 To try me in their last extremities.  
 And as an Angler, medcine for surprise  
 Of little fish, sits powring from the rocks,  
 From out the crookt horne, of a fold-bred Oxe;  
 And then with his long Angle, hoists them hie  
 Vp to the Aire; then sleighly hurles them by,  
 When, helpless sprauling on the land they lie:  
 So easely *Scylla* to her Rocke had rapt  
 My wofull friends; and so vnhelpd, entrapt  
 Strugling they lay beneath her violent rape;  
 Who in their tortures, desperate of escape;  
 Shriekt as the rore, and vp, their hands to me  
 Still threw for sweete life. I did neuer see  
 In all my sufferance ranacking the seas,  
 A spectacle so full of miseries.

Thus hauing fled these rocks (these cruell dames  
*Scylla*, *Charybdis*.) where the king of flames  
 Hath offerings burnd to him; our ship put in  
 The lland, that from all the earth doth winne  
 The Epithete, *Faultlesse*: where the broad of head  
 And famous Oxen, for the Sunne are fed,  
 With many fat flocks of that high-gone God.  
 Set in my ship, mine care reacht, where we rod

R 4

She

The bellowing of Oxen, and the bleate  
 Of fleecie sheepe; that in my memories feate  
 Put vp the formes; that late had bene imprest  
 By dread *Æan Circe*; and the best  
 Of Soules, and Prophets, the blind *Theban Seer*;  
 The wife *Tiresias*, who was graue decreer  
 Of my returnes whole meanes. Of which, this one  
 In chiefe he vrg'd; that I should alwaies shunne  
 The Iland of the Man-delighting Sunne.  
 When, (sad at heart for our late losse) I praid  
 My friends to heare fit counsaile, (though dismaid  
 With all ill fortunes) which was giuen to me  
 By *Circes*, and *Tiresias* Prophecie;  
 That I should flie the Ile, where was ador'd  
 The Comfort of the world: for ills, abhorr'd  
 Were ambusht for vs there; and therefore, willd  
 They should put off, and leaue the Ile. This kill'd  
 Their tender spirits, when *Eurylochus*  
 A speech that vext me vtter'd; answering thus:  
 Cruell *Vlysses*! Since thy nerues abound  
 In strength, the more spent; and no toyles confound  
 Thy able lims, as all beate out of steale;  
 Thou ablest vs to, as vnapt to feele  
 The teeth of *Labour*, and the spoile of *Sleepe*,  
 And therefore still, wet wast vs in the deepe;  
 Nor let vs land to eate; but madly, now;  
 In Night, put forth, and leaue firme land to strow  
 The Sea with errors. All the rabide flight  
 Of winds that ruine ships, are bred in Night.  
 Who is it, that can keepe off cruell Death,  
 If suddainly should rush our th'angry breath  
 Of *Notus*, or the eager-spirited West?  
 That cuffe ships, dead; and do the Gods their best!  
 Serue black Night still, with shore, meate, sleepe, and ease;  
 And offer to the *Morning* for the seas.

This all the rest approu'd; and then knew I  
 That past all doubt, the diuell did apply  
 His slaughterous works. Nor would they be withheld;  
 I was but one; nor yeilded, but compell'd.  
 But all that might containe them, I assaid:  
 A sacred oath, on all their powres I laid;  
 That if with herds, or any richest flocks  
 We chanc't rencounter; neither sheepe, nor Oxe  
 We once should touch; nor (for that constant ill  
 That followes folly) scorne aduice, and kill:  
 But quiet sit vs downe, and take such food  
 As the immortall *Circe* had bestowd.

They swore all this, in all seuerst fort;

And

And then we ancord, in the winding Port;  
 Neare a fresh Riuer, where the longd-for shore  
 They all flew out to; tooke in victles store;  
 And, being full, thought of their friends, and wept  
 Their losse by *Scyllas* weeping till they slept.

In *Nights* third part; when stars began to stoope;  
 The Cloud-assembler, put a Tempt vp.  
 A boistrous spirit he gaue it; draue out all  
 His flocks of clouds; and let such darknesse fall;  
 That *Earth*, and *Seas* for feare, to hide were driuen;  
 For, with his clouds, he thrust out *Nights* from heauen.

At *Morne*, we drew our ships into a caue;  
 In which the *Nymphs*, that *Phæbus* carttaile draues  
 Faire dancing Roomes had, and their seates of State.  
 I vrg'd my friends then, that to shunne their Fate,  
 They would obserue their oath; and take the food  
 Our ship afforded; nor attempt the blood  
 Of those faire *Herds* and *Flocks*; because they were,  
 That dreadfull Gods, that all could see, and heare.

They stood obseruant, and in that good mind  
 Had we bene gone: but so aduerse the wind  
 Stood to our passage, that we could not go.  
 For one whole moneth, perpetually did blow  
 Impetuous *Notus*; not a breaths repaire  
 But his, and *Eurus*, rul'd in all the Aire.  
 As long yet, as their ruddy wine, and bread  
 Stood out amongst them; so long, not a head  
 Of all those Oxen, fell in any strife  
 Amongst those students for the gut, and life.  
 But when their victles faild, they fell to prey:  
*Necessitie* compell'd them then, to stray  
 In rape of fish, and fowle: what euer came  
 In reach of hand or hook, the bellics flame  
 Afflicted to it. I then, fell to praire;  
 And (making to a close *Retreate*, repaire  
 Free from, both friends, and winds) I wast my hands,  
 And all the Gods besought, that held commands  
 In liberall heauen; to yeeld some meane to stay  
 Their desperate hunger, and set vp the way  
 Of our returne restraind. The Gods, in steed  
 Of giuing what I prayd for, powre of deed;  
 A deedlesse sleepe, did on my lids distill,  
 For meane to worke vpon, my friends their fill.  
 For, whiles I slept, there wak't no meane to curb  
 Their headstrong wants, which he that did disturb  
 My rule, in chiefe, at all times; and was chiefe  
 To all the rest in counsaile to their griefe;  
 Knew well, and of, my present abience tooke

R 5

His



His fit advantage; and their iron strooke  
 At highest heate. For (feeling their desire  
 In his owne Entrailles, to allay the fire  
 That *Famine* blew in them) he thus gaue way  
 To that affection: Heare what I shall say,  
 (Though words will stanch no hunger) euery death  
 To vs poore wretches, that draw temporall breath,  
 You know, is hatefull; but all know, to die  
 The Death of *Famine*, is a miserie  
 Past all Death loathsome. Let vs therefore take  
 The chiefe of this faire herd; and offerings make  
 To all the Deathlesse that in broad heauen liue;  
 And, in particular, vow, if we arriue  
 In naturall *Ithaca*, to strait erect  
 A Temple to the haughtie in aspect;  
 Rich, and magnificent, and all within  
 Decke it with Relicks many, and diuine.  
 If yet, he stands innocent, since we haue slaine  
 His high-browd herd; and therefore will sustaine  
 Desire to wracke our ship: he is but one;  
 And all the other Gods, that we attone  
 With our diuine Rites, will their suffrage giue  
 To our design'd returne, and let vs liue.  
 If not; and all take part, I rather craue  
 To serue with one sole Death, the yawning waue;  
 Then, in a desert Iland, lie and sterue;  
 And, with one pin'd life, many deaths obserue.

All cried, He counsailes nobly; and all speed  
 Made to their resolute driuing. For the freed  
 Of those coleblacke, faire, broad-browd, Sun-lou'd *Beecus*:  
 Had place, close by our ships. They tooke the liues  
 Of fence, most eminent. About their fall  
 Stood round, and to the States celestiall  
 Made solemnne vowes: But, other Rites, their ship  
 Could not afford them; they did therefore strip  
 The curld-head Oke, of fresh yong leaues, to make  
 Supply of seruice for their Barly cake.  
 And, on the sacredly enflam'd, for wine  
 Powrd purest water; all the parts diuine  
 Spitting, and roasting: all the Rites beside  
 Orderly vsing. Then did light diuide  
 My low, and vpper tids; when, my repaire  
 Made neare my ships; I met the delicate ayre  
 Their rost exhal'd. Out instantly I cried;  
 And said, O *Ioue*, and all ye Deities,  
 Ye haue oppress me with a cruell sleepe;  
 While ye conferrd on me, a losse as deepe  
 As *Death* descends to. To themselves, alone

My

My rude men, left vngouern'd, they haue done  
 A deed so impious, (I stand well asur'd)  
 That you will not forgiue, though ye procur'd.

Then flew *Lempetie*, with the ample Robe,  
 Vp to her Father, with the golden Globe;  
*Amba* (adrefse, s'informe him, that my men  
 Had slaine his Oxen. Heart-incens'd then;  
 He cried; Reuenge me (Father, and the rest  
 Both euer liuing, and for euer blest.)  
*Vlysses* impious men, haue drawne the blood  
 Of those my Oxen, that it did me good  
 To looke on, walking, all my starrie round;  
 And when I trod earth, all with medowes crown'd  
 Without your full amends, Ile leaue heauen quite;  
*Diu*, and the Dead, adorning with my light.

The Cloud-herd answerd, Son! thou shalt be ours,  
 And light those mortals, in that Mine of flowres;  
 My red hote flash, shall grafe but on their ship,  
 And eate it, burning, in the boyling deepe.  
 This by *Calyss*, I was told, and the  
 Inform'd it, from the verger *Atercurie*.

Come to our ship, I chid, and told by name  
 Each man, how impiously he was to blame.  
 But chiding got no peace; the *Beecus* were slaine:  
 When straight the Gods, fore-went their following paine  
 With dire Ostents. The hides, the flesh had lost,  
 Crept, all before them. As the flesh did rost  
 It bellowd like the Oxe it selfe, aliue.  
 And yet my fouldiers, did their dead *Beecus* driue  
 Through all these Prodigies, in daily feasts.  
 Sixe daies they banqueted, and flue fresh beasts,  
 And when the seuenth day, *Ioue* reduct the wind  
 That all the moneth rag'd; and so in did bind  
 Our ship, and vs, was turn'd, and calm'd; and we  
 Lancht, put vp Masts; Sailes hoised, and to Sea.

The Iland left so farre; that land no where;  
 But onely sea, and skie, had powre t'appare;  
*Ioue* fixt a cloud aboue our ships; so blacke  
 That all the sea it darkned. Yet from wracke  
 She ranne a good free time: till from the West  
 Came *Zephyre* ruffling forth; and put his breast  
 Out, in a singing tempest; so most vast,  
 It burst the Gables, that made sure our Mast;  
 Our Masts came tumbling downe: our cattell downe,  
 Rusht to the Pump: and by our *Pylots* crowne  
 The maine Mast, past his fall; past all his Skull,  
 And all this wracke, but one flaw, made at full.  
 Off from the Sterne, the Sternefman, diuing fell,

And

And from his sinews, flew his Soule to hell.  
Together, all this time, *Ioue's* Thunder chid;  
And through, and through the ship, his lightning glid:  
Till it embrac't her round: her bulke was filld  
With nasty sulphur; and her men were killd:  
Tumbl'd to Sea, like Sea-mews swumme about,  
And there the date of their returne was out.

I toft from side to side still, till all broke  
Her Ribs were with the storme: and she did choke  
With let-in Surges; for, the Mast torne downe;  
Tore her vp pecemeale; and for me to drowne  
Left little vndissolu'd. But to the Mast  
There was a lether Thong left; which I cast  
About it, and the keele, and so far toft  
With banefull weather, till the West had lost  
His stormy tyranny. And then arose  
The South, that bred me more abhorred woes;  
For backe againe his blasts expell'd me, quite  
On rauinous *Charybdis*. All that Night  
I totter'd vp and downe, till *Light*, and I  
At *Scyllas* Rocke encounterd; and the nie  
Dreadfull *Charybdis*. As I draue on these,  
I saw *Charybdis*, supping vp the seas;  
And had gone vp together, if the tree  
That bore the wilde figs, had not rescu'd me;  
To which I leapt, and left my keele; and hic  
Chambring vpon it, did as close imply  
My brest about it, as a Reremouse could:  
Yet, might my feete, on no stub fasten hold  
To ease my hands: the roots were crept so low  
Beneath the earth; and so aloft did grow  
The far-spred armes, that (though good height I gat)  
I could not reach them. To the maine Bole, flat  
I therefore still must cling; till vp againe  
She belcht my Mast, and after that, amaine  
My keele came tumbling: so at length it chanc't,  
To me, as to a Iudge; that long aduanc't  
To iudge a sort of hote yong fellows iarres,  
At length time frees him from their ciuill warres;  
When, glad, he riseth, and to dinner goes;  
So time, at length, releast with ioyes my woes,  
And from *Charybdis* mouth, appear'd my keele.  
To which (my hand, now loofe; and now, my heele)  
I altogether, with a huge noise, dropt,  
Iust in her midst fell, where the Mast was propt;  
And there rowd off, with owers of my hands.  
God, and *Mans* Father, would not, from her sands  
Let *Scylla* see me; for I then had died

That

That bitter death, that my poore friends supplied.

Nine Daies at Sea, I houer'd: the tenth Night  
In th' Ile *Ogygia*, where about the bright  
And right renoum'd *Calypso*, I was cast  
By powre of Deitie, Where I liu'd embrac't  
With *Loue*, and feasts. But why should I relate  
Those kind occurrents? I should iterate  
What I in part, to your chaste Queene and you  
So late imparted. And for me to grow  
A talker ouer of my tale againe,  
Were past my free contentment to sustaine.

*Finis duodecimi libri Hom. Odysf.*

Opus nouem dierum.

*Zuer 1620*





# THE THIRTEENTH BOOKE OF HOMER'S ODYSSEES.

**THE ARGUMENT.**  
*V*lysses (sleep, but in the Enes  
*With all the Presents he was given*  
*And sleeping then) is set, next, Merne*  
*In full steps of his wits returns*  
*And trod the Ocean his Country Shore*  
*Whose sands, his wits returns*  
*Then sleep (renewing, and arrived*  
*Against the City) he depicted*  
*Of Formes, and all her wits, and*  
*Transformed in Neptune to a flower*  
*Vlysses (let to know the Strand*  
*Where the Phaeacians made him Land*  
*Consults with Phaeacians, for the*  
*Of every Woe, if his is*  
*His Gifts, he hides making a*  
*And him, into a*  
*All hid in wrinkles, and*  
*Transformed; whose, yet on his*

*Whom it hach*  
*Omnes, et cetera*



**E** said; And silence all else; Tongues contain'd  
 (In admiration) when most pleas'd he chanc'd  
 Their cares had long bene to him: At last brake  
 Alcinous silence; and in this sort spake  
 To th' Itacian King, Laertes Sonne:  
 O Itacus! (Howe'er thou runne  
 With sorrow's sufferings in your way for home)  
 Since away in last, your happy Fate to come

To my high-rooft, and Brasse-foundation at house  
 I hope, such speede, and passe suspicious  
 Our Loves shall yeeld you, that you shall no more  
 VVander, nor suffer, homewards as before:  
 You then, whoeuer, that are ever grac'd  
 VVith all choise of authoriz'd power, to fast

ord 77 S Such

*requies*  
*osvos. quod*  
*pro Honora-*  
*rio senibus*  
*datur And be*  
*cause the words*  
*to English, bath*  
*no a her to ex-*  
*p. sst it, found*  
*ing wel, & bel-*  
*ping our Lan*  
*guage, it is bers*  
*stye.*

Such wine with me, as warms the sacred Rage;  
And is an Honorarie given to Age.  
VVith which, ye likewise, heare Diuinely sing  
(In Honors praise) the Poet of the King:  
I moue, by way of my command, to this;  
That where, in an elaborate Chist, there lies  
A Present for our Guest: Attires of price,  
And Gold, engrauen with infinite deuid:  
I wish that each of vs should adde beside  
A Tripod, and a Caldron, amplified  
VVith size, and Mettall of most rate, and great.  
For we (in counsaile of taxation, met)  
Will from our Subiects, gaine their worth againe;  
Since 'tis vnequall one man should sustaine  
A charge so waightly, being the grace of all;  
VVhich, borne by many, is a waight but small.

*\*Intending in*  
*chiefe the So-*  
*naturs, with e-*  
*very mans addi-*  
*tion of gift.*  
*\* Eunopos*  
*γ. ε. α. ρ. ο. ρ.*  
*Bene-bene-*  
*stos-facient-*  
*es.*

Thus spake *Aleinous*, and pleas'd the rest;  
VVhen each man clo'd, with home, & sleep, his feast.  
But when the colour-giuing light arose;  
All, to the Ship, did \* all their speeds dispose;  
And wealth (\* honest men makes) brought with them.  
All which; euen he, that wore the Diadem  
Stow'd in the Ship himselfe, beneath the sears  
The Rowers fate in; stooping, lest their loss  
In any of their labors, he might loose.  
Then home he turn'd: and after him, did moue  
The whole assembly to expected Feast.  
Amongst whom, he a sacrifice addrest,  
And slue an Oxe, to weather-wickling Ioue;  
Beneath whose Empire all things are, and moue.

The thighs then roasting, they made glorious chere,  
Delighted highly; and amongst them there,  
The honor'd of the people vs'd his voice;  
Diuine *Demodocus*. Yet through this choice  
Of Cheere, and Musick, had *Vlysses* still  
An Eye directed to the Eastern hill,  
To see Him rising, that illustres all.  
For now into his minde, a fire did fall  
Of thirst for home: And as in hungry vow  
Of needfull food, a man at fixed Plow;  
(To whom, the black Oxe all day long hath turn'd  
The stubborne fallowes vp; his stomacke burn'd  
VVith empty heate, and appetite to food;  
His knees afflicted with his spirit-spent blood)  
At length the long-expected Sun, set fees;  
That he may sit to foode, and rest his knees:  
So, to *Vlysses*, set the friendly light  
The Sun afforded, with as with a light.

VVho

VVho, straight bespake, that Ore-affecting State:  
But did in chiefe, his speech appropriate  
To him by Name, that with their Rule was crown'd:

*Aleinous*: Of all men, most renown'd,  
Dismiss me, with as safe passe, as you vow;  
(Your offering past) and may the Gods to you  
In all contentment, vsc as full a hand:  
For now, my landing here, and stay shall stand  
In all perfection with my hearts desire;  
Both my so safe deduction to aspire,  
And louing gifts; which, may the Gods to me,  
As blest in vsc make, as your acts are free:  
Euen to the finding firme, in loue, and life,  
VVith all desir'd euent, my friends, and wife.  
VVhen, as my selfe shall lue delighted there;  
May you, with your wiues, rest as happy here:  
Your Sonnes and Daughters (in particular State)  
With euery vertue rendred consummate:  
And, in your generall Empire, may ill neuer  
Approch your Land; but good your good quit euer.

This, all applauded, and all ioyntly cried;  
Dismiss the Stranger: he hath dignified  
With fit speech, his dismissal. Then the King  
Thus charg'd the Heralld: Fill for offering  
A bowl of wine: which through the whole large house  
Dispose to all men; that propitious,  
Our Father *Ioue* made, with our prayers; we may  
Giue home our Guest, in full and wished way.

This said; *Pantheonius* commixt a Bowle  
Of such sweete wine, as did delight the soule:  
VVhich making sacred to the blessed Gods,  
That hold in broad heauen their supream abodes;  
God-like *Vlysses*, from his chaire arose,  
And in the hands of th' Emperesse, did impose  
The all-round Cup: To whom (faire spoke) he saide;

Reioyce, O *Queene*, and be your ioyes repaide  
By heauce, for me, till age and death succcede;  
Both which, inflict their most vnwelcome neede,  
On Men and Dames, alike: And, first (for me)  
I must from hence, to both: Lue you heere free;  
And euer may, all liuing blessings spring;  
Your ioy in Children, Subiects; and your King.

This saide, diuine *Vlysses* tooke his way:  
Before whom, the vnalterable sway  
Of King *Aleinous* virtue, did command  
A Heralds fit attendance to the Strand  
And Ship appointed. VVith him, likewise went  
Handmaids, by *Arestes* iniunction sent.

S2

Vlysses to A-  
leinous.Aleinous to  
the Heralld.Vlysses to A-  
restes.

One

One bore an Out and In-weede, faire and sweete;  
 The other an embroider'd Cabinet:  
 The third, had Bread to beare, and ruddy wine;  
 All which, (at Sea, and Ship arriv'd) resigne,  
 Their Freight confer d. VVith faire attendants then,  
 The sheets and bedding of the Man of men,  
 VVithin a Cabin of the hollow Keele,  
 Spred, and made soft; that sleepe might sweetly feele  
 His restfull eyes; He enter'd, and his Bed,  
 In silence, tooke. The Rowers ordered  
 Themselues in severall seates: and then set gone  
 The Ship; the Gable from the hollow stone  
 Dissolv'd, and weigh'd vp: Altogether, close  
 Then beate the Sea. His lids, in sweete repose  
 Sleepe bound so fast, it scarce gaue way to breath;  
 Inexcitable, most deare, next of all to death.  
 And as amidst a faire field, foure braue horse  
 Before a Chariot, stung into their course  
 VVith feruent lashes of the smarting Scourge;  
 That all their fire blowes high; and makes them vrrge  
 To utmost speede, the measure of their ground:  
 So bore the Ship aloft, her fiery Bound;  
 About whom rusht the billowes, blacke, and vast;  
 In which the Sea-roares burst. As firme as fast  
 She ply'd her Course yet: Nor her winged speede,  
 The Faulcou gentle, could for pace, exceede.  
 So cut she through the waues, and bore a Man,  
 Euen with the Gods, in countailes; that began  
 And spent his former life, in all miserie:  
 Battailles of men, and rude waues of the Seas;  
 Yet now, securely slept, forgetting all.  
 And when heauens brightest star, that first doth call  
 The early morning out, aduanc't her bead,  
 Then, neere to *Ithaca*, the Billow-bred  
*Phaenician* Ship approach't. There is a Port,  
 That th'aged Sea-God *Phorcy* makes his Fort;  
 Whose earth, the *Ithacensian* people owne.  
 In which, two Rockes inaccessible, are growne  
 Farre forth into the Sea; whose each strength binds  
 The boistrous waues in, from the high-blowne winds  
 On both the out-parts so, that all within  
 The well-built Ships, that once their harbour win  
 In his calme bosome; without Anchor, rest  
 Safe, and vnstir'd. From forth the hauens high crest,  
 Branch the well-brawn'd armes of an Oliue tree.  
 Beneath which, runs a Caue, from all Sun free;  
 Coole, and delightfome: Sacred to th'accesse  
 Of Nymphs, whose sur-names are the *Naiades*:

The sound & eye  
 of *Vlysses*.  
 Similitude.

The description  
 of *Phorcy* the  
 men.

In which, flew humming Bees; in which lay throwne  
 Stone cups, Stone vessels, Shirtles, all of stone;  
 VVith which, the *Nymphs* their purple Mantles woue:  
 In whose contexture, Art and wonder shroue.  
 In which, pure Springs perpetually ran;  
 To which, two entries were: the one for man,  
 (On which the North breath'd) th'other, for the gods  
 (On which, the South:) and that, bore no abodes  
 For earthy men: But onely deathlesse seate  
 Had there free way. This Port, these men thought meet  
 To Land *Vlysses*; being the first, they knew.  
 Drew then, their Ship in: but no further drew  
 Then halfe her bulke reach't: by such cunning hand  
 Her course was manag'd. Then her men tooke land;  
 And first, brought forth *Vlysses*: Bed, and all  
 That richly furnisht it; he still in thrall  
 Of all-subduing sleepe. Vpon the sand  
 They set him softly downe; and then, the Strand  
 They strew'd with all the goods he had, bestow'd  
 By the renown'd *Phaenicians*; since he shew'd  
 So much *Minerva*. At the Oliue roote  
 They drew them then in heape, most far from foote  
 Of any Trauailer: least, ere his eyes  
 Resum'd their charge, they might be others prize.  
 These, then turn'd home: nor was the seas supreme  
 Forgetful of his threats, for *Polyphemus*  
 Bent at diuine *Vlysses*: yet would proue  
 (Ere their performance) the decree of *Ioue*.  
 Father! No more the Gods shall honor me,  
 Since men despise me; and those men that see  
 The \* Light, in Linage of mine owne lou'd race.  
 I vow'd *Vlysses*, should before the grace  
 Of his returne, encounter woes enow  
 To make that purchase deare: yet, did not vow  
 Simply against it, since thy Brow had bent  
 To his reduction; in the fore-consent  
 Thou hadst vouchsaf't it: yet before, my minde  
 Hath full powre on him; the *Phaenicians* finde  
 Their owne minds satisfaction, vvith his Passe:  
 So farre from suffering, what my pleasure was;  
 That ease, and softnesse, now is habited  
 In his secure brest: and his carelesse head,  
 Return'd in peace of sleepe to *Ithaca*.  
 The Brasse and Gold of rich *Phaacia*  
 Rocking his Temples. Garments richly wouen;  
 And worlds of Prize more, then was euer strouen  
 From all the conflicts he sustain'd at *Troy*,  
 If safe, he should his full share there, inioy.

Neptune to  
 Jupiter.  
 \* The *Phaenici-  
 ans* were de-  
 scended Ori-  
 ginally fro *Nep-  
 tune*.

*Jupiter to Neptune.*

The Showre-dissoluer answerd: VVhat a speech  
Hath past thy Pallate, O thou great in Reach  
Of wrackfull Empire? Farre the Gods remaine  
From scorne of thee: For, 'twere a worke of paine;  
To prosecute, with ignominies, One  
That swaies our ablest, and most ancient Throne.  
For men; If any so beneath in power,  
Neglect thy high will: now, or any houre  
That moues heereafter; take reuenge to thee;  
Soothe all thy will, and be thy pleasure free.

*Neptune to Jupiter.*

VVhy then (said he) thou blacker of the fumes  
That dimme the Sun; my licent power returns  
Aft from thy speech: but I obserue so much,  
And feare thy pleasure, that I dare not touch  
At any inclination of mine owne,  
Till thy consenting influence be knowne.  
But now; this curious-built *Phaenon* Ship,  
Returning from her Conuoy, I will strip  
Of all her fleeting matter; and to stone  
Transforme and fixe it (just when she hath gone  
Her full time home; and iers before their peace  
In all her trim) amidst the Sable Seas.  
That they may cease to conuoy strangers still,  
VVhen they shall see so like a mighty Hill  
Their glory sticke before their Cities grace,  
And my \* hands cast a maske before her face.

\* *μυρτα*.  
*λυωμεν*, *Scilicet*  
*perinycio di-*  
*quid, fortisquam*  
*tegmen seu*  
*operimentum.*

O friend, (said *Ioue*) it shewes to me the best  
Of al earths obiects; that their whole prease, drest  
In all their wonder; neere their Towne shall stand  
And stare vpon a Stone, so neere the Land,  
So like a Ship, and dam vp all their lights,  
As if a Mountaine interposd their sights.

VVhen *Neptune* heard this, he for *Scheria* went,  
VVhence the *Phaenon* tooke their first descent.  
VVhich when he reacht, and in her swiftest pride,  
The water-treader, by the Cities side  
Came cutting close; close he came swiftly on;  
Tooke her in violent hand, and to a Stone  
Turnd all her syluane substance. All below,  
Firm'd her with Rootes, & left her. This strange show  
VVhen the *Phaenon* saw, they stupid stood,  
And askt each other, who amidst the flood  
Could fixe their Ship so, in her full speed home?  
And quite transparant, make her bulke become?

*Alecinous* tels  
his people  
how the Ship  
became a  
Stone.

Thus talkt they; but were farr from knowing how  
These things had issue. VVhich their King did show,  
And saide; O friends, the ancient Propheties  
My Father told to me, to all our eyes

Are now in prooffe: he saide, the time would come,  
VVhen *Neptune*, for our safe conducting home  
All sorts of Strangers (out of enuy fir'd)  
Would meete our fairest Ship as she retir'd;  
And all the goodly Shape, and speed we best,  
Should like a Mountaine stand before vs lost,  
Amids the mouing waters; which we see  
Perform'd in full end to our prophesie.  
Heare then my counsaile, and obey me then:  
Renounce henceforth our conuoy home of men;  
Who euer shall heereafter greete our Towne.  
And to th'offended Deities Renowne;  
Twelue chosen Oxen let vs sacred make,  
That he may pittie vs: and from vs take  
This shady Mountaine. They, in feare, obaides,  
Slew all the Beeces, and to the Godhead praide:  
The Dukes and Princes, all ensphearing round  
The sacred Altar. While whose Tops were crown'd,  
Diuine *Vlysses* (on his Countries brest  
Laid bound in sleepe) now rose out of his rest:  
Nor (being so long remov'd) the Region knew.  
(Besides which absence yet) *Alecinous* threw  
A cloud about him; to make strange the more  
His safe arriuall: lest, vpon this Shore  
He should make knowne his face, and vtter all  
That might preuent, th'euent that was to fall.  
VVhich she prepar'd so well, that not his wife  
(Presented to him) should perceiue his life:  
No Citizen, no Friend; till nightous Fate  
Vpon the vvoocers wrongs, were consummate.  
Through which cloud, all things shew'd now to the King  
Of foreign fashon. The easie wot Spring;  
Amongst the Trees there. The perpetual waves;  
The Rockes, that did more high their forehead raise  
To his Rapt eye, then naturally they did:  
And all the Hauen, in which a man-sees'd hid  
From winde, & weather, when storms loudest chid.  
He therefore, being risen, stood and view'd  
His countrey earth: which (not perceiu'd) he rew'd:  
And, striking with his hurld-downe hands his Thyer,  
He mourn'd, and saide: O me! Again where lyes  
My desert way? To wrongfull men, and rude?  
And with no Lawes of humane right indude?  
Or are they humane, and of holy minds?  
What fits my deedewith these so many kinds  
Of goods late giuen? VVhat, with my selfe, will floods  
And Errors do? I would to God, these Goods  
Had rested with their Owners: and that I

Are

Had

Had false on Kings of more Regality,  
To grace out my returne; that I should indeed,  
And would haue giuen me Comforts of fit speed  
To my distressed ending! But, as now  
All knowledge flies me, where I may bestow  
My labour'd purchase. Heere they shall not stay,  
Left what I car'd for, others make their prey.  
O Gods! I see, the great *Phaenians* then  
VWere not all iust, and vnderstanding men;  
That land me elsewhere, then their vants pretended:  
Assuring me, my country should see ended  
My miseries told them: yet now, eate their vants.  
O Ioue! great Guardian of poore Suppliants,  
That others sees, and notes too; shutting in  
All in thy plagues, that most presume on Sin,  
Reuenge me on them. Let me number now  
The goods they gaue, to giue my minde to know  
If they haue stolne none, in their close retreat.

The goodly Caldrons then, and Tripods (set  
In feuerall ranks from out the heape) he told.  
His rich wrought garments too, and all his Gold:  
And nothing lack't; and yet this *Maid* did mounne,  
The but suppos'd misse of his home returne.  
And, creeping to the shore, with much complaint;

*Minerua like a  
Shepherd (such  
as Kings; sunnes  
vnder at those  
times to be) ap-  
pears to Vlysses.*

*Minerua*, (like a Shepheard, yong, and quaint,  
As King founnes are: a double Mantle cast  
A'thwart his Shoulders, his faire goers grac'd  
VWith fitted shooes; and in his hand, a Dart)  
Appear'd to him, whose sight reioyc this hart.  
To whom he came, and saide: O friend? Since first  
I meete your sight heere: Be all good, the worst  
That can ioyn our encounter: Fare you Faire;  
Nor with aduerser minde, welcome my repaire:  
But guard these goods of mine, and succour me.  
As to a God, I offer prayers to thee,  
And low access make, to thy loued knee.  
Say truth, that I may know, what country then?  
VWhat commune people liue heere? And what men?  
Some famous Isle is this? Or giues it vent  
(Being neere the Sea) to some rich Continent?

*Pallas to Vlysses.*

She answer'd; Stranger, what so ere you are;  
Y'are either foolish, or come passing farre,  
That know not this Isle, and make that doubt, trouble;  
For 'tis not so exceedingly ignoble,  
But passing many know it: and so many,  
That, of all Nations, there abides not any,  
From where the *Morning* rises, and the *Sun*;  
To where the *Even*, and *Night* their courses run,

But

But know this country. Rocky 'tis, and rough;  
And so, for vse of horse vnapt enough:  
Yet, with 'sad Barrennesse not much infested,  
Since clowds are heere in frequent raines digested,  
And flowry dewes. The compasse is not great;  
The little yet, well fill'd with wine, and wheat.  
It feeds a Goat, and Oxe well; being fill  
Water'd with floods, that euer ouer-fill  
VVith heauens continual showers: and woodded so,  
It makes a Spring of all the kinds that grow.  
And therefore, Stranger, the extended name  
Of this Dominion, makes access to Fame,  
From this extreame part of *Achaia*,  
As farre as *Ilium*; and 'tis *Ithaca*.

This ioy'd him much, that so vnknowne a Land,  
Turn'd to his country. Yet so wise a hand  
He carried, euen of this ioy, flowne so hye,  
That other end he put to his reply,  
Then straight to shew that ioy, and lay abrode  
His life to Strangers. Therefore, he bestow'd  
A veile on *Truth*: For euermore did winde  
About his bosome, a most crafty minde,  
VWhich thus his words shew'd. I haue farre at Sea,  
In spacious *Crete*, heard speake of *Ithaca*;  
Of which, my selfe (it seemes) now reach the shore,  
VWith these my Fortunes; whose whole value more  
I left in *Crete* amongst my children there;  
From whence I flye, for being the slaughterer  
Of royall *Idomens* most loued Son;  
Swift-foote *Orsilochus*, that could out-run  
Protest men for the race. Yet him I flue,  
Because he would deprive me of my due  
In *Troian* prize: for which, I suffer'd so  
(The rude waues piercing) the redoubled wo  
Of minde and body, in the warres of men:  
Nor did I gratifie his Father then  
VWith any seruice; But, as well as he,  
Sway'd in command of other Souldiery.  
So, with a friend withdrawne, we way-laid him,  
VWhen gloomy Night, the cope of heauen did dim,  
And no man knew. But we (lodg'd close) he came,  
And I put out, to him, his virall flame:  
VWhole slaughter, hauing author'd with my sword,  
Instant flight made; and straight fell aboard  
A Ship of the renown'd *Phenician* State;  
VWhen prayer, and pay, at a sufficient rate  
Obtain'd my Passe, of men in her command:  
VWhom I inioyn'd to set me on the land

\* *Λυσιππος, ἢ  
Ἰσχυρὸς τριπλῶ-  
ν ἡνῶν, ἡνῶν.*

*Vlysses to Pal-  
lus.*

Of

Of *Pylus*, or of *Elis*, the diuine,  
 VVhere the *Epeyans* in great Empire shine.  
 But force of weather check't that course to them;  
 Though (loath to faile me) to their most extreme  
 They spent their willing pow'rs. But, forc't fro thence,  
 VVe err'd, and put in heere, with much expence  
 Of Care and Labour: and in dead of Night,  
 VVhen no man there, seru'd any appetite,  
 So much as with the Memory of food,  
 Though our estates exceeding Needy stood.  
 But, going ashore, we lay; when gentle sleepe  
 My weary pow'rs inuaded: and from Ship,  
 They fetching these my Riches, with iust hand  
 About me laide them: while vpon the sand  
 Sleepe bound my senses; and for *Sydow*, they  
 (Put off from hence) made saile: while heere I lay,  
 Left sad alone. The Goddesse laught, and tooke  
 His hand in hers; and with another looke,  
 (Assuming then the likeness of a *Daine*,  
 Louely and goodly, expert in the frame  
 Of vertuous Husbwiferies) the answerd thus.

He should be pasing slie, and couctous

\* Of stealth, in mens deceits, that coted thee,

In any craft, though any God should be

Ambitious to exceede in subtilty.

Thou still wit-varying wretch! Infatiate

In ouer-reaches: Not secure thy state

Without these wiles? Though on thy Native shore

Thou sett'st safe footing? But vpon thy store

Of false words, still spend? That euen from thy byrth

Haue bene thy best friends? Come: our either worth

Is knowne to either: Thou, of Men, art far

(For words and counsailes) the most singular;

But I, about the Gods, in both, may boast

My still-tried Faculties. Yet thou hast lost

The knowledge euen of me: the seede of *Ioue*,

*Pallas Athenia*; that haue still our stroue

In all thy Labors, their extremes; and stood

Thy sure guard euer: making all thy good,

Knowne to the good *Phaicians*, and receiu'd.

And now againe, I greet thee, to see wea'd

Fresh Counsailes for thee: and will take on me

The close referring of these goods for thee,

VVhich the renown'd *Phaician* States bestow'd

At thy deduction homewards; Onely mou'd

VVith my, both spirit and counsell. All which grace

I now will amplifie, and tell what case

Thy household stands in; vttering all those paines,

That, of meere need, yet still must racke thy vaines;  
 Do thou then freely beare; Nor one word giue  
 To Man nor Dame, to shew thou yet dost liue:  
 But silent, suffer ouer all againe

Thy sorrowes past; and beare the wrongs of Men.

Goddesse (said he) vniust men, and vnwife,

That author iniuries, and vanities;

By vanities and wrongs, should rather be

Bound to this ill-abearing destiny,

Then iust, and wise men. VVhat delight hath heauen,

That liues vnhurt it selfe, to suffer giuen

Vp to all damage, those poore few that strue

To imitate it? and like the Deities liue?

But where you wonder, that I know you not

Through all your changes; that skill is not got

By sleight or Art: since thy most hard-hit face,

Is still distinguisht by thy free-giuen grace.

And therefore truly to acknowledge thee

In thy encounters, is a maistry

In men most knowing. For to all men, thou

Tak'st feuerall likeness. All men thinke they know

Thee in their wits. But, since thy seeming view

Appeares to all; and yet thy truth, to few:

Through all thy changes, to discern thee right,

Askes chiefe Loue to thee; and inspired light.

But this, I surely know; that some yeares past,

I haue bene often with thy presence grac't,

All time the sonnes of *Greece* wag'd warre at *Troy*:

But when Fates full houre, let our swords enioy

Our vowes, in sacke of *Phebus* lofty Towne:

Our Ships all boarded; and when God had blowne

Our Fleete in sunder, I could neuer see

The seede of *Ioue*; Nor once distinguish thee

Boarding my Ship, to take one word from me.

But onely in my proper spirit inuol'd,

Err'd, here and there quite slaine; till heauen dissol'd

Me, and my ill: which chanc't not, all thy grace

By open speech confut'd me; in a place

Fruitfull of people: where, in person, thou

Didst giue me guide, and all their City show;

And that was the renown'd *Phaician* earth.

Now then; euen by the author of thy Birth,

Vouchsafe my doubt the Truth (for farre it lies

My thoughts; tharthus should fall into mine eyes

Conspicuous *Ithaca*: but feare I touch

At some farre Shore; and that thy wit is such,

Thou dost delude me) Is it sure the same

Most honor'd earth, that beares my countries name?

*Pallas* to *Vlysses*.

\* *επιχρηστικῆς*  
*furandi* *audas*.

*Σχῆμα* *πρὸς*  
*ἐπιχρηστικῆς*.

*varia* *et* *mul-*  
*tiplicia* *habens*  
*confilia*.

That



I see (sayd she) thou wilt be euer thus,  
 In euery worldly good, incredulous.  
 And therefore, haue no more the power, to see  
 Fraile life more plagu'd with infelicity;  
 In one so eloquent, ingenious wife.  
 Another man, that so long miseries  
 Had kept from his lou'd home; and thus return'd  
 To see his house, wife, children; would haue burn'd  
 In headlong lust to visit. Yet enquire,  
 VVhat states they hold, affects not thy desire,  
 Till thou hast tried: If in thy wife, there be  
 A Sorrow, waisting dayes, and nights for thee,  
 In Louing teares: That then the sight may proue  
 A full reward, for eithers mutuall Loue.  
 But I would neuer, credit in you both  
 Least cause of sorrow; but well knew, the troth  
 Of this thine owne returne: though all thy Friends,  
 I knew, as well, should make returnlesse ends,  
 Yet would not crosse mine Vnkle *Neptune* so  
 To stand their safegard; since so high did go  
 His wrath, for thy extinction of the eye  
 Of his lou'd sonne. Come then, Ile shew thee why  
 I call this life, thy *Ithaca*; To ground  
 Thy credit on my words: This haue I own'd  
 By th' aged Sea god *Phereus*; in whose Brow,  
 This is the Oliue with the ample bow,  
 And heere close by, the pleasant-shaded *Cauc*,  
 That to the Fount-Nymphs, th' *Ithacians* gaue  
 As Sacred to their pleasures. Heere doth run  
 The large, and couer'd den; where thou hast done  
 Hundreds of Offerings to the *Naiades*.  
 Here, Mount *Nerytus* shakes his curled Treffe  
 Of shady woods. This sayd, she clear'd the cloud  
 That first decey'd his eyes; and all things shew'd  
 His country to him. Glad he stood with sight  
 Of his lou'd Soile; and mist, with delight.  
 And instantly, to all the Nymphs hee paid  
 (With hands held vp to heauen) these vowes & said.

Ye Nymphs the *Naiades*, great feed of *Ioue*:  
 I had conceite, that neuer more should moue  
 Your sight, in these spheres of my estrang eyes;  
 And therefore, in the fuller Sacrifice  
 Of my hearts gratitude; Reioyce, till more  
 I pay your Names, in Offerings as before.  
 VVhich heere I vow; If *Ioue*s benigne descent  
 (The mighty Pillager) with life conuent  
 My person home; and to my sau'd descent,  
 Of my lou'd sonnes sight, add the sweet increase.

Be confident (saide *Pallas*) nor oppresse  
 Thy spirits with care of these performances;  
 But these thy fortunes, let vs straight repose  
 In this diuine *Cauc*s bosome, that may close  
 Referue their value; and we then may see  
 How best to order other acts to thee.

Thus entred she the light-excluding *Cauc*;  
 And through it, sought some inmost nooke to saue  
 The Gold, the great Brasse, & robes richly wrought,  
 Given to *Phyfes*. All which, in he brought;  
 Laid downe in heape; and she impos'd a stone  
 Close to the cauernes mouth. Then sat they on  
 The sacr'd Oliues roote, consulting how  
 To act th' insulting wooers ouerthrow.  
 VVhen *Pallas* saide; Examine now the means  
 That best may lay hand on the impudence  
 Of those proud wooers: that haue now three yeares  
 Thy Roofes rule swai'd; and bene bold Offerers  
 Of suite, and gifts, to thy renowned wife;  
 VVho for thy absence, all her desolate life,  
 Dissolues in teares till thy desir'd returne.  
 Yet all her wooers, while shee thus doth mourne  
 She holds in hope; and euery one affords  
 (In fore-sent message) promise. But her words  
 Beare other vtterance then her heart approues.

O Gods (saide *Ithacus*) it now behoues  
 My Fate to end me, in the ill decess  
 That *Agamemnon* vnderwent, vnlesse  
 You tell me, and in time, their close intents.  
 Aduise then meanes, to the reueng'd euents  
 VVhich both resolute on. Be thy selfe so kinde  
 To stand close to me; and but such a mindé  
 Breath in my bosome, as when th' *Iliu* Towres  
 VVe tore in Cinders. Of equall powres  
 Thou wouldst enflame, amidst my Nerves as then,  
 I could encounter with three hundred men:  
 Thy onely selfe (great Goddesse) had to friend,  
 In those braue ardors thou wert wont t' extend.

I will be strongly with thee, (answer'd she)  
 Nor must thou faile, but do thy part with me.  
 VVhen both whose pow'rs combine, I hope the bloods  
 And braines of some of these that waste thy goods  
 Shall strew thy goodly Pauements. Ioyn we then:  
 I first will render thee vnkowne to men.  
 And on thy solid Lineaments, make dry  
 Thy now smooth skin. Thy bright-brown curls imply  
 In hoary matings: thy broad shoulders cloath

T In

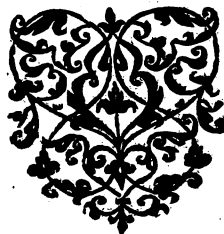
In such a cloake, as euery eye shall loath.  
 Thy bright eyes, bleare and wrinkle : and so change  
 Thy forme at all parts, that thou shalt be strange  
 To all the VVoors ; thy yong sonne, and wife.  
 But, to thy Herdsman first present thy life ;  
 That guards thy Swine, and wisteth well to thee ;  
 That loues thy soine, and wife *Penslope*.  
 Thy search shall finde him, set aside his Heard,  
 That are with tast-delighting Acotnes rear'd :  
 And drinke the darke-deepe water of the Spring  
 Bright *Arethuse* ; the most nourishing  
 Raiser of Heards. There stay, and (taking seate  
 Aside thy Herdsman) of the whole State, weare  
 Of home occurrents ; while I make access  
 To faire-dame breeding *Sparta* : for regress  
 Of lou'd *Telemachus* : who went in quest  
 Of thy lou'd fame ; and liu'd the welcome Guest  
 Of *Menelaus*. The much-knewer saide :  
 Why wouldst not thou (in whose graue heart is bred  
 The Art to order all acts) tell in this  
 His error to him ? Let those yeares of his  
 Amids the rude seas wander, and sustaine  
 The woes there raging ? while vnworthy men  
 Deuoure his fortunes ? Let not care extend  
 Thy heart for him (saide she) my selfe did send  
 His person in thy search, to set his worth  
 (By good fame blowne) to such a distance forth.  
 Nor suffers he, in any least degree  
 The griefe you feare : but all variety  
 That Plenty can yeeld, in her quietest fare,  
 In *Menelaus* Court, doth sit and share.  
 In whose returne from home, the VVoors yet  
 Lay bloody ambush ; and a Ship haue set  
 To Sea, to intercept his life before  
 He touch againe his birth's attempted shore.  
 All which, my thoughts say, they shall neuer do,  
 But rather, that the earth shall ouergo  
 Some one at least, of these Love-making men ;  
 By which thy goods, so much empaire sustain.  
 Thus vsing certaine secret words to him,  
 She toucht him with her rod ; and euery lim  
 Vvas hid all ouer with a wither'd skin :  
 His bright eies, bleard ; his brow curles, white & thin ;  
 And all things did an aged man present.  
 Then (for his owne weeds) Shirt and coar, all rent ;  
 Tann'd, and all footied, with noisome smoke,  
 She put him on ; and ouer all, a cloke

Made

Made of a Stags huge hide : of which was worne  
 The haire quite off. A Scrip all parcht and torne,  
 Hung by a cord, oft broke, and knit againe,  
 And with a staffe did his old limbes sustaine.  
 Thus hauing both consulted of th' euent,  
 They parted both : and forth to *Sparta* went  
 The gray-ey'd Goddesse, to see all things done  
 That appertain'd to wife *Ulysses* sonne.

T 2

*The End of the Thirteenth Booke  
 of Homers Odysse.*





# THE FOURTEENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

## THE ARGUMENT.

**V**lysses meets *Amidst the Field*  
*His Swaine Eumæus who doth yield*  
*Kinde Guest-wites to him; and relate*  
*Occurrents of his wrong'd estate.*

Another.

*Vlysses fainer,*  
*for his true Good:*  
*His pious Swaines*  
*saith understood.*



**B**Vt he, the rough way tooke from forth the Port;  
Through woods, and hill tops, seeking the resort  
Where *Pallas* said, diuine *Emmeu* liu'd:  
Who, of the fortunes that were first archieu'd  
By God-like *Ithacus*, in household rights,  
Had more true care, then all his \* *Prosylytes*.  
He found him sitting in his Cottage dore;  
VWhere he had raif'd to euery ayry Blore,

A Front of great height; and in such a place,  
That round ye might behold: of circular grace  
A walke so wound about it: which the Swain  
(In absence of his farre-gone Soueraine)  
Had built himfesse, without his *Queenes* supply,  
Or old *Laertes*; to see safely lye  
His housed herd. The inner part, he wrought  
Off stones, that thither his owne labors brought;  
Which with an hedge of Thorn he fenc't about,  
And compast all the hedge, with pales cleft out  
Off fable Oake; that here and there he fixt  
Frequent and thicke. VWithin his yard, he mixt  
Twelue Sties to lodge his Heard; and euery Sty  
Had roome and vse, for fifty Swine to lye.  
But those were females all. The male Swine slept  
VWithout doores euer. Nor was their Herd kept

Faire,

Faire like the Females, since they suffer'd still  
Great diminution: he being forc't to kill  
And send the fattest to the dainty Feasts,  
Affected by th'vngodly wooing guests.  
Their number therefore, but three hundred were,  
And sixty: By them, Mastsues as austere  
As sauage beasts, lay euer. Their fierce straine  
Bred by the Herdsman; a meere Prince of Men:  
Their number, foure. Himfesse was then applide  
In cutting forth a faire hew'd Oxes hide,  
To fit his feete with shoes. His seruants held  
Guard of his Swine. Three, here and there, at field;  
The fourth, he sent to City with a Sow,  
VVhich must of force be offer'd to the Vow,  
The VVooers made to all society:  
To serue which, still they did those Offerings ply.  
The Fate-borne-Dogs-to-Barkē, tooke sodaine view  
Of *Odyssæus*; and vpon him flew  
VVith open mouth. He (cunning, to appall  
A fierce Dogs fury) from his hand let fall  
His staffe to earth; and sat him carelesse downe.  
And yet to him had one foule wrong bene showne  
VVhere most his Right lay; had not instantly  
The Herdsman let his hide fall; and his cry  
(VVith frequent stones, flung at the dogges) repeld  
This way, and that, their eager course they held:  
VVhen through the entry past, he thus did mourne.

O Father! How soone, had you neere bene torne  
By these rude Dogges? whose hurt had branded me  
VVith much neglect of you? But Deity  
Hath giuen so many other sighes, and cares  
To my attendant state: that well vnwares  
You might be hurt for me: for heere I lie  
Griewing and mourning for the Maistie  
That God-like wanted to be ruling heere;  
Since now, I fat his Swine, for others cheere:  
VVhere he, perhaps, err's hungry vp and downe,  
In Countries, Nations, Cities, all vnknowne.  
If any where he liues yet; and doth see  
The Sunnes sweet beames. But (Father) follow mee,  
That (cheer'd with wine and foode) you may disclose  
From whence you truly are; and all the woes  
Your age is subiect to. This said, he led  
Into his Cottage; and of Officers, spread  
A thickned hurdle; on whose top, he strow'd  
A wilde Goats shaggy skin; and then bestow'd  
His owne Couch on it, that was soft and great.

*Vlysses* ioy'd, to see him so entreat

T 3

\* *ἄλλοι*  
*Adlatrandū*  
*faro quodam*  
*Natu.*

*Eumæus* to *V-*  
*lyssæ.*

His

\* *ἄλλοι*  
*materiæ ad-*  
*hærens: Item,*  
*qui rebus*  
*Mundaniis*  
*deditus est.*

His vncouth Prefence; saying, *Ioue* requite,  
And all th'immortall Gods, with that delight  
Thou most desir'st, thy kinde receite of me;  
O Friend, to humane Hospitality.

*Eumæus* answer'd: Guest? If one much wurs  
Arriu'd here then thy selfe; it were a curse  
To my poore meanes, to let a Stranger tast  
Contempt, for fit food. Poore men, and vnplac'd  
In free seats of their owne; are all from *Ioue*  
Commended to our entertaining Loue.  
But poore is th'entertainment I can giue;  
Yet free, and louing. Of such men as liue  
The liues of seruants, and are still in feare  
Where yong Lords gouerne; this is all the chere  
They can afford a Stranger. There was One  
That vsde to manage, this now desart Throne:  
To whom the Gods deny returne; that shou'd  
His curious fauour to me, and bestow'd  
Possessions on me: A most wished wife,  
A house, and portion; and a Seruants life,  
Fit for the gift a gracious King should giue:  
VVho still tooke pains himselfe; & God made thrive  
His personall endeouour: and to me,  
His worke the more increast; in which you see  
I now am conuersant. And therefore much  
His hand had help't me, had heauen's wil beene such,  
He might haue heere growne old. But he is gone,  
And would to God the whole succession  
Of *Hellen* might go with him; since for her  
So many men di'de: whose Fate did confer  
My Liege to *Troy*, in *Agamemnon's* grace;  
To spoile her People, and her Turrets race.

This said, his coate to him, he straight did gird;  
And to his Sties went, that contain'd his Herd.  
From whence, he tooke out two, flew both, and out  
Both fairely vp. A fire enflam'd, and put  
To spit the ioynts; which roasted well, he set  
VVith spit and all to him, that he might eat  
From thence his food, in all the findig heat.  
Yet dreg'd it first with Flowre: Then fill'd his Cup  
VVith good sweet wine; Sate then, & cheard him vp.  
Eate now (my guest) such leane Swine, as are meate  
For vs poore Swaines: The fat, the woovers eate.  
In whose minds, no shame, no remorse doth moue:  
Though well they know, the blest Gods doe not loue  
Vngodly actions; but respect the right,  
And in the workes of pious men, delight.  
But these are worse then impious; for those

Thy

That vow't iniustice, and professe them foes  
To other Nations, enter on their Land;  
And *Iupiter* (to shew his punishing hand  
Vpon th'innuaded, for their pennance then)  
Giues fauour to their foes (though wicked men)  
To make their prey on them; who, hauing freight  
Their ships with spoile enough, weigh ancor streight;  
And each man to his house; (and yet euen these,  
Doth powrefull feare, of Gods iust vengeance seize  
Euen for that prize, in which they so reioyce)  
But these men, knowing (hauing heard the voyce  
Of God, by some meanes) that sad Death hath rest  
The Ruler heere; will neuer suffer lest  
Their vniust wooing of his wife, nor take  
Her often answer: and their owne Rooofes make  
Their fit retreats: But (since vncheck't, they may)  
They therefore wil, make still his goods their pray,  
Without all spare, or end. There is no day,  
Nor night sent out from God, that euer they  
Prophane with one beasts blood, or onely two,  
But more make spoile of: and the wrongs they do  
In meates excessse; to Wine as well extend;  
VVhich as excesssiuely, their ryots spend:  
Yet still leaue store. For sure his meanes were great;  
And no *Heroe*, that hath choicest seate  
Vpon the fruitfull neighbour Continent;  
Or in this Isle it selfe; so opulent  
Was, as *Ulysses*: No; nor twenty such  
Put altogether, did possesse so much.

VVhose Herds and Flockes he tell to euery Head:  
Vpon the Continent, he daily fed  
Twelue Herds of Oxen; No lesse, Flockes of Sheepe;  
As many Herds of Swine: Stals, large and steepe,  
And equall sort of Goats: which Tenants there,  
And his owne Shepherds kept. Then fed he here,  
Eleuen faire stalles of Goats; whose food hath yeilde  
In the extreame part of a neighbor Field:  
Each Stall, his Herdsman hath: An honest Swaine,  
Yet euery one, must euery day sustaine  
The load of one Beast, (the most fat, and best  
Of all the Stall-fed) to the VVoers Feast.  
And I (for my part) of the Swine I keepe  
(VVith foure more Herdsmen) euery day, help steep  
The VVoers appetites, in blood of one,  
The most select, our choise can fall vpon.

To this; *Ulysses* gaue good care, and fed;  
And drunke his wine; and vext; and rauished  
His food for mere vexation. Seeds of ill

Ulysses' wealth.

Ulysses; increaseth  
against the woov-  
ers, with newes  
of their paye.

His

His Stomacke fow'd, to heare his goods go still  
To glut of wooers. But his dinner done,  
And Stomacke fed to satisfaction:  
He drunke a full Bowle, all of onely wine,  
And gaue it to the Guardian of his Swine:  
Who tooke it, and reioyct. To whom he said;

O Friend, who is it that (so rich) hath paid  
Price for thy seruice? Whose commended pow'r,  
Thou sayst (to grace the *Gracian* Conquerour)  
At *Ilion* perisht? Tell me; it may fall  
I knew some such. The great God knowes, and all  
The other deathlesse Godheads: if I can  
(Farre hauing trauail'd) tell of such a man.

*Enmaus* answer'd: Father, neuer one  
Of all the Strangers that haue toucht vpon  
This Coast with his lifes Newes, could euer yet  
Of Queene, or lou'd sonne, any credit get.  
These Trauailers for cloathes, or for a meale;  
At all aduentures, any lye will tell.  
Nor do they trade for truth: not any man  
That saw the people *Ithacensian*,  
Of all their fort; and had the *Queenes* supplies,  
Did euer tell her any newes, but lies.  
She graciously receiues them yet; enquires  
Of all she can: and all, in teares expires.  
It is th'acustom'd Law, that women keepe,  
Their husbands, elsewhere dead, at home to weepe.  
But do thou, quickly Father, forge a Tale;  
Some Coat, or cloake, to keepe thee warme withall;  
Perhaps some one may yeeld thee: But for him,  
Vultures and Dogges, haue torne from euery lim  
His porous skin; and forth his soule is fled:  
His carse at Sea, to Fishes forfeited:  
Or on the Shore, lies hid in heapes of sand;  
And there hath he his ebbe: his Native Strand  
With friends teares flowing. But to me, past all  
VVere teares created: For I neuer shall  
Finde so humane a royall Mayster more;  
VVhat euer Sea, I seeke; what euer Shore.  
Nay, to my Father, or my Mothers loue  
Should I retorne; by whom, I breath and moue,  
Could I so much ioy offer; nor these eyes  
(Though my desires sustaine extremities  
For their sad absence) would so faine be blest  
VVith sight of their liues, in my native Nest,  
As with *Vlysses* dead: in whose last rest,  
(O friend) my soule shall loue him: Hee's not here,  
Nor do I name him like a Flatterer.

But as one thankfull for his Loue and care  
To me a poore man; in the rich so rare.  
And be he past all shores, where Sun can shine,  
I will inuoke him as a soule diuine.

O Friend (sayd he) to say, and to beleue  
He cannot liue, doth too much license giue  
To incredulity. For (not to speake  
At needy randon; but my breath to breake  
In sacred Oath) *Vlysses* shall retorne.  
And when his sight recomforts those that mourne;  
In his owne roothes; then giue me cloake, and cote;  
And garments worthy of a man of note.  
Before which, though neede vrg'd me neuer so,  
Ile not receiue a thred, but naked go.  
No lesse I hate him then the gates of hell,  
That poorenesse can force, an vntruth to tell.  
Let *Ioue* then (heauens chiefe God) iust witnes beare,  
And this thy hospitable Table heere;  
Together with vnblam'd *Vlysses* house,  
In which I finde receipt so gracious;  
VVhat I affirm'd of him shall all be true.  
This instant yeare, thine eyes euen heere shall view  
Thy Lord *Vlysses*. Nay, ere this moneths end  
(Return'd full home) he shall reuenge extend  
To euery one, whose euer deed hath done  
VVrong to his wife, and his illustrious Sonne.

O Father (he replied) ile neither giue  
Thy newes reward; nor doth *Vlysses* liue.  
But come; enough of this, let's drinke and eate;  
And neuer more his memory repeate.  
It greues my heart to be remembred thus  
By any one, of one so glorious.  
But stand your oath, in your assertion strong;  
And let *Vlysses* come, for whom I long:  
For whom his wife, for whom his aged Sire;  
For whom his Son, consumes his God-like fire;  
VVhose chance I now must mourne, and euer shall.  
VVhom when the Gods had brought to be as tall  
As any vpright plant: and I had saide,  
He would amongst a Court of men haue swaide  
In counsailes; and for forme, haue bene admir'd  
Euen with his Father: some God misinspir'd,  
Or man tooke from him, his owne equall minde;  
And past him for the *Pylus* Shore, to finde  
His long-lost Father. In retorne from whence,  
The Wooers pride, way-lays his innocence;  
That, of diuine *Aresius*, all the race  
May fade to *Ithaca*, and not the grace

Of any Name, left to it. But leaue we  
His state, howeuer: if surpriz'd he be,  
Or if he scape. And may *Saturnius* hand  
Protect him safely to his native Land.  
Do you then (Father) shew your griefes, and cause  
Of your arriuall heere; nor breake the Lawes  
That Truth prescribes you: but relate your name,  
And of what race you ate: your Fathers fame,  
And native Cities: Ship and men vnfold,  
That to this Isle conuaid you: since I hold  
Your heere arriuall, was not all by shore;  
Nor that your feete, your aged person bore.

He answer'd him; He tell all strictly true,  
If time, and foode, and wine enough accrue  
Within your roofe to vs: that freely we  
May sit and banquet: Let your businesse be  
Discharg'd by others. For, when all is done,  
I can not easly, while the yeare doth runne  
His circle round, run ouer all the woes,  
Beneath which (by the course the Gods dispose)  
My sad age labours. First, He tell you then;  
From ample *Crete* I fetch my Native straine;  
My Father wealthy: whose house, many a life  
Brought forth and bred besides, by his true wife.  
But me; a Bond-maid bore; his Concubine:  
Yet tender'd was I, as his lawfull line  
By him; of whose race, I my life profess.

*Cassor*, his name; surnam'd *Hylacides*.  
A man, in fore-times, by the *Cretan* State,  
For goods, good children, and his fortunate  
Successe in all acts, of no meane esteem.  
But death-conferring Fates, haue banisht him  
To *Pluto's* kingdome. After whom, his sons  
By Lots diuided his possessions;  
And gaue me passing little; yet bestow'd  
A house on me: to which, my vertues woo'd  
A wife from rich mena rooffes; nor was borne low,  
Nor last in fight; though all *Nemes* faile me now.  
But I suppose, that you by thus much scene,  
Know by the stubble, what the *Corn* hath bene. }  
For, past all doubt; affliction past all meane  
Hath brought my age on: but, in seasons past,  
Both *Mars* and *Pallas*, haue with boldnesse grac'd;  
And Fortitude my fortunes; when I chus'd  
Chioise men for ambush, prest to haue produc'd  
Ill to mine enemies; my too venturous spirit,  
Set neuer death before mine eyes, for merit.  
But (farre the first aduanc't still) still I strooke

Dead

Dead with my Lance, whoeuer ouertooke  
My speed of foot. Such was I then for warre.  
But rusticke actions, euer fled me farre,  
And household thrift, which breeds a famous race.  
In Ore-driuen Ships, did I my pleasures place:  
In Battailles, light Darts, Arrowes. Sad things all,  
And into others thoughts, with horror fall.

But what God put into my minde: to me  
I still esteem'd as my felicity.

As men, of feuerall Mettals are addrest;  
So, feuerall formes are in their soules imprest.

Before the sonnes of *Greece*, sat foot in *Troy*,  
Nine times, in Chiefe, I did Command enioy  
Of Men and Ships, against our forreigne foe;  
And all I did with't, succceeded so.

Yet, after this, I much exploit archien'd;  
VWhen straight, my house in all possessions thri'd:  
Yet after that, I great, and Reuerend grew  
Amongst the *Cretans*: till the Thunderer drew  
Our Forces out, in his foe-*Troy* decrees.

A barefull seruice, that dissol'd the knees  
Of many a Soldier. And to this was I  
And famous *Idomene*, enioyn'd t' apply  
Our ships and pow'rs. Nor was there to be heard  
One reason for deniall; so prefer'd  
Was the vtireasonable peoples murmur.

Nine yeares we therefore fed the martiall humor;  
And in the tenth (de-peopling *Priamus* Towne)  
We fail'd for home. But God had quickly blowne  
Our Fleete in peeces; and to wretched mee,  
The Counailor *Jane*, did much mishap decree.

For, onely one month, I had leaue t' enioy  
My wife, and children; and my goods t' employ.  
But, after this, my minde for *Egypt* stoo'd;  
When nine faire ships, I rig'd forth for the flood:  
Mann'd them with noble souldiers: all things fit  
For such a voyage, soone were won to it.

Yet fixe dayes after, staid my friends in feast;  
VWhile I, in banquets to the Gods; addrest  
Much sacred matter for their sacrifice.

The seauenth, we boarded; and the Northerne skies  
Lent vs a franke, and passing prosperous gale;  
Fore which, we bore as free and easie saile,  
As we had back't a full and frolicke tide;  
Nor felt one Ship misfortune for her pride;  
But safe we sat, our Sailors and the winde  
Consenting in our conuoy. VWhen heauen shin'd  
In sacred radiance of the fift faire day:

To

To sweetly-water'd *Egypt* reach't our way,  
 And there we anchor'd: where I charg'd my men  
 To stay aboard, and watch. Dismissing then  
 Some scouts, to get the hill-tops, and discover,  
 They (to their owne intemperance giuen ouer)  
 Straight fell to forrage the rich fields; and thence  
 Enforce both wiues and infants, with th' expence  
 Of both their bloods. When straight the rumor flew  
 Vp to the City: (which heard) vp they drew  
 By daies first breake; and all the field was fill'd  
 VVith foot & horse; whose Armes did all things gild.  
 And then the Lightning-Iouing Deity cast  
 A foule flight on my soldiers: nor stood fast  
 One man, of all. About whom Mischiefe stood,  
 And with his stern Steele, drew in streames the blood,  
 The greater part led in their dissolute vaines:  
 The rest were sau'd, and made enthralled Swaines,  
 To all the basest vices there bred.  
 And then, euen *Ioue* himselfe supplied my head:  
 VVith sauing counsaile; (though I wisht to dye,  
 And there in *Egypt*, with their slaughters lye,  
 So much grieffe seiz'd me) but *Ioue* made me yeild;  
 Dishelme my head, take from my necke, my shield:  
 Hurl from my hand my Lance, and to the troop  
 Of horse, the King led, instantly made vp;  
 Embrace, and kisse his knees; whom pittie wun  
 To giue me safety, and (to make me shun  
 The peoples outrage, that made in amaine,  
 All ioyntly fir'd, with thirst to see me slaine)  
 He tooke me to his Chariot, weeping home;  
 Himselfe with feare of *Ioues* wrath overcome,  
 VVho yeelding foules receiues; and takes most ill  
 All such as well may saue, yet loue to kill.  
 Seuen yeares I sojourn'd heere, and treasure gat  
 In good abundance of th' Egyptian state:  
 For all would giue. But when th' eight yeare began:  
 A knowing Fellow (that would gnaw a man  
 Like to a Vermine, with his hellish braine,  
 And many an honest soule, euen quicke had slaine;  
 VVhose name was *Phenix*) close accosted me:  
 And with insinuations, such as he  
 Practis'd on others, my consent he gain'd  
 To go into *Phenicia*; where remain'd  
 His house, and liuing. And with him I liu'd  
 A compleat yeare. But, when were all arriv'd  
 The months and daies; and that the yeare againe  
 VVas turning round; and euery seasons raigue  
 Renew'd vpon vs; we for *Lybia* went:

Αἰὲς ἀσώτων  
 ἀσάε δ' οὐτ,  
 τ, οὐκ ἴσθ.

VVhen

VVhen (still inuening crafts to circumuent)  
 He made pretext, that I should onely go  
 And helpe conuey his freight; but thought not so:  
 For his intent was, to haue sold me there,  
 And made good gaine, for finding me a yeare.  
 Yet him I follow'd, though suspecting this:  
 For, being aboard his Ship, I must be his  
 Of strong Necessity. She ran the flood  
 (Driuen with a Northerne gale, right free, and good)  
 Amids the full streame, full on *Crete*. But then,  
*Ioue* plotted death to him, and all his men.  
 For (put off quite from *Crete*, and so farre gone  
 That Shore was lost; and we set eye on none:  
 But all shew'd heaven and sea) aboue our Keele  
*Ioue* pointed right, a cloud as blacke as hell:  
 Beneath which, all the sea hid; and from whence  
*Ioue* thunder'd, as his hand would neuer thence.  
 And thicke into our Ship, he threw his flash:  
 That gainst a Rocke, or Flat, her Keele did dash  
 VVith headlong Rapture. Of the sulphure all  
 Her bulke did fauour; and her men let fall  
 Amids the Surges: on which, all lay tost  
 Like Sea-gulls, round about her sides, and lost.  
 And so, God tooke, all home-returne from them.  
 But *Ioue* himselfe (though plung'd in that extreame)  
 Recouerd me, by thrusting on my hand  
 The Ships long Mast. And (that my life might stand  
 A little more vp) I embrace't it round;  
 And on the rude windes, that did ruines sound,  
 Nine dayes we houer'd. In the tenth blacke night  
 A huge Sea cast me on *Thesprotia*'s height:  
 VVhere the Heroe *Phidon*, that was chiefe  
 Of all the *Thesprotes*; gaue my wracke reliefe,  
 VVithout the price of that redemption  
 That *Phenix* fish't for. VVhere the Kings lou'd son  
 Came to me; tooke me by the hand, & led  
 Into his Court; my poore life surrerted  
 VVith cold and labour: and because my wrack  
 Chanc't on his Fathers Shore: he let not lack  
 My plight; or coate, or cloake, or any thing  
 Might cherish heate in me. And heere the King,  
 Said, he receiue'd *Vlysses* as his Guest;  
 Obseru'd him Friend-like; and his course adrest  
 Home to his country: shewing there to me  
*Vlysses* goods. A very Treasure  
 Of Brasse, & Gold, & Steele of curious frame.  
 And to the tenth succession of his name  
 He laid vp wealth enough, to serue beside

εἰς ἄβυσσον,  
 qui terram ra-  
 pidu motu  
 concutit.

ἀντίληπτος,  
 sine emptioni:  
 seu redempti-  
 onis precio

V

In

In that Kings house; so hugely amplified  
 His treasure was. But from his Court, the King  
 Affirm'd him ship't, for the *Dodonean* Spring:  
 To heare, from out the high-hair'd Oake of *Ioue*,  
 Counsaile from him: for meanes to his remoue  
 To his low'd country, whence so many a yeare  
 He had bene absent; If he should appeare  
 Disguis'd, or manifest: and further swore  
 In his mid Court, at Sacrifice, before  
 These very eyes; that he had ready there  
 Both Ship and Souldiers, to attend and beare  
 Him to his country. But before, it chanc't  
 That a *Thefprotean* Ship, was to be lanch't  
 For the much-corne-renown'd *Dulichian* Land:  
 In which, the King gaue to his men command  
 To take, and bring me vnder tender hand  
 To King *Acastus*. But, in ill designe  
 Of my poore life, did their desires combine;  
 So farre forth, as might euer keepe me vnder  
 In fortunes hands, and teare my state in sunder.  
 And when the water-treader, farre away  
 Had left the Land: then plotted they the day  
 Of my long seruitude; and tooke from me  
 Both coate and cloake, and all things that might be  
 Grace in my habit; and in place, put on  
 These tatter'd rags, which now you see vpon  
 My wretched bosom. When heauens light took \**sea*,  
 They fetcht the Field-workes of faire *Ithaca*;  
 And in the arm'd Ship, with a wel-wreath'd cord  
 They straightly bound me, and did all disbord  
 To shore to supper, in contentious rout.  
 Yet straight, the Gods themselves,ooke from about  
 My prest limbes the bands, with equall ease;  
 And I (my head in rags wrapt) tooke the Seas,  
 Descending by the smooth streame; v'ing then  
 My hands for Oares; and made from these bad men  
 Long way, in little time. At last, I fetcht  
 A goodly Groue of Okes; whose Shore I reacht,  
 And erst me prostrate on it. When they knew  
 My thus-made-scape, about the Shores they flew:  
 But (soone not finding) held it not their best  
 To seeke me further; but return'd to rest  
 Aboord their Vessell. Me, the Gods lodg'd close,  
 Conducting me into the safe repose  
 A good mans stable yeilded. And thus, Fate  
 This poore houre added, to my living date.  
 O wretch of Guests (said he) thy Tale hath stirr'd  
 My minde to much ruth: both how thou hast err'd

\*At Sunnest.

And

And suffer'd hearing, in such good parts shovne:  
 But what thy chang'd relation would make knowne  
 About *Ulysses*; I hold neither true;  
 Nor will belecue: and what need't thou pursue  
 A Lye so rashly? Since he sure is so  
 As I conceiue; for which, my skill shall go:  
 The safe returne my King lacks, cannot be;  
 He is so enuid of each Deity,  
 So cleere, so cruelly. For not in *Troy*  
 They gaue him end; nor let his Corpe enioy  
 The hands of Friends (well they might haue done);  
 He manag'd armes to such perfection;  
 And should haue had his Sepulcher, and all;  
 And all the Greekes to grace his Funerall:  
 And this had giuen a glory to his Son  
 Through all times future.) But his head is run  
 Vnseene, vn'honor'd, into *Harpies* mawes.  
 For my part, Ile not meddle with the cause:  
 I liue a separate life, amongst my Swine;  
 Come at no Towne for any need of mine;  
 Vnlesse the \* circularly witted *Queene*  
 (When any farre-come guest, is to be seene  
 That brings her newes) commands me bring a Brawn;  
 About which (all things being in question drawne,  
 That touch the King) they sit; and some are sad  
 For his long absence. Some againe, are glad  
 To waste his goods vnwreak't; all talking still.  
 But, as for me, I nourish't little will  
 Tenquire or question of him: since the man  
 That fain'd himselfe, the fled *Etolian*,  
 For slaughtering one, (through many Regions straid)  
 In my Stall (as his diuersory) staid.  
 VVhere well entreating him, he told me then,  
 Amongst the *Cretans*, with King *Idomen*,  
 He saw *Ulysses*; at his Ships repaire;  
 That had bene brush't with the enraged aire:  
 And that, in Summer, or in Autumne, sure  
 VVith all his braue friends, and rich furniture,  
 He would be heere: and nothing so; nor so.  
 But thou, an old man, taught with so much wo  
 As thou hast suffer'd, to be season'd true,  
 And brought by his fate, do not heere pursue  
 His gratulations, with thy cunning Lies.  
 Thou canst not soake so through my Faculties.  
 For I did neuer, either honor thee  
 Or giue thee loue, to bring these tales to me.  
 But in my feare of Hospitable *Ioue*  
 Thou didst to this passe, my affections moue.

V 2

You



You stand exceeding much incredulous,  
 (Reply'd *Ulysses*) to haue witness thus  
 My word, and Oath; yet yeeld no trust at all.  
 But make we now a couenant here, and call  
 The dreadfull Gods to witness, that take seat  
 In large *Olympus*: if your Kings retreat  
 Proue made, euen hither; you shall furnish me  
 With cloake, and coate, and make my passage free  
 For lou'd *Dalichius*. If (as fits my vow)  
 Your King returne not; let your seruants throw  
 My old limbes headlong, from some rock most hye,  
 That other poote men may take feare to lye.  
 The Herdsman, that had gifts in him diuine,  
 Reply'd; O Guest, how shal this Fame of mine  
 And honest vertue, amongst men, remaine  
 Now, and heereafter, without worthy staine;  
 If I, that led thee to my Houell heere,  
 And made thee fitting hospitable cheere,  
 Should after kill thee; and thy longed minde  
 Force from thy bones? Or how should stand enclin'd  
 With any Faith, my will importune *Ioue*  
 In any prayer heereafter, for his loue?  
 Come, now 'tis supper's houre; and instant haist  
 My men wil make home: when our sweet repast  
 Wee'll taste together. This discourse they held  
 In mutual kinde; when from a neighbor field,  
 His Swine and Swine-herds came, who in their coats  
 Inclofd their Herds for sleepe: which mighty throats  
 Laid out in entring. Then, the God-like Swaine  
 His men enioyn'd thus: Bring me to be flaine  
 A chiefe Swine female, for my stranger Guest:  
 VVhen, altogether we wil take our Feast,  
 Refreshing now our spirits, that all day take  
 Paines in our Swines good: who may therefore make  
 For our paines with them all, amends with one;  
 Since others eat our Labors, and take none?  
 This said; his sharpe Steele hew'd down wood, & they  
 A passing fat Swine hal'd out of the Sty,  
 Of five yeares old, which to the fire they put.  
 VVhen first, *Eumaeus* from the Front did cut  
 The sacred haire, and cast it in the fire;  
 Then, pray'd to heaven: for stil, before desire  
 VVas seru'd with food, in their so rude abodes,  
 Not the poore Swine-herd would forget the Gods.  
 Good foules they bore, how bad foeuer were  
 The habits, that their bodies parts did beare.  
 VVhen all, the deathlesse Dexies befought,  
 That wife *Ulysses* might be safely brought

Home,

Home, to his house; then with a logge of Oke  
 Left lying by (highlifting it) a stroke  
 He gaue so deadly, it made life expire.  
 Then cut the rest, her throat; and all in fire  
 They hid and find'd her: cut her vp, and then,  
 The Maister tooke the office from the men,  
 VVho on the Altar did the parts impose  
 That seru'd for sacrifice: beginning close  
 About the belly, thorough which he went,  
 And (all the chiefe fat gathering) gaue it vent  
 (Part dreg'd with Flowre) into the sacred flame;  
 Then cut they vp the ioynts, and roasted them:  
 Drew all from spir, and seru'd in dishes all.  
 Then rose *Eumaeus*, (who was General  
 In skill to guide each act, his fit euent)  
 And (all, in seuen parts cut) the first part went  
 To seruice of the Nymphs, and *Mercury*;  
 To whose names, he did Rites of piety  
 In vowes particular; and all the rest  
 He shar'd to euery one: but his lou'd Guest  
 He grac'd with all the Chine; and of that King  
 To haue his heart chear'd, set vp euery string.  
 VVhich he obseruing, saide; I would to *Ioue*  
 (*Eumaeus*) thou liu'dst in his worthy loue  
 As great as mine; that giu'st to such a guest  
 As my poore selfe, of all thy goods the best.  
*Eumaeus* answer'd; Eate, vnhappy wretch,  
 And to what heere is, at thy pleasure reach.  
 This I haue; this thou want'st: thus God will giue,  
 Thus take away; in vs, and all that liue.  
 To his wil's equall center, all things fall;  
 His minde he must haue, for he can do all.  
 Thus hauing eate, and to his wine descended;  
 Before he seru'd his owne thirst, he commended  
 The first vse of it, in fit sacrifice  
 (As of his meate) to all the Deities.  
 And to the City-racers hand, applide  
 The second cup; whose place was next his side:  
*Mesaulius* did distribute the meate,  
 (To which charge, was *Eumaeus* solely set  
 In absence of *Ulysses*; by the Queene  
 And old *Lacertes*) and this man had beene  
 Bought by *Eumaeus*, with his faculties,  
 Employ'd then in the *Taphian* Merchandise.  
 But now; to food appokle, and order'd thus,  
 All fell. Desire suffic'd, *Mesaulius*  
 Did take away. For bed then next they were,  
 All thoroughly satisfied with compleat cheare.

V;

The

Scos δε το  
 πρῶτον, το  
 δισκοῦ.

δυσκοῦ γὰρ  
 ἐπαρτε.

Ulysses.

*Zephyrus* *ausp*  
*spud* *gou*.

The night then came; ill, and no Taper shind:  
*Ione* rain'd her whole date. Th' cuer watry wind  
*Zephyre* blew lowd; and *Laerriades*  
 (Approuing kinde *Eumaus* carefulnes  
 For his whole good) made farre about assay,  
 To get some cast-off Cassocke (least he lay  
 That rough night cold) of him, or any one  
 Of those his seruants: when he thus begun.  
 Heare me *Eumaus*, and my other friends;  
 Ile vse a speech that to my glory tends:  
 Since I haue drunke wine past my vsuall guise;  
*Strong Wine commands the Foole, and moues the wife*;  
 Moues and impels him too, to sing and dance,  
 And breake in pleasant laughers; and (perchance)  
 Preferre a speech too, that were better in.  
 But when my spirits, once to speake begin,  
 I shall not then dissemble. Would to heauen,  
 I were as yong, and had my forces driuen  
 As close together, as when once our powres  
 VV led to ambush, vnder th' *lion* Towres:  
 VVhere *Ithacus*, and *Memelaw* were  
 The two Commanders; when it pleas'd them there  
 To take my selfe for third; when to the Towne  
 And lofty wals we led, we couch't close downe  
 All arm'd, amidst the Officers, and the Reeds,  
 Which oftentimes th' ore-flowing Riuer feeds.  
 The cold night came; and th' icy Northerne gale  
 Blew bleake vpon vs: after which, did fall  
 A snow so cold, it cut, as in it beate  
 A frozen water; which was all concrete  
 About our Shields like Cristall. All made faine  
 (Aboue our armes) to cloathe, and cloathe againe.  
 And so we made good shift (our shields beside  
 Clapt close vpon our cloathes) to rest and hide  
 From all discouery. But I (poore foole)  
 Left my weeds with my men, because so coole  
 I thought it could not proue: which thought, my pride  
 A little strengthen'd; being loth to hide  
 A goodly glittering garment I had on.  
 And so I follow'd with my shield alone,  
 And that braue weed. But when the night nere ended  
 Her course on earth, and that the starres descended,  
 Iiog'd *Vlyses* (who lay passing neare)  
 And spake to him, that had a nimble eare;  
 Assuring him, that long I could not lye  
 Amongst the liuing; for the seruencie  
 Of that sharpe night would kill me; since as then,  
 My euill Angell, made me with my men

*Leant*

Leaue all weeds, but a fine one. But I know  
 'Tis vaine to talke; here wants all remedy now.

This said; he bore that vnderstanding part  
 In his prompt spirit, that still shew'd his Art  
 In Fight and counsell; saying (in a word,  
 And that low whisper'd) Peace, least you afford  
 Some Greeke, note of your softnes. No word more;  
 But made as if his sterne austerity, bore  
 My plight no pittie. Yet (as still he lay  
 His head repos'd on his hand) gaue way  
 To this inuention; Heare me friends, a Dreame  
 (That was of some celestiall light a beame)  
 Stood in my sleepe before me: prompting me  
 VVith this fit notice: we are farre (saide he)  
 From out our Fleet. Let one go then, and try  
 If *Agamemnon* wil asoord supply  
 To what we now are strong. This stir'd a spedd  
 In *Thoas* to th' affaire. Whose purple weede  
 He left for hast. Which then I tooke, and lay  
 In quiet after, til the dawne of day.

This shift *Vlyses* made for one in neede;  
 And would to heauen, that youth such spirit did seed  
 Now in my Nerues; and that my loyns were knit,  
 VVith such a strength, as made me then held fit  
 To leade men with *Vlyses*. I should then  
 Seeme worth a weed, that fit's a herdsman's men:  
 For two respects, to gaine a thankfull frend;  
 And to a good mans neede, a good extend.

O Father (saide *Eumaus*) thou hast shew'd  
 Good cause for vs, to giue thee good friends  
 Not vsing any word, that was not need  
 From all least ill. Thou therefore, shalt not need  
 Or coate, or other thing, that aptly may  
 Befee me a wretched suppliant, for decay  
 Of this nights neede. But when her golden throne  
 The Morne ascends, you must resume your weede:  
 For, heere you must not dreame of many weede;  
 Or any change at all. VVe serue our needs;  
 As you do yours: One backe, one coate. But when  
*Vlyses* loued sonne returnes, he then  
 Shal giue you coat and cassocke; and bestow  
 Your person where, your heart and soule is now.

This said, he rose, made neere the fire his bed,  
 VVhich all with Goats and Sheep-skins, he bespred.  
 All which, *Vlyses* with himselfe did line.  
 VVith whom, besides, he chang'd a gabbetdine,  
 Thicke lin'd, and soft; which stil he made his shift,  
 VVhen he would dresse him gainst the horrid drift

Of

Of Tempest; when deepe winters season blowes.  
 Nor please it him to lye there with his Soves,  
 But while *Vlysses* slept there: and close by  
 The other yonkers, he abroad would ly,  
 And therefore arm'd him. VVhich set cheerefull fare  
 Before *Vlysses* heart; to see such care  
 Of his goods taken; how farre off soeuer  
 His fare, his person, and his wealth should feuer.  
 First then; a sharpe edg'd sword, he girt about  
 His well-spread shoulders; and (to shelter out  
 The sharpe VVest wind that blew) he put him on  
 A thick-lin'd Iacket; and yet cast vpon  
 All that, the large hide of a Goat, well fed.  
 A Lance then tooke he, with a keene Steele head,  
 To be his keepe-off, both gainst Men and Dogges:  
 And thus went he to rest with his male Hogges,  
 That still abroad lay, vnderneath a Rocke:  
 Shield to the North-winds euer eager shooke.

*The End of the Fourteenth Booke  
 of Homers Odysse.*



THE  
 FIFTEENTH BOOKE  
 OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGUMENT.

**M**inerva, to his Native seat  
 Exhorts *Vlysses* sonnes retreats,  
 In Bed, and waking. He receiues  
 Gift of Atrides; and so leaues  
 The Spartan Court. And going aboard  
 Doth fashonable way afford  
 To Theoclymenus; that was  
 The Argiue Augure, and sought passe;  
 Fled for a slaughter he had done.

*Eumæus* tells *Laertes* son,  
 How he became his Fathers Man;  
 Being sold by the Phœnician  
 For some agreed on Faculties;  
 From forth the Syrian Isle, made prise.  
*Telemachus* arriv'd at home,  
 Doth so *Eumæus* Cottage come.

Another.

{ From Sparta's strand  
 makes safe access  
 To his own L, and  
*Vlyssides*. }



**I**N *Lacedæmon*, large, and apt for dances;  
*Atbenian Pallas*, her access aduances  
 Vp to the great in soule, *Vlysses* seed,  
 Suggesting his returne, now fit for deed.  
 She found both him, and *Nestors* noble son  
 In bed; in front of that faire Mansion:  
*Nestorides* surpriz'd with pleasing sleepe.  
 But, on the watch *Vlysses* sonne did keepe,

Sleepe could not enter: cares did so excite  
 His soule, through all the solitary night,  
 For his lou'd Father. To him (*neere*) she said:  
*Telemachus*! 'Tis time that now were staid  
 Thy forreigne trauailes; since thy goods are free  
 For those proud men, that all will eate from thee:  
 Divide thy whole possessions, and leaue  
 Thy too-late presence nothing to receiue.

ἀντιπροσώπων  
*Antiprosopon*  
 In qua ampli  
 ut pulchri cho  
 ri duci possit,  
 vel ducantur:  
 which the vul  
 gar translation  
 turne therefore,  
 laram, seu am  
 plam.

Incite the shrill-voic'd *Menelaus* then,  
 To send thee to thy Native seat agen;  
 VVhile thou mayst yet finde in her honor strong  
 Thy blamelesse Mother, 'gainst thy Father's wrong.  
 For both the Father, and the Brothers to  
 Of thy lou'd Mother, will not suffer so  
 Extended any more, her widdowes bed;  
 But make her now, her richest wooer wed,  
*Eurymachus*: who chiefly may augment  
 Her gifts, and make her ioynture eminent.  
 And therefore hast thee, least in thy despight,  
 Thy house stand empty of thy Native right.  
 For well thou know'st what mind a woman beares,  
 The house of him, who euer she endeares  
 Her selfe in Nuptials to: she sees encrease,  
 The yssue of her first lou'd Lord deceast,  
 Forgotten quite, and neuer thought on more.  
 In thy returne then, the re-counted store  
 Thou find'st refer'd; to thy most trusted Maid  
 Commit in guard, till heauens pow'rs haue puruaid  
 A wife in vertue, and in beauties grace  
 Of fit fort for thee, to supply her place.  
 And this note more Ile giue thee; which repose  
 In sure remembrance: The best sort of those,  
 That woo thy Mother, watchfull scouts addresse,  
 Both in the streights of th' *Ithacensian* Seas,  
 And dusty *Samos*; with intent t' invade  
 And take thy life, ere thy returne be made.  
 VVhich yet, I thinke will faile: and some of them  
 That waste thy fortunes, taste of that extreame  
 They plot for thee. But keepe off farr from shore,  
 And day and night faile: for, a fore-right blowe  
 VVho euer of th' Immortals, that vow guard  
 And scape to thy returne, will see prepar'd.  
 As soone as thou arriu'st, dismisst to Towne  
 Thy Ship and Men: and first of all, make downe  
 To him that keepes thy Swine, and doth conceiue  
 A tender care to see thee well furniue.  
 There sleepe; and send him to the Towne, to tell  
 The chaste *Penelope*, that safe and well  
 Thou liu'st in his charge; and that *Pylas* sands  
 The place contain'd, from whence thy person Lands.  
 Thus she, to large *Olympus*, made ascent.  
 VVhen, with his heele, a little touch he lent  
 To *Nestors* son; whose sleepes sweet chain's he losse;  
 Bad rise, and see in Chariot inclos'de  
 Their one-hoou'd horse; y they might strait bee gone.  
 No such haste (he replied) night holds her throne,

And

And dims all way, to course of Chariot.  
 The Morne will soone get vp. Nor see forgot  
 The gifts with hast, that will, I know, be rich;  
 And put into our Coach with gracious speech,  
 By Lance-fam'd *Menelaus*. Not a Guest  
 Shall touch at his house, but shall store his brest  
 With fit mind of an hospitable man,  
 To last as long as any daylight can  
 His eyes re-comfort; in such gifts as he  
 Will proofes make of his hearty royalty.

He had no sooner said; but vp arose  
*Aurora*, that the Golden hills repose.  
 And *Menelaus* (good at martiall cries)  
 From *Hellens* bed raise'd, to his Guest applies  
 His first apparance. VVhose repaire made knowne  
 T' *Vlysses* lou'd sonne: On, his robe was throwne  
 About his gracious body: his cloake cast  
 Athwart his ample shoulders; and in hast  
 Abroad he went; and did the King accost.

*Atrides*, guarded with heauens deified hoste;  
 Grant now remission to my Native right:  
 My minde now vrging mine owne houses sight.  
 Nor will I stay (saide he) thy person long,  
 Since thy desires to go, are growne so strong.  
 I should my selfe be angry to sustain  
 The like detention, vrg'd by other men.  
 Wholoues a guest past Meane, past Meane will hate;  
 The Meane in all acts, beares the best estate.  
 A like ill 'tis, to thrust out such a guest,  
 As would not go; as to detain the rest.  
 VVe should a guest loue, while he loue's to stay;  
 And when he like's not, giue him louing way.  
 Yet suffer so, that we may gifts impose  
 In Coach to thee. Which ere our hands enclose,  
 Thine eies shall see; lest else, our loues may close.  
 Besides, Ile cause our women to prepare  
 VVhat our house yeelds; and meereley so much fare  
 As may suffice for health. Both, well will do;  
 Both for our honor, and our profit to.  
 And seruing strength with food, you after may  
 As much earth measure, as wil match the day.  
 If you will turne your course from sea, and go  
 Through *Greece* and *Argos*: (that my selfe may so  
 Keepe kinde way with thee) Ile ioyne horse, & guide  
 Tour humane Cities. Nor vngratified  
 VVill any one remit vs: some one thing  
 VVill each present vs, that along may bring  
 Our passe with loue; and proue our vertues blaz'd:

*Telemachus* to  
*Menelaus*.

*Menelaus* answereth

A

A Caldron or a Tripod, richly braz'd.  
Two Mules; a bowle of Gold, that hath his price  
Heightn'd with Emblemes of some rare deuice.

*αἶνος,*  
poculum em-  
blematis, &  
calaturis or-  
natum.

The wise Prince answer'd: I would gladly go  
Home, to mine owne; and see that gouern'd so  
That I may keepe, what I for certaine hold.  
Not hazard that, for onely hop't for Gold:  
I left behind me, none, so all wayes fit  
To giue it guard; as mine owne trust with it.  
Besides, in this broad course which you propose;  
My Father seeking; I my selfe may lose.

VVhen this, the shrill-voic'd *Menelaus* heard;  
He charg'd his Queene and Maids, to see prepar'd  
Breakfast, of what the whole house held for best.  
To him, rose *Etoneus* from his rest;  
VVhose dwelling was not farr off from the Court;  
And his attendance, his command did fort,  
VVith kindling fires, and furth'ring all the rest,  
In act of whose charge heard, no time he lost.

Himselfe then, to an odorous roome descended,  
VVhom *Megapenthe*, and his Queene attended.  
Come to his treasury; a two-ear'd cup  
He chus'd of all, and made his Sonne beare vp  
A Silver bowle. The Queene then taking stand  
Aside her Chift; where (by her owne faire hand  
Lay Vests, of all hues wrought) She tooke out one  
Most large, most Anfall: chiefly faire; and shone  
Like to a Star; and lay of al, the last.

Then through the house, with eithers gift they pass;  
VVhen to *Ulysses* sonne, *Atrides* said:

*Menelaus*  
*Telemachus*,

*Telemachus*: since so entirely swaid  
Thy thoughts are, with thy vow'd return, now render'd;  
May *Iuno's* thundring husband, see it render'd  
Perfect at all parts; action answering thought.  
Of all the rich gifts, in my treasure, sought  
I giue thee heere, the most in grace, and best.  
A Bowle, but Silver; yet the brims compress'd  
With Gold; whose fabrick his desert doth bring  
From *Vulcan's* hand. Presented by the King  
And great *Heroe* of *Sydonia's* State;  
VVhen at our parting he did consummate  
His whole house keeping. This do thou command.

This said, he put the round Bowle in his hand;  
And then, his strong son *Megapenthe* plac't  
The Silver cup before him; amply grac't  
VVith worke, and luster. *Hellen* (standing by;  
And in her hand, the Robe, her huswifery)  
His name remembring, said: And I present

Lord

(Lou'd sonne) this gift to thee; the Monument  
Of the so-many-loued *Hellen's* hands:  
VVhich, at the knitting of thy Nuptiall bands.  
Present thy wife. In meane space, may it ly  
By thy lou'd Mother; but to me apply  
Thy pleasure in it. And thus, take thy way  
To thy faire house, and Countries wish'd stay.  
Thus gaue she to his hands, the veile; and he,  
The acceptance author'd ioyfully.  
Which in the Chariots Chift, *Pisistratus*  
Plac't with the rest, and held miraculous:

The yellow-headed King then, led them all,  
To seates and Thrones plac't, in his spacious Hall.  
The Hand-maid, water brought, and gaue it stream  
From out a faire and golden Ewre to them.  
From whose hands, to a siluer Caldron, fled  
The troubl'd waue. A bright boord then the spread:  
On which, another reuerend Dame set bread:  
To which, more seruants, store of victuals seru'd:  
*Etoneus* was the man that keru'd;  
And *Megapenthe* fill'd them all their wine.  
All fed, and dranke; till all felt care decline  
For those refreshings. Both the Guests did go  
To horse, and coach; and forth the *Portico*  
A little issu'd: VVhen the yellow King  
Brought wine himselfe: that, with an Offering  
To all the Gods, they might their iourney take.  
He stood before the Gods; and thus he spake.

Farewell yong Princes: to graue *Nestors* care  
This salutation from my gratitude, beare:  
That I profess in all our *Iliou* warres  
He stood, a carefull Father to my cares.

To him the wife *Polyides*, replied:  
VVith all our vtmost shall be signified  
(loue-kept *Atrides*) your right royall will:  
And would to God, I could as wel fulfill  
Mine owne mindes gratitude, for your free grace;  
In telling to *Polydes*, in the place  
Of my returne; in what accomplish't kind  
I haue obtain'd the office of a friend  
At your deseruings: whose faire end you crowne  
With gifts so many; and of such renowne.

His wish, that he might finde in his retreat  
His Father safe return'd (to so repeat  
The Kings loue to him) was saluted thus:  
An Eagle rose; and in her Seres did trusse:  
A Goose, all white, & huge: A household one;  
VVhich, men and women (crying out vpon)

X

Pur-

Pursu'd : but she (being neere the guests) her flight  
Made on their right hand ; and kept still fore-right  
Before their horses : which obseru'd by them,  
The spirits in all their minds tooke ioyes extream ;  
VVhich *Nestors* son thus question'd : *Ioue*-kept King,  
Yield your graue thoughts, if this oftentfull thing  
(This Eagle, and this Goose) touch vs, or you ?  
He put to study, and not knowing how  
To giue fit answer, *Hellen* tooke on her  
Th' oftent solution, and did this prefer.

Heare me, and I will play the Prophets part,  
As the immortals call it in my heart ;  
And (as I thinke) will make the true sense knowne :  
As this *Ioues* Bird, from out the Mountaines flowne  
(Where was her Arie ; and whence rose her race)  
Trust vp this Goose, that from the house did graze ;  
So shall *Vlysses* (coming from the wilde  
Of Seas and sufferings) reach, vnreconcil'd  
His Native home : where euen this houre he is :  
And on those house-fed woors, those wrongs of his,  
VVill shortly wreake, with all their miseries.

O (said *Telemachus*) if *Saturnian* Ioue,  
To my desires, thy deare preface approue ;  
VVhen I arriue, I will performe to thee  
My daily vowes, as to a Deiry.

This said, he vnde his scourge vpon the horse,  
That through the City freely made their course  
To Field ; and all day, made that first speed, good.  
But when the Sun-set, and *Obscure* it stood  
In each mans way ; they ended their access  
At *Pheras*, in the house of *Dioetes*,  
Sonne to *Orsilochus*, *Alpheus* seede ;  
VVho gaue them guest-rites : and sleeps naturall need  
They that night seru'd there. VVhen *Aurora* rose,  
They ioynd their horse : tooke coach, and did dispose  
Their course for *Pylos*, whose high City, soon  
They reach't. Nor would *Telemachus* be wooon  
To *Nestors* house : and therefore order'd thus  
His speech to *Nestors* son, *Pisistratus* ;

How shall I win thy promise to a grace  
That I must aske of thee ? we both imbrace  
The names of Bed-fellows ; and in that name  
VVill glory as an Adiuinct of our fame :  
Our Fathers friendship : our owne equall age ;  
And our ioynt trauaile, may the more engage  
Our mutuall concord. Do not then assay  
(My God-lou'd friend) to leade me from my way,  
To my neere Ship ; but take a course direct

*Nestors* son to  
*Menelaus*  
His Iroue d  
question conti  
nues till *Helo*  
mers Co-rector  
of *Menelaus*,

*Hellen* disposes  
the Oient.

*Telem.* to *Helen*

*Telem.* to *Pisistr.*

And leaue me there ; least thy old Sires respect  
(In his \* desire to loue me) hinder so  
My way for home, that haue such need to go.

This said ; *Nestorides* held all discourse  
In his kinde soule, how best he might enforce  
Both promise and performance ; which, at last  
He vow'd to venture ; and directly cast  
His horse about, to fetch the Ship and Shore.  
VVhere, come : His friends most loudly gifts, he bore  
Aboard the Ship ; and in her hind-deck plac'd  
The vaile that *Hellen* curious hand had grac't ;  
And *Menelaus* Gold : and said, Away ;  
Nor let thy men, in any least date, stay :  
But quire put off, ere I get home, and tell  
The old Duke, you are past : for passing well  
I know his minde, to so exceed all force  
Of any pray'r ; That he wil stay your course ;  
Himselfe make hither, All your course call backe ;  
And when he hath you, haue no thought to racke  
Him from his bounty ; and to let you part  
VVithout a Present : but be vex't at heart  
VVith both our pleadings ; if we once but moue  
The least repression of his fiery loue.

Thus took he coach : his faire-man'd steeds scourg'd  
Along the *Pylian* City : and anon  
His Fathers Court reacht. VVhile *Vlysses* Sonne  
Bad board, and armes, which with a thought was done :

His Rowers set, and he rich Odors firing  
In his hind-decke ; for his secure retiring  
To great \* *Athenia* : To his Ship came flying  
A Stranger, and a Prophet ; as relying  
On wished passage : hauing newly slaine  
A man at *Argos* : yet his Races vaine  
Flow'd from *Melampus*, who in former date  
In *Pylos* liu'd, and had a huge estate.  
But fled his country ; and the punishing hand  
Of great-soul'd *Neleus*, in a forreigne Land  
From that most famous Mortall, hauing held  
A world of riches : nor could be compeld  
To render restitution in a yeare.

In meane space, liuing as close prisoner  
In Court of *Phylacus* : and for the sake  
Of *Neleus* daughter, mighty cares did take ;  
Together with a greuous Langour sent  
From graue \* *Erynnis*, that did much torment  
His vexed conscience ; yet his lifes expence  
He scapt, and draue the loud-voic't Oxen thence ;  
To breed-sheepe *Pylos*, bringing vengeance thus

*Xystrus* ge-  
ner.  
Cupiens dili-  
gere.

\* *Pallas*.

\* One of the *Fu-*  
ries of hell.

And

X 2

Her

Her foule demerit, to great *Neleus*;  
 And to his Brothers house reduc't his wife:  
 Who yet from *Pylus*, did remoue his life  
 For feed-horse *Argos*; where his Fate set downe  
 A dwelling for him: and in much renowne  
 Made gouerne many *Argines*: where, a Spouse  
 He tooke to him, and built a famous house.  
 There had he borne to him *Amphates*,  
 And forcefull *Mantius*. To the first of these  
 VVas great *Oiclaus* borne: *Oiclaus* gate  
*Amphiarauus*; that the popular State  
 Had all their health in: whom, euen from his heart  
*Ioue* lou'd; and *Phabus* in the whole desert  
 Of friendship hel'd him. Yet not blest so much  
 That Ages threshold, he did euer touch:  
 But lost his life, by\* Female bribery.  
 Yet two sonnes author'd his posterity;  
*Alcmaon*, and renown'd *Amphilochus*.  
*Mantim* had yssue; *Polyphidius*,  
 And *Clytus*: But *Aurora* rauisht him,  
 For excellence of his admired lim;  
 And interest'd him amongst the Gods.  
 His Brother knew, mens good and bad abodes  
 The best of all men; after the decease  
 Of him that perisht in vnnatural peace  
 At spacious *Thebes*. *Apollo* did inspire  
 His knowing soule with a Propheticke fire.  
 VVho (angry with his Father) tooke his way  
 To *Hyperesia*, where (making stay)  
 He prophesied to all men; and had there  
 A Sonne call'd *Theoclymenus*; who here  
 Came to *Telemachus*; and found aboard  
 Himselfe at Sacrifice; whom in a word  
 He thus saluted: O Friend, since I finde  
 Euen heere at Ship, a sacrificing minde  
 Informe your actions: By your sacrifices,  
 And by that worthy choise of Deities,  
 To whom you offer: by your selfe, and all,  
 These men that serue your course maritall;  
 Tell one that askes, the truth: Nor giue it close,  
 Both who, and whence you are? From what feed rofe  
 Your royall person? And what Cities Tow'rs  
 Hold habitation, to your parents pow'rs?  
 He answer'd: Stranger! The sure truth is this;  
 I am of *Ithaca*; my Father is  
 (Or was) *Vlysses*: but austere death, now  
 Takes his state from him; whose euent to know,  
 (Himselfe being long away) I set forth thus

\*His wife be-  
traid him for  
money.

*Theoclymenus*  
to *Telemachus*.

*Telemachus* to  
*Theoclymenus*.

VVidi

With ship and souldiers: *Theoclymenus*,  
 As freely said; And I to thee am fled  
 From forth my country; for a man strooke dead  
 By my vnhappy hand: who was with me  
 Of one selfe- Tribe; and of his pedigree  
 Are many Friends and Brothers: and the sway  
 Of *Achive* Kindred, reacheth farre away.  
 From whom (because I feare their spleenes suborne  
 Blood, and blacke fate against me (being borne  
 To be a wandrer among forreigne men)  
 Make thy faire ship, my rescue; and sustein  
 My life from slaughter. Thy seruings may  
 Performe that mercy: and to them I pray:

Nor will I barre (said he) thy will to make  
 My meanes and equall ship, thy ayde: but take  
 (VVith what wee haue heere, in all friendly vse)  
 Thy life from any violence that pursues.

Thus tooke he in, his Lance; and it extended  
 Aloft the hatches; which himselfe ascended.  
 The Prince tooke seate at Sterne: on his right hand,  
 Set *Theoclymenus*; and gaue command  
 To all his men, to arme; and see made fast  
 Amidst the hollow Keele, the Beechen Mast  
 VVith able halfers; hoise saile, lanch: which soone  
 He saw obay'd. And then his Ship did runne  
 A merry course: Blew-ey'd *Minerua* sent  
 A fore-right gale; tumultuous, vehement,  
 Along the aire; that her waies vtmost yeeld  
 The ship might make, and plough the brackish field.

Then set the Sun, and Night black't all the waies.  
 The ship (with *Ioues* wind wing'd) wher th' *Epian* swaies  
 Fetcht *Iheras* first: then *Elis*, the diuine;  
 And then for those Isles made, that Sea-ward shine,  
 For forme and sharpnesse, like a Lances head.  
 About which, lay the woosers ambushed.  
 On which he rush't, to try if he could scape  
 His plotted death; or serue Her treacherous Rape.

And now returne we to *Eumais* Shed;  
 VVhere (at their foode with others marshalled)  
*Vlysses*, and his noble Herdsman fate;  
 To try if whose loues curious estate  
 Stood firme to his abode, or felt it fade;  
 And so would take each best cause to perswade  
 His Guest to Towne; *Vlysses* thus contends:  
 Heare me, *Eumais*, and ye other Friends.  
 Next Morne, to Towne I couet to be gone,  
 To beg some others almes; nor still charge one.  
 Adulfe me well then; and as well prouide

X 3

*Telem. Reply.*

*The Hories u*  
*turns to Eum*

I

I may be fitted with an honest guide.  
 For through the streets (since Need will haue it so)  
 Ile tread, to try if any will bestow  
 A dish of drinke on me, or bit of bread,  
 Till to *Vlysses* house I may be led.  
 And there Ile tell all-wife *Penelope*, newes:  
 Mix with the wooers pride; and (since they vse  
 To fare about the full) their hands excite  
 To some small Feast, from out their infinite:  
 For which, Ile waite, and play the Seruingman,  
 Fairely enough; command the most they can.  
 For I will tell thee; note me well, and heare,  
 That if the will be of heauens Messenger,  
 (VWho to the workes of men, of any sort  
 Can grace infuse, and glory) nothing short  
 Am I of him, that doth to most aspire  
 In any seruice: as to builde a Fire,  
 To cleauere wood: to roast, or boile their meat;  
 To waite at boord, mixe wine, or know the Neate;  
 Or any worke, in which the poore-cal'd worst,  
 To serue the rich-cal'd best, in Fate are forc't.  
 He, angry with him, said, Alas poore Guest,  
 VWhy did this counsaile euer touch thy breast?  
 Thou seek'st thy vtter spoyle beyond all doubt,  
 If thou giu'st venture on the Wooers rout:  
 VVhose wrong and force, affects the Iron heauen.  
 Their light delights, are faine from being giuen  
 To such graue Seruitors. Youths richly trick't  
 In coats or Cassocks; Lockes diuinely slickt,  
 And lookes most rapt; euer haue the gift  
 To taste their crown'd cups, and full Trenchers, shift.  
 Their Tables euer like their Glasses shine;  
 Loaded with bread, with varied flesh, and wine.  
 And thou? go thither? Stay: for heere do none  
 Grudge at thy presence: nor my selfe, nor one  
 Of all I feed. But when *Vlysses* sonne  
 Again shall greet vs, he shall put thee on  
 Both coat and cassocke; and thy quick retreat  
 Set, where thy heart and soule desire thy seat.  
 Industrious *Vlysses*, gaue reply:  
 I still much wish, that heauens chiefe Deiry  
 Lou'd thee, as I do; that hast eas'd my minde  
 Of woes and wandrings, neuer yet confin'de.  
 Nought is more wretched in a humane Race,  
 Then Countries want, and shifts from place to place.  
 But for the banefull belly, men take care  
 Beyond good counsaile: whose euer are  
 In compasse of the wants it vndergoes,

*Eumais to V-  
lysses.*

*Vlysses answers  
to Eumais.*

By

By wandrings losses, or dependant woes.  
 Excuse me therefore, if I err'd at home:  
 VVhich since thou wilt make heere (as ouercome  
 VVith thy command for stay) Ile take on me  
 Cares appertaining to this place, like thee.  
 Does then *Vlysses* Sire, and Mother breath?  
 Both whom he left, in th'age next doore to death?  
 Or are they breathlesse, and descended where  
 The darke house is, that neuer day doth cleere?  
*Laertes* liues (saide he) but euery howre  
 Befeecheth *Ioue* to take from him the powre  
 That ioynes his life and limbes: for with a mone  
 That breeds a meruaile, he laments his sonne  
 Depriu'd by death. And addes to that, another  
 Of no lesse depth; for that dead sonnes dead Mother:  
 VVhom he a Virgin wedded: which the more  
 Makes him lament her losse; and doth deplore  
 Yet more her misse, because her wombe the truer  
 Was to his braue sonne; and his slaughter stude her.  
 VVhich last loue to her, doth his life engage,  
 And makes him liue an vndigested age.  
 O! such a death she died, as neuer may  
 Seize any one, that heere beholds the day;  
 That either is to any man, a friend,  
 Or can a woman kill in such a kind.  
 As long as she had Being, I would be  
 A still Inquirer (since 't was decre to me,  
 Though death to her, to heare his name) when she  
 Heard of *Vlysses*: for I might be bold;  
 She brought me vp, and in her loue did hold  
 My life, compar'd with long-vail'd *Erinnis*,  
 Her yongest yssue (in some small degree  
 Her daughter yet prefer'd) a braue yong *Damie*.  
 But when of youth the dearely loued *Planie*  
 VVas lighted in vs; marriage did prefer  
 The maide to *Samos*; whence was sent for her  
 Infinite riches: when, the Queene bestow'd  
 A faire new suite, new shoes, and all; and vow'd  
 Me to the field. But pasing loth to part,  
 As louing me, more then she lov'd her hart.  
 And these I want now, but their businesse growes  
 Vpon me daily. Which the Gods impose,  
 To whom I hold all, giue account to them,  
 For I see none, left to the *Diadem*,  
 That may dispose all better. So, I drinke  
 And eate of what is heere; and whom I think  
 VVorthy or reuerend, I haue giu'n to still  
 These kinds of Guest-riees: for the household ill

*Eumais an-  
swers to Vlysses.*

*ἡβην πολυ-  
πατος,  
Περσπταβί-  
λεμ pubem.*

Which



(VWhich where the Queene is, ryots) takes her stil  
From thought of these things. Nor is it delight  
To heare from her plight; of or worke, or word;  
The woos spoyle all. But yet my men, will bord  
Her sorrowes often, with discourse of all:  
Eating and drinking of the Festiuall  
That there is kept; and after bring to field  
Such things as seruants make their pleasures yield.

*Vhisses answere  
to Eumeus.*

*\*Supposing him  
to dwell in a Ci-  
tie.*

*Eumeus relates  
his birth, &c.*

*\*ἀβραρτες.*

O me (*Eumeus*) faide *Laertes* sonne,  
Hast thou then err'd so, of a little one?  
(Like me?) From friends, and country? pray thee say,  
(And say a Truth) doth vast *Destruction* lay  
Her hand vpon the wide-way'd \* *Seat* of men?  
VVhere dwelt thy Sire, and reuerend Mother then?  
That thou art spar'd there? Or else, set alone  
In guard of Beeues, or Sheepe: Serth' enemy on;  
Surprised, and Ship; transfer'd, and sold thee heere?  
He that bought thee, paid well; yet bought not deere.  
Since thou enquir'st of that, my guest (*said he*)  
Heare and be silent: and meane space, sit free  
In vse of these cups, to thy most delights;  
In vse of these cups, to thy most delights;  
\* Vnspeakable, in length now, are the Nights.  
Those that affect sleepe yet; to sleepe haue leaue;  
Those that affect to heare, their hearers giue.  
But sleepe not ere your houre; *Much sleep doth grieue.*  
VWho euer lists to sleepe; Away to bed:  
Together with the morning raise his head:  
Together with his fellowes, breake his fast;  
And then, his Lords Herd, driue to their repast.  
VVe two, still in our Tabernacle heere,  
Drinking & eating; will our bosomes cheere  
VVith memories, and tales of our annoyes.  
*Betwixt his sorrowes, euery Humane ioyes.*  
He most, who most hath felt; and furthest err'd:  
And now thy wil; to act, shall be prefer'd.

*Eumeus' telles  
Vhisses how he  
was bought and  
sold.*

There is an Isle about *Ortygia*  
(If thou hast heard) they call it *Syria*;  
VVhere, once a day, the Sun moues backwards still.  
Tis not so great as good; for it doth fill  
The fields with Oxen; fills them still with Sheepe;  
Fills roofes with wine, & makes al Come there cheap:  
No Dearth comes euer there; nor no Disease,  
That doth, with hate, vs wretched mortals sease.  
But when mens varied Nations, dwelling there  
In any City, enter th' aged yeare:  
The Siluer-bow-bearer (the Sun) and she,  
That beares as much renoune for Archery;  
Stoop with their painles shafts, & strike them dead,

As

As one would sleepe, and neuer keepe the bed.  
In this Isle stand two Cities; betwixt whome  
All things, that of the soiles fertility come,  
In two part sare diuided. And both these,  
My Father ruld; (*Ctesius Ormenides*)  
A man, like the immortals. VVith these States,  
The crosse-biting *Phanfsians*, traffick rates  
Of infinit Merchandize, in ships brought there;  
In which, they then, were held exempt from pere.

There dwelt within my Fathers house, a Dame  
Borne a *Phanfsian*; skilfull in the frame  
Of Noble Huiwiferies; right tall, and faire.  
Her, the *Phanfsian* great-wench-net-lai're,  
With sweet words circumvented, as she was  
VVashing her Linnen. To his amorous passe  
He brought her first, shor'd from his Ship to her;  
To whom he did his whole life's loue prefer;  
Which, of these brest-exposing Dames, the harts  
Deceiues; though fashion'd of right honest parts.  
He askt her after, VVhat she was? and whence?  
She passing presently, the excellence  
Told of her Fathers Turrets; and that she  
Might boast her selfe, sprung from the Progeny  
Of the rich *Sydons*; and the daughter was  
Of the much-yeare-reuennew'd *Arybas*.  
But, that the *Taphian* Pirats, made her prize,  
As the return'd from her field-huiwiferies:  
Transfer'd her hither; and at that mans house  
VVhere now she liu'd; for value precious  
Sold her to th' Owner. He that stole her loue,  
Bad her againe, to her births seate remoue,  
To see the faire roofes of her friends againe;  
Who still held state, and did the port maintaine,  
Her selfe reported. She said, Be it so;  
So you, and al that in your ship shall see,  
Swear to returne me, in all safety hence.

All swore; th' Oath past, with euery consequence:  
She bad, Be silent now; and not a word  
Do you, or any of your friends afford,  
Meeting me afterward in any way;  
Or at the washing Fount; lest some display  
Be made, and told the old man; and he then  
Keepe me straight bound: To you, and to your men  
The vtter ruine, plotting of your liues.  
Keepe in firme thought then, euery word that striues  
For dangerous vterance: Haste your ships ful freight  
Of what you Trafficke for; and let me straight  
Know by some sent friend: \* She hath all in hold,

*\*Intending the  
Ship.*

And

*τοῦ πατρὸς  
αὐτοῦ, ἡ ἀ-  
μοιβὴν ἔλαβεν.  
Der. ex α-  
λυσ. 1. per-  
trabo in re-  
tia & αὐτῶν.  
1. phella.*

And (with my selfe) Ile bring thence all the gold  
I can by all meanes finger: and beside,  
Ile do my best, to see your fright supplide  
VVith some wel-weighing burthen of mine owne.  
For I bring vp, in house, a great mans sonne,  
As crafty as my selfe; who will with me  
Run euery way along; and I will be  
His Leader, till your Ship hath made him sure.  
He will an infinite great price procure  
Transfer him to what languag'd men ye may.

This said; She gat her home, and there made stay  
A whole year with vs; Goods of great auaille  
Their Ship enriching. VVhich now, fit for saile:  
They sent a Messenger to informe the Dame,  
And, to my fathers house a fellow came,  
Full of *Phanissian* craft: that, to be sold  
A Tablet bought; the body all of Gold,  
The Verge, all Amber. This had ocular view,  
Both by my honor'd Mother, and the crew  
Of her house-handmaids, hand'd; and the price  
Beat; askt, and promist. And while this deuice  
Lay thus vpon the Forge: this Jeweller  
Made priuy signes (by winks and wiles) to her  
That was his object; which she tooke, and he  
(His signe seeing noted) bied to Ship. VVhen she  
(My hand still taking, as the vnde to do  
To walke abroad with her) conuaid me so  
Abroad with her; and in the *Portico* }  
Found cups, with tasted Viands; which the guests  
That vnde to flocke about my Fathers feasts  
Had left. They gone (some to the Counsaile Court;  
Some to heare newes amongst the talking fort)  
Her Theft, three bowles into her lap conuaid;  
And forth she went. Nor was my wit so staid  
To stay her, or my selfe. The Sun went downe,  
And shadowes round about the world were flowne,  
VVhen we came to the hauens; in which did ride  
The swift *Phanissian* Ship; whose faire broad side  
They boarded straight: Took vs vp; And all went  
Along the moyst waues. VVinde, *Saturnius* sent.  
Six dayes, we day and night say'd: But vhen *Ioue*  
Put vp the seuenth day; She, that shafis \* doth loue,  
Shot dead the woman; who into the pompe  
Like to a Dop-chicke, diu'd; and gaue a thumpe  
In her sad setting. Forth they cast her then  
To serue the Fish, and Sea-calues: no more Men.  
But I was left there, with a heauy hart.  
VVhen, winde and water draue them quite apart

\* Diana.

Thei

Their owne course, and on *Ithaca* they fell;  
And there, poore me, did to *Laertes* sell:  
And thus these eyes, the sight of this Ile prou'd.

*Enmaus* (he replied) Thou much hast mou'd  
The minde in me, with all things thou hast said,  
And all the sufferance on thy bosome laid:  
But (truly) to thy ill, hath *Ioue* ioyn'd good,  
That one whose veines are seru'd with humane blood  
Hath bought thy seruice; that gives competence  
Of food, wine, cloth to thee. And sure th' expence  
Of thy lifes date heere, is of good defart.  
VVhose labours, not to thee alone, impart  
Sufficient food and housing; but to me.  
VVhere I, through many a heap't humanity  
Haue hither err'd; where, though (like thee) not fold,  
Not staid, like thee yet; nor nought needfull hold.

This mutuall speech they vs'd; nor had they slept  
Much time before; the much-nere-morning leapt  
To her faire throne. And now strooke saile, the men  
That seru'd *Telemachus* arriv'd iust then  
Nere his lou'd shore: where now they sloop't the Mast,  
Made to the Port with Oares, and Anchor cast;  
Made fast the Ship, and then ashore they went:  
Drest supper, fill'd wine; when (their appetites spent)  
*Telemachus* commanded, they should yield  
The Ship to th' owner; while himselfe, at field  
VVould see his shepherds: when light drew to end  
He would his gifts see, and to Towne descend.  
And in the morning, at a Feast bestow  
Rewards for all their paines. And whither, now  
(Said *Theoclymenus*) my lou'd Son  
Shall I address my selfe? whose mansion,  
Of all men, in this rough-hewne life, shall I  
Direct my way to? Or go readily  
To thy house, and thy Mother? He replied;  
Another time, Ile see you satisfied  
VVith my house entertainment: but as now,  
You should encounter none that could bestow  
Your fit entreaty; and (which lesse grace were)  
You could not see my Mother, I not there.  
For shee's no frequent object; but apart  
Keepes from her wooers; wou'd with her defart,  
Vp, in her chamber, at her Hufwifery.  
But Ile name one, to whom you shall apply  
Direct repaire; and that's *Eurymachus*,  
Renown'd decent, to wife *Polybus*:  
A man whom th' *Ithacensians* looke on now;  
As on a God: since he, of all that wow

Is

Is farre superior man; and likeſt far  
To wed my mother: and as circular  
Be in that honor, as *Vlyſſes* was.  
But heauen-houſd *Ioue* knowes, the yet hidden paſſe  
Of her diſpoſure; and on them he may  
A blacker ſight bring, then her Nuptiall day.

As this he vtter'd; on his right hand flew  
A Saker; ſacred to the God of view:  
That, in his Tallons truſt, and plum'd a Doue;  
The Feathers round about the Ship did roue,  
And on *Telemachus* fell; whom th' Augure then  
Tooke faſt by th' hand; withdrew him from his men,  
And ſaid; *Telemachus*; This Hawke is ſent  
From God; I knew it for a ſure Oſtent  
VVhen firſt I ſaw it. Be you well aſſur'd,  
There will no wooer be by heauen indu'd  
To rule in *Ithaca*, about your Race;  
But your pow'rs euer fill the Regall place.

*Telemachus*  
to *Telemachus*.

*Telemachus* to  
*Telemachus*.

I wiſh to heauen (ſaid he) thy word might ſtand;  
Thou then ſhouldeſt ſoon acknowledge from my hand  
Such gifts & friendſhip, as would make thee (Gueſt)  
Met, and ſaluted, as no leſſe then bleſt.

*Telem.* to *Pyraus*

This ſaid; he call'd *Pyraus* (*Chryſus* ſonne)  
His true aſſociate; ſaying, Thou haſt done  
(Of all my Followers, to the *Pylian* ſhore)  
My will, in chiefe, in other things; Once more,  
Be chiefly good to me: take to thy houſe  
This loued ſtranger; & be ſtudious  
T' embrace and greet him, with thy greateſt ſare,  
Till I my ſelfe come, and take off thy care.

*Pyraus* reply.

The famous for his Lance ſaide; if your ſtay,  
Take time for life heere; this mans care, he lay  
On my performance; nor what fits a Gueſt,  
Shall any penury with-hold his Feaſt.

Thus tooke he ſhip; bad them boord, and away.  
They boorded; ſate: but did their labour ſtay  
Till he had deckt his ſeete, and reacht his Lance.  
They to the City: he did ſtraight aduance  
Vp to his Sties; where Swine lay for him, ſtore;  
By whoſe ſides did his honeſt Swine-herd ſnore:  
Till his ſhort eares, his longeſt Nights had ended:  
And nothing worſe, to both his Lords intended.

*The End of the Fifteenth Booke*  
of *Homers Odyſſes*.

## THE SIXTEENTH BOOKE OF HOMER'S ODYSSES.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*He Prince at Field; he ſends to Towne*  
*Eumæus, to make truly knowne*  
*His ſafe returne. By Pallas will,*  
*Telemachus is giuen the ſkill*  
*To know his Father. Thoſe that lay*  
*In Ambuſh, to prevent the way*  
*Of young Vlyſſides, for home;*  
*Retire, with anger overcome.*

### Another.

*To his moſt deere,*  
*Vlyſſes ſonne;*  
*The wiſe Son heere*  
*his Father knowes.*



*Vlyſſes*, and diuine *Eumæus* roſe  
Soone as the morning could her eyes vnclowe:  
Made fire; brake faſt; And to their Paſture ſend  
The gather'd Herds: on whom, their Swaines attend.

The ſelfe-tyre barking Dogs, all fawn'd vpon;  
Nor bark't, at firſt ſight of *Vlyſſes* ſon.  
The whinings of their ſawtings yet did greet  
*Vlyſſes* eares; and ſounds of certaine feet;  
Who thus beſpake *Eumæus*: Sure ſome friend,  
Or one well knowne comes, that the Maſtiues ſpend  
Their mouths no lower. Onely ſome one neare  
They whine, and leape about; whoſe ſeete I heare.

Each word of this ſpeech was not ſpent, before  
His Son ſtood in the entry of the dore.  
Out-ruſht amaz'd *Eumæus*: and let go  
The cup to earth, that he had labor'd ſo,  
Cleanſ'd for the neate wine: Did the Prince ſurpriſe,  
Kiſt his faire forehead: Both his louely eyes,  
Both his white hands; And tender teares diſtill'd.  
There breath'd no kind-ſou'd Father, that was ſild  
Leſſe with his ſonnes embraces, that had liu'd  
Ten yeares in farre-off earth; now new retrieu'd,  
His onely childe too-gotten in his age:  
And for whoſe abſence he had felt the rage

*Eumæus amaz'd*  
*and kinde wel-*  
*come of Tele-*  
*machus.*



Bene such amongst your people; that, all gather  
In troope, and one voice; (weeuen God doth father)  
And vow your hate so, that they suffer them?  
Or blame your Kinsfolks faiths, before th'extream  
Of your first stroke hath tried them? whom a man  
When strifes, to blowes rise, trusts: though battel ran  
In huge and high waues? would to heauen my spirit  
Such youth breath'd, as the man that must inherit,  
Yet neuer toucht *Phylas*: or that he  
(But wandering this way) would but come, and see  
Vvhat my age could atchieue (and there is Fate  
For Hope yet left; that he may recreate  
His eyes with such an obiet.) This my head  
Should any stranger strike off, if stake dead.  
I strooke not all: the house in open force  
Entring with challenge. If their great concourse  
Did ouer-lay me, being a man alone;  
(Vvwhich you vrge for your selfe) be you that one.  
I rather in mine owne house wish to dye  
One death for all; then so indecently  
See euermore, deeds worse then death applied;  
Guests, wrōg'd with vile words, & blow-giving pride:  
The women-servants dragg'd in filthy kind  
About the faire house; and in corners blind  
Made serue the rapes of Ruffine: Food deuour'd  
Idely and rudely; wine exhaust; and pour'd  
Through throats prophane; and all about a deed,  
That's euer wooing, and will neuer speed.

He tell you (Guest) most truly, *Eide his Son*;  
I do not thinke, that all my people run  
One hatefull course against me; Nor accuse  
Kinsfolkes that I, in strifes of weight, might vse:  
But *Ioue* will haue it so: our Race alone,  
(As if made singular) to one, and one  
His hand confining. Onely to the King  
(*Ioue*-bred *Arcefus*) did *Laertes* spring;  
Onely to old *Laertes* did descend  
*Vlysses*; onely to *Vlysses* end  
Am I the Adiunct; whom he left so young,  
That from me, to him, neuer comfort spring.  
And to all these now (for their race) arise  
Vp in their house, a brood of enemies.  
As many as in these Isles bow mens knees;  
*Samos*, *Dalychium*, and the rich in *Trees*  
*Zacynthus*: Or in this rough Isles command,  
So many suiters for the Nuptials stand,  
That aske my Mother; and means space, prefer  
Their lusts to all spoile, that dishonour her.

Nor

Nor doth she (though she loathes) deny their suites;  
Nor they denials take, though taste their fruites.  
But all this time, the state of all things there  
Their throats deuoure; and I must shortly beare  
A part in all; and yet the periods  
Of these designs, lye in the knes of Gods.  
Of all Loues then, *Eumaeus*; make quicke way  
To wise *Penelope*; and to her, say  
My safe returne from *Pylas*; and alone  
Returne thou hither, hauing made it knowne.  
Nor let (besides my Mother) any eare  
Partake thy Message; since a number beare  
My safe returne displeasure. He replied;

I know, and comprehend you; you diuide,  
Your minde with one that vnderstands you well.  
But, all in one yet; may I not reitale  
To thold hard-fated \**Arcefiades*?  
Your safe returne? who through his whole distress  
Felt for *Vlysses*, did not yet so grieue,  
But with his household, he had will to liue;  
And seru'd his appetite, with wine, and food;  
Surueigh'd his husbandry, and did his blood  
Some comforts fitting life: But since you tooke  
Your ship for *Pylas*, he would neuer brooke,  
Or wine, or food, they say; nor cast an eye  
On any labour: but sits weeping by;  
And sighing out his sorrowes, ceaselesse mones  
Wasting his body, turn'd all skin and bones.

More sad newes still (said he) yet; mourne he still:  
For if the rule of all mens workes be will,  
And his will, his way goes: mine stands inclin'd  
Tattend the home-raine of my \* neerer kind.  
Do then, what I inioyne, which, given effect;  
Errer not to field to him, but turne direct.  
Entreating first my Mother, with most speed;  
And all the secrecy that now serues Neece,  
To fend this way their store-house Guardian,  
And the shall tell all to the aged \* Man.

He tooke his shooes vp; put them on, and went.  
Nor was his absence, hid from *Ioues* descent,  
Diuine *Mimera*: who tooke straight, to view,  
A goodly womans shape, that all workes knew:  
And, standing in the entry, did prefer  
Her sight to *Vlysses*. But (though meeting her)  
His sonne *Telemachus*, nor saw, nor knew:  
The Gods cleere presences, are knowne to few.  
Yet (with *Vlysses*) euen the Dogs did see,  
And would not barke; but, whining louingly,

Y 3

Fled

Eum. to Telem.

\*Laertes.

Telem. to Eum.

\* Intending, his  
Father, whose  
returne, though  
he were, far  
knowing, or  
silly  
expecting:  
yet he desir'd  
to order all things  
as he were pre-  
sent.

\* Intending to  
Laertes, all that  
Eumaeus would  
haue told.

Telemachus  
to his mother.

*Pallas appears  
to Ulysses.*

Fled to the Stals farre side. VVhere She, her cine  
Moo'd to *Ulysses*. He knew her designe,  
And left the house, past the great Sheep-cotes wall,  
And stood before her. She bad, Vtter all  
Now to his sonne; nor keepe the least vnloose:  
That all the wooers deaths being now dispose,  
They might approach the Towne; Affirming, the  
Not long would faile, & assit to victory.

*Pallas wishes  
Ulysses youth  
for the time.*

This said; She laide her golden Rod on him;  
And with his late-worne weeds grac't euery lim.  
His body straitn'd, and his youth infill'd;  
His fresh blood call'd vp: euery wrinkle fill'd  
About his broken eyes; and on his chin  
The browne haire spread. VVhen his whole trim wrought in;  
She yssu'd; and he enter'd to his sonne:

*Telemachus to  
his Father.*

VVho stood amaz'd; & thought some God had done  
His house that honor: turn'd away his eyes,  
And sayd; Now Guest, you grace another guise  
Then suites your late shew; Other weeds you weare,  
And other person. Of the starry spheare  
You certainly present some deathlesse God.  
Be pleas'd, that to your here vouchsaf't abod  
VVe may giue sacred rites, and offer Gold

*Ulysses to Telem.*

To do vs fauour. He replied: I hold  
No deifed state. VVhy put you thus on me  
A Gods resemblance? I am onely he  
That beares thy Fathers name: for whose lou'd sake,  
Thy youth so grieues: whose absence makes thee take,  
Such wrongs: of men. Thus kist he him; nor could  
Forbeare those teares, that in such mighty hold  
He held before: still held, still yssuing euer.  
And now (the shores once broke) the spring tide neuer  
Forbore earth from the cheekes he kist. His sonne,  
(By all these violent arguments; nor wonne  
To credit him his Father) did deny

*Tel. to Ulysses.*

His kinde assumpt: and said, Some Deity  
Fain'd that ioyes cause, to make him grieue the more:  
Affirming, that no man, whoeuer wore  
The garment of mortality, could take  
(By any vtmost power, his soule could make)  
Such change into it: since at so much will,  
Not *Ioue* him selfe, could both remoue, and fill  
Old age, with youth; and youth, with age so spoile  
In such an instant. You wore all the foile  
Of age but now, and were old: And but now  
You beare that yong grace that the Gods indow

*Ulysses to his sonne*

Their heauen-borne formes withall. His father saide:  
*Telemachus*? Admire, nor stand dismaide:

But

But know thy solid Father; since within,  
He answeres all parts, that adorne his skin.  
There shall no more *Ulysses* come heere.  
I am the man, that now this twentieth yeare  
(Still vnder sufferance of a world of ill)  
My countrey earth, recouer: 'Tis the will  
The Prey-professor *Pallas* puts in act;  
VVho put me thus together, thus distract,  
In aged pieces, as euen now you saw,  
This youth now rendring. 'Tis within the law  
Of her free pow'r. Sometimes to shew me pore;  
Sometimes againe, thus amply to restore  
My youth, and Ornaments; She still would please.  
*The Gods can raise, and throw men downe, with ease.*

This said; he sat: when his *Telemachus* pow'd  
Himselfe about him: Teares on teares, he shour'd:  
And to desire of mone, increast the cloud:  
Both wept & howl'd, & laide out shrieks more loud;  
Then or the Bird-bone-breaking Eagle reres;  
Or Brood-kind Vulture with the crooked Seres,  
VVhen rusticke hands, their tender Aries draw,  
Before they giue their wings their full-plum'd Law.  
But miserably pour'd they from beneath  
Their lids, their teares: while both their breasts did  
As frequent cries: & to their seruent mone, (breath  
The light had left the skies; if first the sonne  
Their dumbe mones had not vented, with demand  
VVhat Ship it was, that gaue the naturall land  
To his blest feet? He then, did likewise lay  
Hard on his passion; and gaue these words way.

Ile tell thee truth, my sonne; The men that beare  
Much fame for shipping, my Reducers were  
To long-wisht *Ithaca*; who each man els,  
That greets their shore, giue passe to where he dwels.  
The *Phaeacian* Peeres, in one nights date,  
(VVhile I fast slept) fetcht th' *Ithacian* state:  
Grac't me with wealthy gifts: Brasse, store of Gold,  
And Robes faire wrought: All which haue secret hold  
In Caves, that by the Gods aduice, I chuse.  
And now, *Minerva's* admonitions v'side  
For this retreat; that we might heere dispose  
In close Discourse, the slaughters of our foes.  
Recount the number of the wooers then;  
And let me know what name they hold with men:  
That my minde, may cast ouer their estates  
A curious measure; & conferre the rates  
Of our two pow'rs, and theirs: to try, if we  
Alone, may propagate to victory

*Ulysses tells his  
sonne what ship  
he arriv'd in.*

Our

Our bold encounters of them all, or proue  
The kind assistance of some others loue.

*Telem. to P'lyf.*

O Father (he replied) I oft haue heard  
Your counsailes, and your force of hand prefer'd  
To mighty glory: But your speeches now,  
Your ventrous minde, exceeding mighty shew.  
Euen to amaze they moue me: for in right  
Of no fite counsaile, should be brought to fight,  
Two men, gainst th' able faction of a throng.  
No one two, o one ten; No twice ten strong  
These wooers are: but more by much. For know,  
That from *Dulichius* there are fifty two;  
All choise yong men: and euery one of these  
Six men attend. From *Samos* crost the Seas  
Twice twelue yong Gallants. From *Zacynthus* came  
Twice ten. Of *Ithaca*, the best of name,  
Twice six. Of all which, all the State they take,  
A sacred Poet, and a Herald make.  
Their delicacies, two (of speciall sort  
In skill of banquets) serue. And all this port  
If we shall dare t' encounter; all thrust vp  
In one strong roofo: haue great care lest the cup  
Your great mind thirsts, exceeding bitter taste;  
And your retreat, commend not to your haste  
Your great attempt; but make you say, you buy  
Their prides reuenges, at a price too hy.  
And therefore (if you could) t' were well you thought  
Of some assistent. Be your spirit wrought  
In such a mans election, as may lend  
His succours freely, and expresse a Friend.

*P'lyf. to Telem.*

His Father answer'd: Let me aske of thee;  
Heare me, consider; and then answer me.  
Think' st thou if *Pallas*, and the King of skies  
We had to Friends; would their sufficiencies  
Make strong our part? Or that some other yet  
My thoughts must worke for? These (saide he) are set  
Aloft the clouds; and are found aydes indeed:  
As pow'rs not onely, that these men exceed;  
But beare of all men else the high command;  
And hold, of Gods, an ouer-ruling hand.

*P'lyf.*

VVell then (saide he) not these shall feuer long  
Their force and ours, in fights assur'd, and strong.  
And then, twixt vs, and them, shall *Mars* prefer  
His strength; to stand our great distinguishing;  
VVhen, in mine owne Roofes, I am forc't to blowes.  
But when the day, shall first her fires disclose;  
Go thou for home, and troope vp with the woo'rs;  
Thy wil with theirs ioin'd; pow'r with their rude powrs

And

And after, shall the Herdsman guide to Towne  
My steps; my person wholly ouer-growne  
With all apparance of a poore old Swaine,  
Heauy, and wretched. If their high disdain  
Of my vile presence; make them, my desert  
Affect with contumelies; let thy loued heart  
Beate in fixt confines of thy bosome still,  
And see me suffer, patient of their ill.  
I, though they drag me by the heeles, about  
Mine owne free earth, and after hurle me out;  
Do thou still suffer. Nay, though with their Darts  
They beate, and bruise me; beare. But these foul parts  
Perswade them to forbear; and by their names  
Cal all with kinde words: bidding, for their shames  
Their pleasures cease. If yet they yeeld not way;  
There breakes the first light of their fatall day.  
In meane space, marke this: VVhen the chieffy wife  
*Minerua* prompts me; Ile informe thine eies  
VVith some giuen signe; & then, all th' armes that are  
Aloft thy Roofe, in some neere roome prepare  
For speediest vse. If those braue men enquire  
Thy end in all; still rake vp all thy fire  
In faire coole words: and say, I bring them downe  
To scoure the smoke off; being so ouer-growne  
That one would thinke, all fumes that euer were,  
Breath'd since *Vlysses* losse, reflected here.  
These are not like the armes, he left behinde  
In way for *Troy*. Besides, *Ioue* prompts my minde  
In their remoue apart thus, with this thought:  
That, if in height of wine, there should bee wrought  
Some harsh contention twixt you; this apt meane  
To mutual bloodshed, may be taken cleane  
From out your reach; and all the spoile preuented  
Of present Feast: perhaps, euen then presented  
My Mothers Nuptials, to your long kinde vowes.  
*Steele it selfe, ready; drawes a man to blowes.*  
Thus make their thoughts secure; to vs alone  
Two Swords, two Darts, two shields left; w see done  
VVithin our readiest reach; that at our will  
VVe may resume, and charge. And all their skill,  
*Pallas* and *Ioue*, that all iust counsailes breath;  
May darken, with securenesse, to their death.  
And let me charge thee now, as thou art mine;  
And as thy veins mine owne true blood combine:  
Let (after this) none know *Vlysses* nere.  
Not any one of all the household there;  
Not here, the Herdsman: Not *Laertes* be  
Made priuy: nor her selfe, *Penelope*.

But

But onely let thy selfe, and me worke out  
 The womens thoughts, of all things borne about  
 The wooers hearts : and then thy men approue,  
 To know who honors, who with reuerence loue  
 Our well-weigh'd Memories; and who is won  
 To faile thy fit right, though my onely Son.  
 You teach (saide he) so punctually now,  
 As I knew nothing; nor were sprung from you.  
 I hope, heereafter, you shall better know  
 VVhat soule I beare; and that it doth not let  
 The least loose motion, passe his naturall seat.  
 But this course you propose, will proue, I feare,  
 Small profit to vs; and could wish your care  
 VVould weigh it better, as too farre about.  
 For Time will aske much, to the sitting out  
 Of each mans disposition, by his deeds.  
 And, in the meane time, every wooer feeds  
 Beyond satiety; nor knowes how to spare.  
 The women yet, since they more easie are  
 For our enquiry; I would wish you try  
 VVho right your state, who do it iniury.  
 The men I would omit: and these things make  
 Your labour, after. But to vnder take  
 The wooers warre; I with your vtmost speede,  
 Especially, if you could cheere the deed,  
 VVith some Ostent from *Ioue*. Thus (as the Sire  
 Consented to the Son) did heere expire  
 Their mutuall speech. And now the Ship was come  
 That brought the yong Prince, & his soldiers home.  
 The deepe Hauen (reacht) they drew the Ship ashore;  
 Tooke all their Armes out, and the rich Gifts bore  
 To *Clitus* house. But to *Vlysses* Court  
 They sent a Herald first, to make report  
 To wife *Penelope*, that safe at field  
 Her Son was left: yet since the Ship would yield  
 Most haft to her, he sent that first, and them  
 To comfort with his vtmost, the extrem  
 He knew she suffer'd. At the Court, now met  
 The Herald, and the Herdsman; to repeat  
 One message to the Queene. Both whom (arriu'd  
 VVithin the gates:) Both to be formost shru'd  
 In that good Newes. The Herald, he for haft  
 Amongst the Maids bestow'd it; thinking plac'd  
 The Queene amongst them. Now (saide he) O Queen,  
 Your lou'd Son is arriu'd. And then was scene  
 The Queene her selfe: To whom the herdsman could  
 All that *Telemachus* inioyn'd he should.  
 All which discharg'd; his steps, he backe bestowes,

Tel machus to  
 his Father.

And

And left, both Court and City, for his Sower.  
 The wooers then grew sad; soule-vext, and all  
 Made forth the Court. VVhen, by the mighty wall,  
 They tooke their feuerall seate, before the gates;  
 To whom *Eurymachus*, initiates  
 Their vter'd greuance. O (sayd he) my Friends,  
 A worke right great begun, as proudly said,  
 VV said, *Telemachus* should neuer make  
 His voyage good; nor this shore euer take  
 For his returne receipt: and yet we faile,  
 And he performs it. Come, let's man a Saile  
 The best in our election; and bestow  
 Such souldiers in her, as can swiftest row:  
 To tell our friends, that way lay his retreat  
 'Tis safe perform'd: and make them quickly get  
 Their ship for *Ithaca*. This was not said,  
 Before *Amphinomus* in Port dislaid  
 The ship arriu'd: her sailes then vnder stroke,  
 And Oares resum'd. VVhen laughing, thus he spoke:  
 Moue for no messenger: these men are come;  
 Some God hath either told his turning home,  
 Or they themselues haue scene his ship gone by:  
 Had her in chafe, and lost her. Instantly  
 They rose, and went to Port: found drawne to Land  
 The Ship; the souldiers taking Armes in hand.  
 The woors themselues, to counsaile went, in throng:  
 And not a man besides, or old, or yong,  
 Let sit amongst them. Then *Eupitheus* Sonne  
 (*Antinous*) said: See what the Gods haue done:  
 They onely haue deliuered from our ill  
 The men we way-laid; euery windy hill  
 Hath bin their watch-towr; where by turns they stood  
 Continuall Sentinell. And we made good  
 Our worke as well: For (Sun, once set) we neuer  
 Slept winke ashore, all night; But made saile euer  
 This way, and that; euen till the morning kept  
 Her sacred Stations, so to intercept  
 And take his life, for whom our ambush lay;  
 And yet hath God, to his returne giuen way.  
 But let vs prosecute with counsailes, here  
 His necessary death: nor any where  
 Let rest his safety; for if he suruiue,  
 Our sailes will neuer, in wisht Hauens arrive.  
 Since he is wise, hath soule, and counsaile to  
 To worke the people, who will neuer do  
 Our faction fauour. VVhat we then intend  
 Against his person, giue we present end  
 Before he call a counsaile; which, belecue

*Eurymachus* to  
 the rest.

*Amphinomus* to  
 the old woors

*Antinous* to the  
 woors.

His



His spirit will haſt, & point where it doth greene  
 Stand vp amongſt them all, and vrge his death  
 Decead amongſt vs. Which complaint, will breath  
 A fire about their ſpleenes; and blow no praiſe  
 On our ill labours. Left they therefore raiſe  
 Pow'r to exile vs from our Native earth,  
 And force our liues ſocieties to the birth  
 Of forreigne countries: let our ſpeeds preuent  
 His coming home, to this auſtere complaint;  
 (At field and farre from Towne, or in ſome way  
 Of narrow paſſage;) with his laſteſt day  
 Shewne to his forward youth: his goods and lands,  
 Left to the free diuiſion of our hands:  
 The Mouables made al, his Mothers dowre,  
 And his who-euer, Fate affoords the powre  
 To celebrate with her, ſweet *Hymens* rites.  
 Or if this pleaſe not; but your appetites  
 Stand to his ſafety, and to giue him ſeaſe  
 In his whole birth-right; let vs looke to eate  
 At his coſt neuer more: but euery man  
 Haſte to his home: and wed with whom he can  
 At home; and there, lay fiſt about for dowre,  
 And then the woman giue his ſecond powre  
 Of Nuptiall liking: And, for laſt, apply  
 His purpoſe, with moſt gifts, and deſtiny.

This ſilence cau'd; whole breath, at laſt, begon

*Amphinomus*, the much renowned Son

Of *Niſus*, ſurnam'd *Aretides*;

VWho from *Dulichius* (full of flowry Leas)

Led all the wooers; and in chiefe did pleaſe

The Queene with his diſcourſe; becauſe it grew

From rootes of thoſe good mindes that did indue

His goodly perſon: who (exceeding wiſe)

V'd this ſpeech: Friends, I neuer will aduiſe

The Princes death: for 'tis a damned thing

To put to death the yſſue of a King.

Fiſt therefore, let's examine, what applauſe

The Gods will giue it. If the equall Lawes

Of *Ioue* approoue it, I my ſelfe will be

The man ſhall kill him; and this companie

Exhort to that minde: If the Gods remaine

Aduerſe, and hate it; I aduiſe, reſtaine.

This ſaid *Amphinomus*, and pleaſ'd them all:

VWhen all aroſe, and in *Vlyſſes* Hall

Tooke ſeaſe againe. Then, to the Queene was come

The wooers plot, to kill her ſonne at home:

Since their abroad deſigne had miſt ſucceſſe,

The Herald *Medon* (who the whole addreſſe

¶ *bonis mentibus*  
 the plurall  
 number viſed  
 euery by Ho-  
 mer.

Knew of their counſailes) making the report.

The Goddeſſe of her ſex, with her faire ſort

Of louely women; at the large Hals dore

(Her bright cheekes clouded, with a veile ſhee wore)

Stood, and directed to *Antinous*

Her ſharpe reprooſe; which ſhe digeſted thus:

*Antinous*? compoſde of iniury,

Plotter of miſchiefe? Though reports that flye

Amongſt our *Ithacian* people; ſay

That thou, of all that glory in their ſway,

Art beſt in words and counſailes; Th'art not ſo.

Fond, buſie fellow, why plot't thou the wo

And ſlaughter of my Son? and doſt not feare

The Prefidents of ſuppliants? when the eare

Of *Ioue* ſtoopes to them? 'Tis iniuſt to do

Slaughter for ſlaughter; or pay woe, for woe:

Miſchiefe for kindneſſe; Death for life fought then,

Is an iniuſtice to be loath'd of men.

Scrues not thy knowledge, to remember when

Thy Father fled to vs; who (mou'd to wrath

Againſt the *Taphian* theues) purſu'd with ſeaſh

The guiltleſſe *Theſprotis*; in whoſe peoples feare,

Purſuing him for wreake, he landed here.

They after him, profeſſing both their prize

Of all his chieſly vaw'd Faculties,

And more priz'd life. Of ail whoſe bloodieſt ends

*Vlyſſes* curb'd them, though they were his friends.

Yet thou, like one that no Law will allow

The leaſt true honor, ear'ſt his houſe vp now

That fed thy Father: woo'ſt for loue, his wife,

VVhom thouſ thou grieu'ſt; & ſeek'ſt her ſole ſons life.

Ceaſſe, I comma'd thee; and command the reſt,

To ſee all thought of theſe ſoule ſaſhions ceaſt.

*Eurymachus* replyed; Be confident,

Thou all of wit made; the moſt ſam'd deſcent

Of King *Icarus*: Free thy ſpirits of feare:

There liues not any one; nor ſhall liue here

Now, nor hereafter, while my life giues heat

And light to me on earth: that dares entreat

VVith any ill touch, thy well-loued Sonne;

But heere I vow, and heere will ſee it done,

His life ſhall ſtaine my Lance. If on his knees

The City-racer, \**Laertiades*,

Hath made me ſit; put in my hand his ſoode,

And held his red wine to me: ſhall the blood

Of his *Telemachus*, in my hand lay

The leaſt pollution, that my life can ſtay?

No: I haue euer charg'd him not to feare

*Penelope Antin.*

*Eurymachus Penel.*

*Vlyſſes.*

Knew

Z

Deaths

Deaths threat from any; And for that most deare  
Loue of his Father, he shall euer be  
Much the most lou'd, of all that liue to me.  
*Who kills a guiltlesse man, from Man may flye;  
From God his searches, all escapes deny.*

Thus cheer'd his words; but his affections still  
Fear'd not to cherish foule intent to kill,  
Euen him, whose life to all liues he prefer'd.

The Queene went vp; and to her loue appear'd  
Her Lord so freshly, that she wept, till sleepe  
(By *Pallas* forc't on her) her eyes did sleepe  
In his sweet humor. When the Euen was come,  
The God-like Herdsman reacht the whole way home.  
*Vlysses* and his Son, for supper drest  
A yeare-old Swine; and ere their Host and Guest  
Had got their pence; *Pallas* had put by  
With her faire rod, *Vlysses* royalty;  
And render'd him, an aged man againe,  
VVith all his vile Integuments; left his Swaine  
Should know him in his trim, & tell his Queene,  
In these deepe secrets, being not deeply seene.

*Telem. to Eum.* He scene; to him, the Prince these words did vse:

VVelcome diuine *Eumæus*; Now what newes  
Imployes the City? Are the wooers come  
Backe from their Scout dismaid? Or heere at home

*Eum. to Telem.* VVill they againe attempt me? He replied,  
These touch not my care; I was satisfied  
To do, with most speed, what I went to do;  
My message done, returne. And yet, not so  
Came my newes first; a Herald (met with there)  
Fore-tal'd my Tale, and told how safe you were.  
Besides which meere necessary thing;  
What in my way chanc't, I may ouer-bring,  
being what I know, and witnest with mine eyes.

Where the *Herman* Sepulcher doth rise  
Abooue the City: I beheld take Port  
A Ship; and in her, many a man of fort:  
Her freight was shields and Lances; and, me thought  
They were the wooers: but of knowledge, nought  
Can therein tell you. The Prince smil'd, and knew  
They were the wooers; casting secret view  
Vpon his Father. But what they intended  
Fled far the Herdsman: whose Swaines labors ended,  
They drest the Supper, which, past want, was eat.  
VVhen all desire suffic'd, of wine, and meat;  
Of other humane wants, they tooke supplies  
At *Sleepes* soft hand; who sweetly clos'd their eyes.

*The End of the xvi. Booke.*

THE

## THE SEVENTEENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

### THE ARGUMENT.

**T**elemachus return'd to Towne,  
Makes to his curious mother knowne  
In part, his Trauailes. After whom  
*Vlysses* to the Court doth come,  
In good *Eumæus* guide; and preast  
To witnesse of the Wooers Feast.  
Whom (though twice ten yeares did bestow  
In farre off parts) his Dog doth know.

Another.  
[ *Vlysses* shows  
P<sup>r</sup> through all disguise:  
Whom his dog knowes;  
who knowing dies. ]

**B**V when aires rosie birth (the Morne) arose,  
*Telemachus* did for the Towne dispose  
His early steps; and tooke to his command  
His faire long Lance, well sorting with his hand.  
Thus, parting with *Eumæus*: Now my friend,  
I must to Towne; lest too farre I extend  
My Mothers mone for me: who till her eyes  
Mine owne eyes witnesse; varies teares and cries

*Telem. to Eum.*

Through all extreames. Do then this charge of mine,  
And guide to Towne this haplesse guest of thine;  
To beg else-where his further Festiuall:  
Giue, they that please, I cannot giue to all:  
Mine owne wants take vp for my selfe my paine.  
If it incense him, he the worst shall gaine;  
The lonely truth I loue, and must be plaine.

Alas Friend (saide his Father) nor do I  
Desire at all your further charity.  
Tis better beg in Cities, then in Fields,  
And take the worst a beggers fortune yields.  
Nor am I apt to stay in Swine-flies more  
How euer: euer the great Chiefe before  
The poore Rankes must, to euery step obay.

Z 2

But

*Vlysses his Son.*

But goe ; your man, in my command shall sway :  
 Anon yet to, by fauor ; when your fires  
 Haue comforted the colde heart, age expires ;  
 And when the Suns flame, hath besides corrected  
 The early aire abroad ; not being protected  
 By these my bare weeds, from the mornings frost ;  
 VVhich (since so much ground is to be engroft  
 By my poore secte as you report) may giue  
 Too violent charge, to th'hear by which I liue.

This saide ; his Sonne went on, with spritely pace,  
 And to the wooers, studied little grace.  
 Arriu'd at home ; he gaue his laueline stay  
 Against a lofty Pillar ; and bold way  
 Made further in. VVhen, hauing so farre gone  
 That he transcended, the fayre Porch of Stone ;  
 The first by farre, that gaue his entry, eye  
 VVas Nurse *Euryelea* ; who th'embrodery  
 Of Stooles there set ; was giuing Cushions faire :  
 VVho ranne vpon him, and her rapt repaire  
 Shed teares for ioy. About him gather'd round  
 The other Maides ; his head, and shoulders, croun'd  
 VVith kisses and embraces. From aboue  
 The Queene her selfe came, like the Queene of Loue ;  
 Or bright *Diana* : Cast about her Sonne  
 Her kinde embraces : with effusion  
 Of louing teares ; kist both his loudly eyes,  
 His cheekes, and forehead ; and gaue all supplies  
 With this entreaty : Welcome sweetest light ;  
 I neuer had conceit, to set quicke sight  
 On thee thus soone ; when thy lou'd fathers came  
 As farre as *Pylor*, did thy spirit enflame :  
 In that search ventur'd all vnknowne to me.  
 O say, By what power cam'st thou now to be  
 Mine eyes deare obiect ? He return'd reply,  
 Moue me not now : when you my scape descry  
 From imminent death ; to thinke me fresh entrapt ;  
 The fear'd wound rubbing, felt before I scap't.  
 Double not needlesse passion, on a heart  
 VVhose ioy so Greene is, and so apt t'innert :  
 But pure weeds putting on, ascend and take  
 Your women with you : that yee all may make  
 Vowes of full Hecatombs, in sacred fire  
 To all the God-heads ; If their onely Sire  
 Vouchsafe reuenge of guest-rites wrong'd, which hee  
 Is to protect, as being their Deity.  
 My way shall be directed to the hall  
 Of common Concourse, that I thence may call  
 A stranger ; who from off the *Pylion* shore

*Penel. to Telem.*

*Telem. to his Mother.*

Came

Came friendly with me ; whom I sent before  
 VVith all my souldiers ; but in chiefe did charge  
*Pyraus* with him, wishing him t'enlarge  
 His loue to him, at home, in best affaire,  
 And vtmost honors, till mine owne repaire.

Her Son, thus spoken ; his words could not beare  
 The wings too easly through her either eare :  
 But putting pure weeds on ; made vowes entire  
 Of persequ'd Hecatombs, in sacred fire  
 To all the Deities ; if their onely Sire  
 Vouchsafe reuenge of guest-rites wrong'd, which he  
 VVas to protect, as being their Deity.

Her Son left house : In his faire hand, his Lances ;  
 His dogs attending, and on euery glance  
 His looks cast from them ; *Pallas* put a grace  
 That made him seeme of the celestiall race.  
 VVhom (come to concourse) euery man admir'd :  
 About him throng'd the wooers, and desir'd  
 All good to him in tongue ; but in their hearts  
 Most deepe ils threatn'd, to his most desires.  
 Of whose huge rout, once free ; he cast glad eie  
 On some, that long before his infancie,  
 VVere with his Father, great, and gracious :  
 Graue *Hyltheses*, *Mentor*, *Antiphus* ;  
 To whom he went : tooke seate by them : And they  
 Enquir'd of all things, since his parting day.  
 To them *Pyraus* came, and brought his Guest  
 Along the City thither ; whom nor lest  
 The Prince respected ; nor was long before  
 He rose and met him : The first word yet, bore  
*Pyraus* from them both : whose hate, besought  
 The Prince to send his women, to see brought  
 The Gifts from his house, that *Antus* gaue ;  
 VVhich, his own rooves, he thought, would better saue.

The wife Prince answer'd, I can scarce conceiue  
 The way to these workes. If the wooers reue  
 By priuy Stratagem, my life at home :  
 I rather with, *Pyraus* may become  
 The Maister of them, then the best of these.  
 But, if I sowe in their fields of excheffe,  
 Slaughter, and ruine ; then thy trust imploy,  
 And to me ioying, bring thou those with ioy.  
 This said, he brought home his Guest  
 VVhere both put off, both oyl'd, and did inuict  
 Themselves in rich Robes, wait, and fare, and care.  
 His Mother, in a faire chaire, taking seate  
 Directly opposite : her Loom applied ;  
 VVho (when her Son and Guest, had satisfied

*Pyra. to Telem.*

*Telem. to Pyra.*

Z 3

Their

Their appetites with feasts said; O my Sonne,  
 You know, that euer since your Sire was wonne  
 To go in *Agamemnons* guide to *Troy*;  
 Attempting sleepe, I neuer did inioy  
 One nights good rest; but made my quiet bed  
 A Sea blowne vp with sighes, with teares full shed  
 Embrew'd and troubl'd: yet, though all your misse  
 In your late voyage, hath bene made for this,  
 That you might know th'abode your Father made.  
 You shun to tell me what successe you had.  
 Now then, before the insolent accessse  
 The wooers straight will force on vs; expresse  
 VVhat you haue heard: I will (saide he) and true.  
 VVhe came to *Pylos*, where the studious due  
 That any Father could afford his Sons;  
 (But new arriu'd. from some course he had run  
 To an extreame length, in some voyage vow'd)  
*Nestor*, the Pastor of the people, shou'd  
 To me arriu'd, in turrets thrust vp hie;  
 VVhere not his braue Sons, were more loud then I.  
 Yet of th'vnconquer'd euer-Sufferer  
*Ulysses*, neuer he could set his eare  
 Aliue, or dead, from any earthy man.  
 But to the great *Lacedemonian*  
 (*Atrides*, famous for his Lance) he sent  
 VVith horse and Chariots; Me, to learne the event  
 From his Relation; where I had the view  
 Of *Argine Hel'en*, whose strong beames drew  
 (By wils of Gods) so many *Grecian* States,  
 And *Troians*, vnder such laborious Fates.  
 Where *Menelaus* askt me, what affaire  
 To *Lacedemon*, render'd my repaire.  
 I told him all the truth: who made reply  
 O deed of most abhor'd indecency!  
 A fort of Impotents attempt his bed,  
 VVhose strength of minde, hath Cities levelled?  
 As to a Lyons den, when any Hinde  
 Hath brought her yong Calues, to their rest inclinde,  
 When he is ranging hills, and heary dales,  
 To make, of Feeders there, his Festiuals;  
 But turning to his luster, Calues and Dams,  
 He shewes abhor'd death, in his angers flames:  
 So (should *Ulysses* finde this rabble hound  
 In his free Turrets, courting his spould)  
 Foule death would fall them. O, I would to *Jove*,  
*Phobus*, and *Pallas*, that (when he shall proue  
 The broad report of this exhausted store,  
 True with his eyes) his Nemes and Sinnes were

Telemachus  
 briefly relates  
 his voyage to his  
 Mother.

Men to Telem.

That vigor then, that in the *Lesbian* Tow' is  
 (Prouok't to wrastle with the iron powrs  
*Philomelides* vanted) he approu'd;  
 VVhen, downe he hurl'd his Challenger, and mou'd  
 Huge shouts from all the *Achines* then in view.  
 If, once come home, he all those forces drew  
 About him there to worke: they all were dead,  
 And should finde bitter his attempted bed.  
 But, what you aske and sue for, I (as far,  
 As I haue heard, the true-spoke Marinar)  
 VVill tell directly; nor delude your eare.  
 He told me, that an Island did enspheare  
 (In much discomfort) great *Laertes* foinne;  
 And that the Nymph *Calypso* (ouer soane  
 VVith his affection) kept him in her Caves,  
 Where men, nor Ship, of pow'r to breake the wanes,  
 VVere neere his conuoy to his countries Shore;  
 And where her selfe, importun'd eternmore  
 His quiet stay; which not obrain'd, by force,  
 She kept his person from all else reconfe.

This told *Atrides*, which was all he knew;  
 Nor staid I more: but from the Gods there blew  
 A prosperous winde, that set me quickly free.

This put his Mother, quite from all her cheere:  
 VVhen *Theoclymenus* the Augure, said

O woman, honour'd with *Ulysses* bed,  
 Your Son, no doubt, knowes clearly nothing more.

Heare me yet speake, that can the truth vncoore;  
 Nor will be curious. Ioue then, witness beare.

And this thy Hospitable Table heere,  
 VVith this whole household of your *Menelaus* Lord

That, at this houre, his royall feeces were  
 On his lou'd country earth; and that this heere

Comming, or creeping, he will see the cheere  
 These wooers make; and in his *Calus* field, few

Seeds, that shall thriue to all their soules thriue;  
 This, set a ship-board, henceforth follow.

And cried it out, to your *Telemachus*;  
*Penelope* replied, VVould this would proue

You well should witness a most friendly totes;  
 And gifts such of me, as euer I should bring.

Should greete you with a blessed *Mones* name;  
 This mutual speech, past: all the wooers were

Hurling the stone, and tossing of the speare  
 Before the Pallace, in the pauer Court

VVhere other-whiles, their penitence before  
 Sate plotting injuries. But when the howe

Of Supper enter'd; and the feeding power  
 Brought

Theoclymenus  
 to Penelope.

Penelope to Telem.

Brought sheepe from field, that fill'd vpon euery way  
 VVith those that vnde to furnish that puruay;  
*Medon, the Herald, who of all the rest*  
 Pleas'd most the wooers, and at euery Feast  
*Medon, the Herald, who of all the rest*  
 VVas euery neere) said; You whose kind comfort  
 Make the faire branches of the Tree, our Courts;  
 Grace it within now, and your Suppers take.  
 You that for health, and faire contentions sake  
 Will please your minds; know, bodies must haue meate;  
*Play's worse then idleness, in times to eate.*

This said; all left; came in; cast by, on Thrones  
 And Chaires, their garments. Their prouisions  
 VVere Sheepe, Swine, Goats; the chieftie great & fat.  
 Besides an Oxe, that from the Herd they gat.  
 And now, the King and Herdsman, from the field,  
 In good way were to Towne: Twixt whom was held  
 Some walking conference, which thus begun  
*Eumeu to Polyss.*  
 The good *Eumeu*: Guest, your will was wun,  
 (Because the Prince commanded) to make way  
 Vp to the City; though I wish your stay,  
 And to haue made you Guardian of my stall:  
 But I, in care and feare, of what might fall,  
 In after anger of the Prince; forbore.

*The cheekes of Princes touch their subjects sore.*  
 But make we hast, the day is neere ended;  
 And cold ayres still, are in the Euen extended.

*Polyss. to Eumeu.*  
 I know't (said he) consider all; your charge  
 Is giuen to one that vnderstands at large.  
 Hast then: heereafter, you shall leade the way;  
 Affoord your Staffe to, if it fit your stay.  
 That I may vse it; since you say, our passe  
 Is lesse friend to a weake foot, then it was.

Thus cast he on his necke, his nasty Serip,  
 All patcht and torne: A cord that would not slip  
 For knots, and bracks, about the mouth of it,  
 Made serue the turne: and then his Swaine did sit.  
 His forc't state with a staffe. They went they hard  
 Their way to towne: Their Cottage left in guard  
 To Swaines and Dogs. And now, *Eumeu* led  
 The King along; his garments to a tord  
 All bare, and burn'd; and he himselfe had bore  
 Vpon his staffe, at all parts like a pore  
 And sad old begger. But when now they got  
 The rough high-way; their voyage wanted not  
 Much, of the City: where a Fount they reacht,  
 From whence the Towne their choicest water fetcht.  
 That euery ouer-flow'd; and curious Art  
 VVas shewne about it: In which, there had part;  
*Th. m. King*  
*Euent of the*  
*City.*

VVhose names, *Neritus* and *Polyss* were,  
 And famous *Ithicus*. I had a Sphere  
 Of poplar, that ranne round about the wall;  
 And into it, a lofty Rocke let fall,  
 Continuall supply of coole cleare streame:  
 On whose top, to the Nymphs that were supreme  
 In those parts loues; a stately Altar rose;  
 VVhere euery Trauailer, did still impose  
 Deuoted sacrifice. At this fount, found  
 These silly Trauailers, a man renown'd  
 For guard of Goats, which now he had in guide;  
 VVhose huge stor'd Herd, two herds-men kept beside:  
 For all Herds it exceld; and bred a feed  
 For wooers onely. He was *Dolius* leede;  
 And call'd *Melanthius*. VVho casting eye  
 One these two there, he chid them terribly:  
 And so past meane, that euen the wretched fate,  
 Now on *Polyss*, he did irritate.

His fume, to this effect, he did pursue:  
 VVhy so; tis now at all parts passing true,  
 That ill leades ill: good euermore doth traine  
 VVith like, his like: VVhy thou vnuenied Swaine;  
 VVhither dost thou leade this same viciou Leager?  
 This bane of banquets; this most nasty begger?  
 VVhose sight doth make one sad, it so abhorres;  
 VVho with his standing in so many doores,  
 Hath broke his backe; and all his beggery tends  
 To beg bafe crusts, but to no manly ends;  
 As asking swords, or with actiuity  
 To get a Caldron VVouldst thou giue him me,  
 To farme my Stable, or to sweepe my yarde,  
 And bring brouse to my kids; and that prefer'd,  
 He should be at my keeping for his paines,  
 To drinke as much whey, as his thirsty veynes  
 VVould still be swilling (whey made all his fees)  
 His monstrous belly, would oppresse his knees.  
 But he hath learn'd to leade baie life about;  
 And will not worke, but crouch among the rout;  
 For broken meate, to cram his bursten gut.  
 Yet this I le say; and he will finde it put  
 In sure effect; that if he enters where  
*Polyss* roofes cast shade; the stools will there  
 About his eares flye; all the house wil throw;  
 And rub his ragged sides, with cusses enow.

Past these reuiles, his manlesse rudenesse spurn'd  
*Eumeu Polyss*, who, at no part turn'd  
 His face from him, but had his spirit fed  
 VVith these two thoughts; If he should strike him dead

*Melanthius to*  
*Eumeu; and*  
*Polyss.*

VVith

VVith his bestowed staffe: or at his feete  
Make his direct head, and the pavement meete.  
But he bore all, and entertain'd a brest,  
That in the strife of all extremes did rest.

*Eumæus* is the  
Mel'm, for his  
rade of age of  
Vlysses.

*Eumæus*, frowning on him; chid him yet  
And lifting vp his hands to heauen, he set  
This bitter curse at him: O you that beare  
Faile name to be the race of *Jupiter*,  
Nymphes of these Fountaines! If *Vlysses* euer  
Burn'd thighe to you; that hid in fat, did neuer  
Faile your acceptance, of or Lambe, or Kid;  
Grant this grace to me; let the man thus hid  
Shine through his dark fate; make som God his guide;  
That, to thee (Goat-herd) this same Pallat's pride,  
Thou driu'st afore thee; he may come and make  
The scatterings of the earth; and ouer-take  
Thy wrongs, with forcing thee to euer erre  
About the City, hunted by his feare.  
And in the meane space, may some slothfull Swaines,  
Let lo wse sicknesse gnaw thy Carrels Vaines.

\*Intending his  
fat Herd, & p  
o'ely for the  
woolers dain in  
Pallat's.

*Mel'm*: answer  
to *Eumæus*.

O Gods! (replied *Melanthis*) what a curse  
Hath this dog barkt out; and can yet, do worse?  
This man, shall I haue giuen into my hands,  
VVhen, in a well-built Ship, to farre-off Lands  
I shall transport him: That (should I want here)  
My sale of him, may finde me victels there.  
And (for *Vlysses*) would to heauen, his ioy  
The Silver-bearing bow-God, would destroy,  
This day, within his house; as sure as he  
The day of his returne shall neuer see.

This said, he leit them, going silent on;  
But he out-went them, and tooke straight vpon  
The Pallace royall, which he enter'd straight;  
Sat with the wooers, and his Trenchers fraight  
The Keruers gaue him, of the flesh there vented;  
But bread, the reuerend Butlereffe presented.  
He tooke, against *Eurymachus*, his place;  
VVho most of all the wooers, gaue him grace.  
And now, *Vlysses* and his Swaine got nere:  
VVhen, round about them, visired their eare  
The hollow Harpes delicious-stricken strings;  
To which, did *Phemius* (neere the wooers) sing.

Then, by the hand, *Vlysses* tooke his Swaine,  
And saide, *Eumæus*? One may heere see plaine  
(In many a grace) that *Laertiades*  
Built heere these Turrets; and (mongst others these)  
His whole Court arm'd, with such a goodly wall:  
The Cornish, and the Cope, Maiesticall:

\*Vlysses.

His

His double gates, and Turrets, built too strong  
For force, or vertue, euer to expugne.  
I know, the Feasters in it, now abound,  
Their Cares cast such a saour; and the sound  
The Harpe giues, argues, an accomplisht Feast;  
The Gods made *Musike*, Banquets deereft Guest.

These things (said he) your skill may tell with ease,  
Since you are grac't with greater knowledges.  
But now, consult we, how these workes shall fort,  
If you will first approach this praised Court,  
And see these wooers (I remaining here)  
Or I shall enter, and your selfe forbear.  
But be not you, too tedious in your stay  
Left thrust ye be, and buffeted away.  
*Braine hath no fence for blowes*; looke too't I pray.

You speake to one that comprehends (said he)  
Go you before; and heere, aduenture me.  
I haue of old, bene vide to cuffes and blowes;  
My minde is hardn'd; hauing borne the throwes  
Of many a foure euent, in waues, and wars;  
VVhere knockes and buffets are no Forreiners:  
And this same harmefull belly, by no meane,  
The greatest Abtinent, can euer weane.  
*Men suffer much Bane, by the Bellies rage*;  
For whose sake, Ships in all their equipage  
Are arm'd, and set out to th'vntamed Seas;  
Their bulkes full fraught with ils to enemies.  
Such speech they chang'd: when in the yeard there lay  
A dogge, call'd *Argus*, which, before his way  
Assum'd for *Ilion*, *Vlysses* bred;

*Vlysses* dog, call'd  
*Argus*.

Yet stood his pleasure then, in little sted;  
(As being too yong) but growing to his grace,  
Yong men made choise of him for euery Chace;  
Or of their wilde Goats, of their Hares, or Harts.  
But, his King gone; and he, now past his parts;  
Lay all abiection on the Stables store;  
Before the Ox-stall, and Mules stable dore,  
To keepe the clothes, cast from the Peasants hands,  
While they laide compasse on *Vlysses* Lands:  
The Dog, with Ticks (vnlook't to) ouer-growne.  
But, by this Dog, no sooner scene, but knowne  
VVas wife *Vlysses*, who (new enter'd there)  
Vp went his Dogs laide cares; and (comming nere)  
Vp, he him selfe rose, fawn'd, and wag'd his Sterne;  
Coucht close his cares, and lay for: Nor discern  
Could euermore his deere-lou'd Lord againe.  
*Vlysses* saw it; nor had powre t'abstaine  
From shedding tears: which (far-off seeing his Swain)

The Dog dyed  
as soon as hee  
had seene *Vlysses*

He

He died from his sight cleane; to whom, he thus  
His griefe dissembled: 'Tis miraculous,  
That such a Dog as this, should haue his laire  
On such a dunghill, for his forme is faire.  
And yet, I know not, if there were in him  
Good pace, or parts, for all his goodly lim.  
Or he liu'd empty of those inward things,  
As are those trencher-Beagles, tending Kings;  
VVhom for their pleasures, or their glories sake,  
Or fashion; they into their fauours take.

*Eumæus De-  
scription of V-  
lybes Dogge.*

This Dog (saide he) was seruant to one dead  
A huge time since. But if he bore his head  
(For forme and quality) of such a hight,  
As when *Phyffes* (bound for th' *Ilion* fight,  
Or quickly after) left him: your rapt eyes  
VVould then admire, to see him vie his Thyces,  
In strength, and swiftness. He would nothing flye,  
Nor any thing let scape. If once his eye  
Seiz'd any wilde beast, he knew straight his scent:  
Go where he would, away with him he went.  
Nor was there euer any Saueage stood  
Amongst the thickets of the deepest wood  
Long time before him, but he pull'd him downe;  
As well by that true hunting to be shoune  
In such vaste couerts; as for speed of pace  
In any open Lawne; For in deepe chace,  
He was a passing wife, and well-nof'd Hound.  
And yet is all this good in him vncroun'd  
With any grace heere now. Nor he more fed  
Then any errant Curre. His King is dead,  
Farre from his country; and his seruants are  
So negligent, they lend his Hound, no care.  
*Where Maysters rule not, but les Men alone;  
Thou neuer there, see honest seruice done.  
That Man's halfe vertue, Ioue takes quite away,  
That once is Sun-burn'd with the seruaile day.*

This said; he enter'd the well-built Towers,  
Vp bearing right vpon the glorious wooers;  
And left poore *Argus* dead. His Lords first sight,  
Since that time twenty yeares, bereft his light.

*Telemachus*, did farre the first behould  
*Eumæus* enter; and made signes he should  
Come vp to him. He (noting) came, and tooke  
On earth, his feate. And then, the Maister Cooke  
Seru'd in more banquet: Of which, part he set  
Before the wooers; part the Prince did get:  
VVho sate alone; his Table plac't aside;  
To which, the Herald did the bread diuide.

After

*Phyffes ruckfull  
fashion of e vrie  
to his own kind,*

After *Eumæus*, enter'd straight the King,  
Like to a poore, and heauy aged thing:  
Bore hard vpon his staffe; and was so clad,  
As would haue made his meere beholder sad.  
Vpon the *Athen* floore, his limbes he spred;  
And gainst a Cypresse threshold staid his head;  
The tree wrought smooth, and in a line direct,  
Tried by the Plumbe, and by the Architect.  
The Prince then bad the Herdsman giue him bread,  
The finest there: and see, that prostrated  
At all-parts-plight of his, giuen all the cheare  
His hands could turne to: Take (saide he) and beare  
These cates to him; and bid him beg of all  
These wooers heere; and to their feastiull  
Beare vp with all the impudence he can;  
*Bastfull behaviour, fits no needy Man.*

He heard, and did his will: Hold Guest (saide he)  
*Telemachus* commends these cates to thee:  
Bids thee beare vp, and all these woo'rs implore;  
*Wit must make impudent, whom Fate makes poore.*

O *Ioue* (saide he) do my poore pray'rs the grace,  
To make him blessed ft of the mortall race:  
And euery thought now, in his generous heart,  
To deeds that further my desires conuert.

Thus tooke he in, with both his hands, his store;  
And in the vncouth Scrip that lay before  
His ill-shod feete, repos'd it: whence he fed  
All time the Musicke to the Feasters plaid.  
Both ioyntly ending. Then began the woo'rs  
To put in old act, their tumultuous pow'rs.  
When *Pallas* standing close, did prompt her friend,  
To proue how farre the bounties would extend  
Of those proud wooers; so, to let him try,  
Who most, who least, had learn'd humanity.  
Howeuer, no thought toucht *Minervaes* minde;  
That any one should scape his wreake design'd.  
He handsomly became all, crept about  
To euery wooer, held a forc't hand out:  
And all his worke, did in so like a way,  
As he had practis'd begging many a day.  
And though they knew, all beggers could do this,  
Yet they admir'd it, as no deede of his;  
Though farre from thought of other: vs'd expence  
And pittie to him: who he was, and whence,  
Enquiring mutually. *Melanthius* then:  
Heare me, ye wooers of the farre-fam'd *Queen*;  
About this begger: I haue scene before  
This face of his; and know for certaine more:

A a

That

That this Swaine brought him hither. What he is,  
Or whence he came, flies me. Reply to this

*Antinous* made; and mockt *Eumæus* thus.

O thou renowned Herdsman, why to vs  
Brought'st thou this begger? Serues it not our hands,  
That other Land-leapers, and Cormorands  
(Prophane poore knaves) lye on vs, vnconducted,  
But you must bring them? So amisse instructed  
Art thou in course of thrift, as not to know  
Thy Lords goods wrack't, in this their ouer-flow?  
VWhich, thinkst thou nothing, that thou calst in these?

*Eumæus* answer'd; Though you may be wise,  
You speak not wisely: VWho cals in a Guest  
That is a guest himselfe? None cal to Feast  
Other then men that are of publike vse:  
Prophets, or Poets, whom the Gods produce;  
Physitians for mens ills; or Architects.  
Such men, the boundlesse earth affords respects  
Bounded in honour; and may call them wel:  
But poore men, who cals? VWho doth so excell  
In others good, to do himselfe an ill?  
But all *Vlysses* seruants haue bene still  
Eye-fores in your waite, more then all that woo;  
And cheefly I. But what care I, for you?  
As long as these roofes, hold as thralls to none,  
The wife *Penelope*, and her God-like Sonne.

Forbeare (saide he) and leaue this tongues bold ill;  
*Antinous* vses to be crossing still,  
And giue sharpe words: his blood that humor beares,  
To set men stil together by the eares.

But (turning then t' *Antinous*) O (saide he)  
You entertaine a Fathers care of me;  
To turne these eating guests out: Tis aduise  
Of needful vse for my poore faculties.  
But God doth not allow this: There must be  
Some care of poore men, in humanitie.  
What you your selues take; giue; I not enuy,  
But giue command that hospitality  
Be giuen all strangers: Nor shal my pow'rs feare,  
If this mood in me, reach my Mothers care;  
Much lesse the seruants, that are heere to see  
*Vlysses* house kept, in his old degree.  
But you beare no such mind; your wits more cast  
To fill your selfe, then let another tast.

*Antinous* answer'd him; Braue spoken man!  
VWhose minds free fire, see check't; no vertue cast;  
If all we wooers heere, would giue as much  
As my minde serues; his\* Larges should be such

\*Lute-ding *Vlysses*.

As would for three months serue his farre off way  
From troubling your house, with more cause of stay.

This said; he tooke a stoole vp, that did rest  
Beneath the boord, his spangled feete at feast:  
And offer'd at him: But the rest, gaue all,  
And fill'd his fulsome Scrip with festiuall.  
And so *Vlysses* for the present, was,  
And for the future furnish't; and his passe  
Bent to the doore, to eate. Yet could not leaue

*Antinous* so: but said; Do you to giue  
(Lou'd Lord) your presence, makes a shew to me,  
As you not worst were of the company;  
But best? and so much, that you seeme the King:  
And therefore, you should giue some better thing,  
Then bread, like others. I will spred your praise  
Through all the wide world; that haue in my daies  
Kept house my selfe; and trod the wealthy waies  
Of other men, euen to the Title, Blest;  
And often haue I giuen an erring Guest  
(How meane fouler) to the vtmost gaine  
Of what he wanted: kept whole troopes of men;  
And had all other commings in; with which  
Men liue so well, and gaine the fame of Rich.  
Yet *Ioue* consum'd all: he would haue it so:  
To which, his meane was this; he made me go  
Farre off, for Egypt, in the rude confort  
Of all-waies-wandering Pyrats; where, in Port  
I bad my lou'd men, draw their Ships ashore,  
And dwell amongst them: Sent out some t' explore  
Vp to the Mountaines; who (intemperate,  
And their inflam'd bloods, bent to satiate)  
Forrag'd the rich fields; hal'd the women thence,  
And vnwean'd children, with the foule expence  
Both of their fames, and bloods. The cry then flew  
Straight to the City; and the great fields grew  
With horse, and foot; and flam'd with iron armes;  
VWhen *Ioue* (that breaks the Thunder in Alarms)  
An ill sight cast amongst my men: Not one  
Inspir'd with spirit, to stand, and turne vpon  
The fierce pursuing foe: and therefore stood  
Their ill fate thicke about them: some in blood;  
And some in bondage: Toiles led by constraint  
Fastning vpon them. Me, along they sent  
To *Cyprus*, with a stranger Prince they met,  
*Dmetor Isides*; who th' Imperiall seat  
Of that sweete Island, swaid in strong command;  
And thus feeble I heere, Needs condemn'd hand.

And what God sent (saide he) this suffering bane



To vex our banquet? Stand off, nor prophane  
My boord fo boldly, lest I shew thee here,  
*Cyprus* and *Egypt*, made more soure then there.  
You are a sawcy set fac't Vagabond.  
About with all you go; and they, beyond  
Discretion giue thee, since they finde not heere  
The least proportion set downe to their cheere.  
But euery Fountaine hath his vnder floods;  
*It is no Bounty, to giue others goods.*

O Gods (replied *Vlysses*) I see now,  
You beare no soule, in this your goodly show;  
Beggars at your boord, I perceiue, should get  
Scarfe salt from your hands, if theselues brought meat:  
Since, sitting where anothers boord is spread,  
That flowes with feast; not to the broken bread  
VWill your allowance reach. Nay then (said he,  
And look't aufterly) It so fauoy be  
Yonr suffer'd language, I suppose, that cleere  
You shall not scape without some broken cheere.

Thus rapt he vp a stoole, with which he smit  
The Kings right shoulder, 'twixt his necke, and it.  
He stood him like a rocke: *Antinous* dart  
Not stirr'd *Vlysses*: who, in his great hart  
Deepe ils proiccted; which, for time yet, close  
He bound in silence; shooke his head, and went  
Out to the Entry, where he then gaue vent  
To his full scrip; sate on the earth, and eate,  
And talk't still to the wooers: heare me yet  
Ye wooers of the Queene. It neuer greeces  
A man to take blowes, where for *Sheepe*, or *Beeues*,  
Or other maine possessions, a man fights:  
But for his harmefull belly, this man smites,  
VWhose loue to many a man, breeds many a wo.  
And if the poore haue Gods, and Furies to;  
Before *Antinous* weare his Nuptiall wreath,  
He shall be worne vpon the dart of death.

Harsh Guest (saide he) sit silent at your meate,  
Or seeke your desperate plight some safer seate;  
Left by the hands, or heeles, youth drag your yeares,  
And rend your rotten ragges about your cares.

This made the rest, as highly hate his folly,  
As he had violated something holy.  
VWhen one (euen of the proudest) thus began:  
Thou dost not nobly, thus to play the man  
On such an errant wretch: O ill dispos'd!  
Perhaps some sacred God-head goes enclod'd  
Euen in his abiect outside: For the Gods  
Haue often visited these rich abods

Like

Like such poore stranger Pilgrims; since their powrs  
(Being alwayes shapfull) glide through Townes and  
Observing as they passe still, who they be (Tow'rs;  
That piety loue, and who impiety.

This, all men said; But he held sayings cheape:  
And all this time *Telemachus* did heape  
Sorrow on sorrow, on his beating hart  
To see his Father stricken; yet let part  
No reare to earth, but shooke his head, and thought  
As deepe as those ils, that were after wrought.

The Queene now hearing of her poore guests strokes,  
Said to her Maid, (asto her wooer she spoke)  
I wish the famous for his Bow, the Sun  
VWould strike thy heart so. Her wish (thus begun)  
Her Lady, faire *Euryome* pursude  
Her execration; and did thus conclude:  
So may our voves call downe from heauen, his end;  
And let no one life of the rest, extend  
His life till morning. O *Euryome*

(Replied the Queene) may all Gods speake in thee:  
For all the wooers, we should rate as foes;  
Since all their weales, they place in others woes.  
But this *Antinous*, we past all, should hate,  
As one resembling blacke and cruell Fate.  
A poor strange wretch; beg'd here, compell'd by need:  
Askt all, and euery one gaue in his deed;  
Fill'd his sad Scrip, and eas'd his heauy wants:  
Onely this man, bestow'd vnmanly tants;  
And with a cruell blow (his force let flye)  
'Twixt necke and shoulders, shew'd his charity.

These minds (aboue) she and her Maids did show;  
VWhile, at his scrip, *Vlysses* sate below.  
In which time, she *Euimach* call'd, and said:  
Go, good *Euimach*, and see soone conuaid  
The stranger to me: Bid him come and take  
My salutations for his welcomes sake;  
And my desire serue, if he hath not heard  
Or scene distrest *Vlysses*? who hath err'd  
Like such a man; and therefore chance may fall,  
He hath, by him bene met, and spoke withall.

O Queene (saide he) I wish to heauen, your care  
Were quit of this vnreuerend noise you heare  
From these rude wooers, when I bring the guest:  
Such words, your care, would let into your breast  
As would delight it, to your very heart.  
Three nights and dayes, I did my Roofe impart  
To his fruition; (for he came to me  
The first of all men, since he fled the Sea)

A a 3

And

And yet he had not giuen a perfect end  
To his relation, of what woes did spend  
The spight of Fate on him: \*But as you see  
A Singer, breathing out of Deity  
Lone-kindling lines; when all men seated nere,  
Are rapt with endlesse thirst, to euer heare:  
So sweetn'd he, my bosome, at my meate;  
Affirming that *Vlysses* was in *Crete*,  
VVhere first the memories of *Minos* were,  
A Guest to him, there dwelling, then as deare  
As his true Father: and from thence, came he  
Tir'd on with sorrowes; tost from sea to sea;  
To cast himselfe in dust, and tumble heere:  
At wooers feete, for blowes, and broken chere.  
But, of *Vlysses* (where the *Thestrats* dwell,  
A wealthy people) *Fame*, he sayes, did tell  
The still suriuall: who his Naiue light  
VVas bound for now; with treasure infinite.  
Call him (sayd she) that he himselfe may say  
This, ouer to me. We shall soone haue way  
Giuen by the wooers: They, as well at Gate,  
As set within doores, vse to recreate  
Their high-fed spirits. As their humors leade,  
They follow; and may well; for still they treade  
Vncharg'd waies here; their own welth lying vnwasted  
In poore-kept houses: onely something tasted  
Their bread and wine is, by their household Swaines:  
But they themselves, let loose continuall Reines  
To our expences; making slaughter still  
Of Sheepe, Goats, Oxen; feeding past their fill;  
And vainly lawishing our richest wine.  
All these extending past the sacred line.  
For here liues no man, like *Vlysses* now  
To curbe these ruines: But should he once show  
His country light, his preference; He and his  
VVould soone reuenge these wooers iniuries.

This said; about the house, in echoes round,  
Her Sons strange Needings made a horrid sound;  
At which, the Queene yet laugh'd, and said: Goe call  
The stranger to me: Heardst thou not to all  
My words last vtter'd, what a Needing brake  
From my *Telemachus*? From whence I make  
This sure conclusion; That the death, and fate  
Of euery wooer heere, is neere his date.  
Call then the Guest; and if he tel as trow  
VVhat I shal aske him; Core, cloke, all things new  
These hands shal yeeld him. This said; down he went  
And told *Vlysses*, that the Queene had sent

\*Simil:  
In which *Vlysses*  
is compared  
with a poet, for  
the sweetness  
of his speech.

Needing, a good  
Om.

To

To call him to her; that she might enquire  
About her husband, what her sad desire  
Vrg'd her to aske: and if she found him true,  
Both cote, and cassocke (which he needed) new  
Her hands would put on him; And that the Bread  
VVhich now he begg'd amongst the commune tread;  
Should freely feed his hunger now from her;  
VVho, all he wisht, would to his wants prefer.  
His answer was; I will with fit speed, tell  
The whole truth to the Queene; For, passing well  
I know her Lord; since he and I haue shar'd  
In equall sorrowes. But I much am fear'd  
With this rude multitude of wooers here;  
The rage of whose pride, smites by euens braze spheres:  
Of whose rout, when one strooke me for no fault;  
*Telemachus*, nor none else, turn'd th' assault  
From my poore shoulders. Therefore though she haue  
Beseech the Queene, her patience, will see pass  
The dayes broad light; and then, may she enquire.  
Tis but my closer preasing to the fire  
In th' Euenings cold; because, my weeds, you know  
Are passing thin: For I made bold to show  
Their brackes to you, and pray'd your kinde supply.

He heard, and hasten'd; and met instantly  
The Queene vpon the paucement in his way;  
Who askt; what? bringst thou not *the cause* of this?  
Finde his austere supposes? Takes he care  
Of th' vnjust wooers? Or thus hard dost he care  
On any other doubt the house obiect?  
He does me wrong; and giues too much respect  
To his fear'd safety. He does right (said she)  
And what he feares, should moue the policy  
Of any wise one; taking care to shun  
The violent wooers; He bids bide, til Sun  
Hath hid his broad light: and, belecue it, Queene,  
I will make your best course: since you two, vnseene  
May passe th' encounter: you to speake more free;  
And he, your eare gaine, lesse distractedly.

The Guest is wife (said she) and well doth giue  
The right thought vse. Of all the men that liue,  
Life serues none such, as these proud wooers are,  
To giue a good man, cause to vse his care.

Thus (all agreed) amongst the wooers goes  
*Euemius* to the Prince; and (whispering close)  
Said; Now, my Loue, my charge shal take vp me;  
(Your goods, and mine) VVhat here is, you must see  
Fit protection. But, in chiefe, regard  
Your owne deere safegard; whose state, study hard,

Left

Left sufferance seize you. Many a wicked thought  
Conceale these wooers; whom iust *Ioue* see brought  
To vtter ruine, ere it touch at vs.

So chance it, Friend (replyed *Telemachus*)  
Your Beuer taken, go: in first of day  
Come, and bring sacrifice, the best you may.  
To me, and to th'immortals, be the care  
Of whatsoeuer heere, the safeties are.

This said; he sate in his elaborate Throne.  
*Eumaw* (sed to satisfaction)  
Went to his charge; left both the Court and wals;  
Full offsecure, and fatall Festiuals.  
In which, the wooers pleasures still would sway:  
And now begun, the *Euens* nere-ending day.

*The End of the Seauententh Booke  
of Homers Odyssey.*



THE  
EIGHTEENTH BOOKE  
OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

*V*lysses, and *Rogue* Irus fight.  
*Penelope*, vouchsafes her fight  
To all her Wooers: who present  
Gifts to her; ransist with content.  
*A certaine Parle* then we sing,  
*Betwixt a Wooer, and the King.*

Another.

*Eryia* { *The Beggars glee,*  
*the King; high fame;*  
*Gifts giuen to see*  
*a vertuous Dame.* }



Here came a commune Begger to the Court;  
Who, in the City, begg'd of all resort:  
Excell'd in madnesse of the gut; drunke, eate  
Past intermission: was most hugely great;  
Yet had no sinners in him, nor no force:  
In sight, a Man; In mind, a living Corse.  
His true name, was *Arneus*: for his mother  
Impos'd it from his birth. And yet another

The City youth would giue him (from the course  
He after tooke; deriu'd out of the force  
That Need held on him: which was vp, and downe  
To run on all mens errands through the Towne)  
VVhich founded, *Irus*. VVhen whose gut was come,  
He needs would barre *Vlysses* his owne home,  
And fell to chiding him: Old man (saide he)  
Your way out of the Entry, quickly see  
Be with faire Language taken; left your stay  
But little longer, see you dragg'd away.  
See Sir: Obserue you not, how all these make  
Direct signes at me? Charging me to take  
Your heeles, and drag you out? But I take shame.  
Rife yet, y'are best; left we two play a game  
At cusses together. He bent browes, and saide:  
VVretch! I do thee no ill; nor once vpbraide

Thy preſence with a word; nor what mine eye  
By all hands ſees thee giuen, one thought enuy:  
Nor ſhouldſt thou enuy others. Thou mayſt ſee  
The place will hold vs both; and ſeem'ſt to me  
A Begger like my ſelf: which who can mend?  
*The Gods giue moſt, to whom they leaſt are Friend:*  
*The cheefe gods Gods giue, is in good to end.*  
But to the hands ſtrife, of which y<sup>e</sup> are ſo free,  
Prouoke me not, for feare you anger me;  
And leſt the old man, on whoſe ſcorne you ſtood,  
Your lips and boſome, make ſhake hands in blood.  
I loue my quiet well, and more will loue  
To morrow then to day. But if you moue  
My peace beyond my right; the warre you make,  
Will neuer after giue you will to take  
*Vlyſſes* houſe into your begging walke.

O Gods (ſaide he) how volubly doth talke  
This eating gulfe? And how his fume breakes out,  
As from an old crackt Ouen? whom I will clout  
So bitterly; and ſo with both hands mall  
His chaps together; that his teeth ſhall fall,  
As plaine ſcene on the earth, as any Sowes  
That ruts the Corne-fields, or deuoures the Mowes.  
Come; cloſe we now, that all may ſee, what wrong  
An old man tempts, that takes at cuſſes, a yong.

Thus in the entry of thoſe lofty Tow'rs,  
Theſe two, with all ſplene, ſpent their iarring pow'rs;  
*Antinous* tooke it; laught, and ſaide; O Friends  
We neuer had ſuch ſport: This Gueſt contends  
VVith this vaſte Begger, at the Buffets fight;  
Come, ioyne we hands, and ſcrew vp all their ſpight.

All roſe in Laughters; and about them bore  
All the ragg'd rout of beggers at the dore.  
Then mou'd *Antinous* the victors hire  
To all the woo'rs thus: There are now at fire  
Two breſts of Goat: both which, let Law ſet downe  
Before the man, that wins the dayes renowne,  
With all their fat and greaue: And of both  
The glorious Victor, ſhal preferre his tooth,  
To which he makes his choiſe of, from vs all;  
And euer after, banquet in our Hall,  
VVith what our boords yeeld: Nor a Begger more  
Allow'd to ſhare; but all keepe out at dore.  
This he propoſd; and this they all approu'd;  
To which *Vlyſſes* answer'd: O moſt lou'd,  
By no meanes ſhould an old man; and one old  
In chiefe with forrowes, be ſo ouer-bold  
To combat with his yonger: But alas;

Mans

Mans-owne-ill-working belly, needs will paſſe  
This worke vpon me; and enforce me to o  
To beate this fellow. But then, you muſt doo  
My age no wrong, to take my yongers part,  
And play me foule play; making your ſtrokes ſmart  
Helpe his to conquer: for you eaſily may  
With your ſtrengths cruſh me. Do then right, & lay  
Your Honors on it, in your oaths, to yield  
His part no aide; but equall leaue the field:

All ſwore his will. But then *Telemachus*,  
His Fathers ſcoffes, with comforts ſerious,  
Could not but answer, and made this reply.

Gueſt! If thine owne powers cheere thy victory,  
Feare no mans elſe, that will not paſſe it free:  
He fights with many, that ſhall touch but thee.  
Ile ſee thy gueſt-right paid: Thou heere art come  
In my protection: and to this, the ſumme  
Of all theſe wooers (which *Antinous* are  
And King *Eurymachus*) conioyne their care.

Both vow'd it. VVhen *Vlyſſes*, laying by  
His vpper weed, his inner beggery  
Nere ſhew'd his ſhame: which he, with rags preuſted  
Pluckt from about his Thighes; and ſo preſented  
Their goodly fight, which were ſo white, and great,  
And his large ſhoulders, were to view, ſo ſet  
By his bare rags; his armes, his breaſt and all,  
So broad, and brawny (their grace naturall  
Being helpt by *Pallas*, euer ſtanding nere)  
That all the wooers, his admirers were  
Beyond all meaſure: mutuall whiſpers, driuen  
Through all their cluſter, ſaying, Sure as heauen,  
Poore *Irus* pull'd vpon him, bitter blowes.  
Through his thin Garment, what a Thigh he ſhowes?

They ſaid; But *Irus* felt. His Cow-herd minde  
VVas mou'd at roote. But now, he needs muſt finde  
Facts to his brags; and ſorth at all parts fit  
The ſeruants brought him; all his artires ſmit  
VVith feares, and tremblings. VVhich *Antinous* ſaw,  
And ſaide; Nay, now too late comes feare; No Law;  
Thou ſhouldſt at firſt haue giuen thy braggart vaine,  
Nor ſhould it ſo haue ſwell'd, if terrors ſtraine  
Thy ſpirits to this paſſe; for a man ſo old,  
And worne with penuries, that ſtill lay hold  
On his ragg'd perſon. Howſoeuer, take  
This vow from me, for firme; That if he make  
Thy forces ſtoope; and proue his owne ſupreme;  
Ile put thee in a Ship, and downe the ſtreame  
Send thee aſhore, where King *Echetus* raignes;

(The

(The roughest tyrant, that the world contains)  
And he will slit thy Nostrils, crop each eare;  
Thy shame cut off, and giue it dogges to teare.

*The blissefull fight  
betweene Vlysses  
and Irus:*

This shook his Nerves the more. But both were now  
Brought to the Lifts; and vp did either throw  
His heauy fists. *Vlysses*, in suspense  
To strike so home, that he should fright from thence  
His Cow-herd soule (his trunk laide prostrate there:)  
Or let him take more leisure to his feare,  
And stoope him by degrees. The last, shew'd best,  
To strike him slightly; out of feare the rest  
Would else discover him. But (peace now broke)  
On his right shoulder, *Irus* laide his stroke.  
*Vlysses* strooke him, iust beneath the eare,  
His iaw-bone broke, and made the blood appeare.  
VVhen straight, he strew'd the dust, and made his crie  
Stand for himselfe; with whom, his teeth did lie,  
Spit with his blood out: and against the ground  
His heeles lay sprawling. Vp the hands went round  
Of all the wooers; all at point to dye  
VVith violent laughers. Then the King did ply  
The Beggars feet, and dragg'd him forth the Hall  
Along the Entry, to the gates, and wall:  
Where leauing him, he put into his hand  
A Staffe, and bad him there vse his command  
On Swine, and Dogs; and not presume to be  
Lord of the guests, or of the Beggery:  
Since he, of all men, was the scum and curse:  
And so, bad please with that, or fare yet worse.  
Then cast he on his scrip, all patch, and rent,  
Hung by a rotten cord; and backe he went  
To greete the Entries threshold with his feat.

The wooers throng'd to him, and did entreat  
VVith gentle words his conquest; laughing still:  
Pray'd *Ioue*, and all the Gods, to giue his will  
VVhat most it wist him; and would ioy him most,  
Since he so happily had cleer'd their cost  
Of that vnfaoury morsell, whom they vow'd  
To see with all their vtmost haste bestow'd  
Aboord a ship; and for *Epirus* sent  
To King *Echetus*: on whose Throne was spent  
The worst mans feat & breath'd. And thus was grac't  
Diuine *Vlysses*: who with ioy embrac't  
Euen that poore conquest. Then was set to him  
The goodly Goats breast promise (that did swim  
In fat and greay) by *Antinous*.  
And from a Basket (by *Amphinomus*)  
VVas two Breads giuen him; who (besides) renown'd  
His banquet, with a golden Goblet croud,

And

And this high salutation: Frolicke, Guest;  
And be those riches that you first possesse  
Restor'd againe, with full as many ioyes,  
As in your poore state, I see now annoyes.

*Amphinomus* (saide he) you seeme to me  
Exceeding wise, as being the progeny  
Of such a Father, as autentique Fame  
Hath told me was so: One of honour'd name,  
And great reuenues in *Dulichius*;  
His faire name, *Nisus*. He is blazon'd thus;  
And you to be his Sonne; his wisdom heyring,  
As well as wealth: his state, in nought empairing.  
To proue which, all waies; let me tell you this  
(As warning you to shun the miseries  
That follow full states, if they be not held  
With wisdom still at full; and so compeld  
To courses, that abode not in their browes,  
By too much twindge, their sodaine ouerthrowes)  
*Of all things breathing, or that creepe on earth;  
Nought is more wretched then a humane Birth.  
Bless'd men, thinke neuer, they can curst be,  
While any power lasts, to moue a knee.*  
But when the blest Gods, make them feeble that smart,  
That fled their Faith so; as they had no hart,  
They beare their sufferings; and, what wel they might  
Haue cleerly shun'd, they then meet in despight.  
*The Minde of Man fliese sit out of his way,  
Vnlesse God guide, and prompt it, euery day.*  
I thought me once, a blessed man with men;  
And fashion'd me, to all so counted then:  
Did all iniustice like them; what for Lust,  
Or any pleasure, neuer so vniust  
I could by powre, or violence, obtaine;  
And gaue them both in all their powres the raigne:  
Bold of my Fathers, and my Brothers still;  
VVhile which held good, my Arts seem'd neuer ill.  
And thus is none, held simply, good or bad;  
But as his will is either mist, or had.  
Al' goods, Gods gifts man calls, how ere he gets them;  
And so takes all, what price so ere, God sets them.  
Saies nought, how ill they come; nor will controule  
That Rauine in him, though it cost his soule.  
And these parts here, I see these wooers play,  
Take all that fals; and all dishonors lay  
On that mans Queen, that (tell your friends) doth beare  
No long times absence, but is passing neare.  
Let God then, guide thee home; lest he may meete  
In his returne, thy vndeparted feete.

Bb

For

For when he enters, and sees men so rude,  
The quarrell cannot but in blood conclude.

This said; he sacrific'd; then drunke; & then  
Referr'd the giuen Boule, to the guide of men;  
VWho walk't away, afflicted at his heart;  
Shook head, and fear'd, that these facts wold conuert  
To ill in th' end. Yet had not grace to flie:  
*Minerva* staid him, being ordain'd to die  
Vpon the Lance of yong *Vlyssides*.

So, downe he fate; and then did *Pallas* please  
T'incline the Queenes affections, to appeare  
To all the wooers; to extend their cheare  
To th' vtmost lightning, that still vsthers death:  
And made her put on all the painted sheath,  
That might both fet her wooers fancies hye;  
And get her greater honor in the eye  
Euen of her Son & Soueraigne, then before.  
VWho laughing yet (to shew her humor bore  
No serious appetite to that light show)  
She told *Eurynome*, that not till now  
She euer knew her entertaine desire  
To please her wooers eyes; but oft on fire  
She set their hate, in keeping from them still;  
Yet now she pleas'd appeare: though from no will  
To do them honor; vowing she would tell  
Her son that of them, that should fit him well  
To make vse of: which was, not to conuerse  
Too freely with their pride; nor to disperse  
His thoughts amongst them, since they vs'd to giue  
Good words; but through them, ill intents did driue.

*Eurynome* replied: With good aduise  
You vow his counsaile, & your open guife.  
Go then, aduise your Son; nor keepe more close  
Your cheekes, still drown'd in your eyes ouerflowes.  
But bathe your body, & with Balmes make cleere  
Your thicken'd count'nance; *Vncomposed cheare,*  
*And euer mourning, will the Marrow weare.* }  
Nor haue you cause to mourn; your Son hath now  
Put on that vertue, which (in chiefe) your vow  
VVith (as your blessing) at his birth, might decke  
His blood & person. But forbear to speake  
Of Baths, or Balmings, or of beauty, now  
(The Queene replyed) lest (vrging comforts) you  
Discomfort much: because the Gods haue wonne  
The spoile of my lookes, since my Lord was gone.  
But these must serue. Cal hither then, to me  
*Hippodamia, & Antonoo;*  
That those our traine additions may supply  
Our owne defects. And yet besides, Not I

(VVith

(VVith all my age) haue learn'd the boldnesse yet  
T' expose my selfe to men, vntill I get  
Some other Graces. This said; forth she went  
To call the Ladies; and much spirit spent  
To make their vtmost speed: for now, their Queene  
VVould both her selfe shew, & make them be leene.

*Eurynome.*

But now *Minerva* other proiects laid;  
And through *Icarus* \* daughters Veines conuaid  
Sweet sleepes desire. In whose soft fumes, inuolu'd  
She was as soone as laid; and quite dissolu'd  
VVere all her Lineaments. The Goddesse then  
Bestow'd immortal gifts on her, that men  
Might wonder at her beauties; and the beames  
That glister in the deified supreames,  
She cleer'd her mourning count'nance vp withall:  
Euen such a radiance, as doth round cimpall  
Crown'd \* *Cytherea*, when her order'd places;  
Conduct the Beuy of the dancing Graces;  
She added to her owne: more plumpe, more hie,  
And fairer then the polisht luory,  
Rendring her parts, and presence. This grace done,  
Away the Deity flew; and vp did runne  
Her lonely-wristed Ladies, with a noife  
That blew the soft chaines from her sleeping ioyes.  
When she, her faire eyes wipt; and (gasping) said:  
O me vnblest! How deep a sweet sleepe spread  
His shades about me? VVould *Diana* pleas'd  
To shoot me with a death no more to be discald,  
As soone as might be: that no more my mone  
Might waste my blood, in weepings neuer done;  
For want of that accomplisht vertue spher'd  
In my lou'd Lord, to all the Greekes prefer'd.

\* *Penelope.*\* *Venus.*

Then she descended with her Maids, and tooke  
Place in the Portall; whence her beamy looke  
Reacht eu'ry wooers heart. Yet cast she on  
So thin a veyle, that through it quite there shone  
A grace so stolne, it pleas'd about the cleere,  
And sunke the knees of euery wooer there.  
Their minds so melted, in loues vehement fires;  
That to her bed she heightn'd all desires.

The Princee then coming neere, she said; O Son;  
Thy thoughts & iudgements haue not yet put on  
That constancy, in what becomes their good  
VVhich all expect in thee: thy yonger blood  
Did sparkle choicer spirits. But, arriv'd  
At this full growth, wherein their Fortne hath thriu'd  
Beyond the bounds of child-hood, (and when now)  
Beholders should affirme, This man doth grow  
Like the rare son of his matchles Sire,

E b a

(His

(His goodlinesse, his beauty, and his fire  
Offoule aspir'd to) thou mak'st nothing good  
Thy Fate, nor fortune; nor thy height of blood,  
In manage of thy actions. What a deed  
Offoule desert, hath thy grosse sufferance freed  
Beneath thine owne Rooft? A poore stranger here  
Vsd most vnmanly! How will this appeare  
To all the world; when Fame shall trumpet out,  
That thus, and thus, are our guests beate about  
Our Court vnrighted? Tis a blaze will shew  
Extreamly shamefull, to your name, and you.

I blame you not, O Mother (he replide)  
That this cleere wrong sustain'd by me, you chide:  
Yet know I, both the good and bad of all;  
Being past the yeares, in which yong errors fall.  
But (all this knowne) skill is not so exact  
To giue (when once it knowes) things fit their fact.  
I wel may doubt the ptease of strangers here;  
Who, bent to ill, and onely my Nerues nere,  
May do it in despight. And yet the iarre  
Betwixt our guest and *Irus*, was no warre  
Wrought by the wooers; nor our guest sustain'd  
VWrong in that action; but the conquest gain'd.  
And would to *Ioue*, *Minerua*, and the Sun,  
That all your woors, might serue *Contention*  
For such a purchase as the Begger made;  
And wore such weak heads: Some should death invade  
Strew'd in the Entry; some imbrow the hall,  
Till euery man had vengeance capital;  
Satt'd like *Irus* at the Gares; his head  
Euery way nodding; like one forfeited  
To reeling *Bacchus*; Kices, nor feete, his owne,  
To beare him where hee's better lou'd or knowne.

Their speeches giuen this end, *Eurymachus*

Began his Court-ship, and expect it thus.

Most wife *Icarus* daughters! If all those  
That did for *Colchos* ventrous faile dispose,  
For that rich purchase; had before but scene  
Earths richer prize, in th' *Thacensian* Queene,  
They had not made that voyage; but to you,  
Would all their vertues, and their Beings vow,  
Should all the world know what a worth you store,  
To morrow then to day; and next light, more  
Your Court should banquet; since to all Dames, you  
Are far prefer'd; both for the grace of shew;  
In Stature, Beauty; Forme in euery kinde  
Of all parts outward; and for faultlesse minde.

Alas (said she) my Vertue, Body, Forme,

*Eurymachus*,  
ship of the fu-  
posed in ad, no  
Quene.

*Penel* answer.

The Gods haue blasted, with that onely storme  
That rauisht *Greece* to *Iliou*; since my Lord  
(For that warre ship't) bore all my goods aboard:  
If he (return'd) should come, and gouerne here  
My lifes whole state; the grace of all things there  
His guide would heighten, as the spirit it bore:  
VWhich dead in me, liues; giuen him long before.  
A sad course I liue now; heauens sterne decree  
VWith many an ill, hath numb'd and deaded me.  
He tooke life with him, when he tooke my hand,  
In parting from me to the *Troian* strand:  
These words my witnesse, VWoman! I conceiue  
That not all th' *Achines* bound for *Troy*, shall leaue  
Their Natiue earth, their safe returned bones;  
Fame saying, that *Troy* traines vp approued sonnes  
In deeds of Armes: Braue putters off of shafts:  
For winging Lances, Maisters of their crafts;  
Vnmarched Riders; swift of foot; and streight  
Can arbitrate a warre of deadliest weight:  
Hope then, can scarce fill all with lifes supply;  
And of all, any failing; why not I?  
Nor do I know, if God hath marshall'd me  
Amongst the safe-return'd: Or his decree  
Hath left me to the thraldome, order'd there.  
Howeuer, all cares be thy burthens here:  
My Sire and Mother, tend as much as now,  
I, further off, more neere in cares be you.  
Your Son, to mans state grown, wed whom you will:  
And (you gone) his care, let his household fill.  
Thus made my Lord his will; & heauen sees prou'd  
Almost at all parts; for the Sun remou'd  
Downe to his set; ere long, wil leade the night  
Of those abhorred Nuptials, that should fright  
Each worthy woman; which her second are  
VWith any man that breathes; her first Lords care  
Dead, because he to flesh and blood is dead,  
VWhich, I feare, I thal yeeld to, and so wed  
A second husband; and my reason is,  
Since *Ioue* hath taken from me all his blisse.  
Whom God giues ouer, they themselves forsake;  
Their griefes, their ioyes; their God, their deuil make.  
And 'tis a great griefe; nor was scene till now,  
In any fashion of such mea as woo  
A good and wealthy woman; and contend  
VWho shal obtaine her, that those men should spend  
Her Bees and best Sheepe, as their chieffest ends;  
But rather, that herselfe, and all her friends  
They should with Banquers, and rich gifts entreat;

*Phylis* words  
to his wife at  
parting.

Bb3

*Their*

*Their life is death, that live with others meat.*

Diuine *Vlysses*, much reioyce't to heare  
His Queene thus fith for gifts; and keepe in cheare  
Their hearts with hope, that she would wed againe;  
Her minde yet still, her first intent retaine.

*Antinous* saw, the wooers won to giue;  
And said; wife Queene, by all your meanes receiue  
What euer bounty, any woo'r shall vse;  
*Gifts freely giuen, is folly to refuse.*

For know, that we resolute not to be gone  
To keepe our owne rooves; till of all, some One  
VWhom best you like, your long-woo'd loue shal win

This pleas'd the rest; and every one sent in  
His present by the Herald; First had place  
*Antinous* gift: a robe of speciall grace,  
Exceeding ful and faire; and twenty hewes  
Chang'd luster to it. To which, choise of shewes:  
Twelue malse plated Buttons, all of Gold,  
Enricht the substance, made to fairly hold  
The Robe together; all lac'd downe before,  
VWhere Keepest and Catches, both sides of it wore.

*Eurymachus*, a golden Tablet gaue;  
In which did Art, her choicest workes engraue;  
And round about, an Amber verge did run,  
That cast a radiance from it, like the Sun.

*Eurydamas*, two seruants had, that bore  
Two goodly Earrings; whose rich hollowes wore  
Three Pearles in either, like so many eyes,  
Reflecting glances, radiant as the skies.

The King *Pylander*, great *Polydors* heire,  
A Casket gaue, exceeding rich and faire.

The other, other wealthy gifts commended  
To her faire hand; which took, and straight ascended  
This Goddess of her sex, her vpper State.  
Her Ladies, all her gifts elaborate,  
Vp bearing after. All to dancing then  
The wooers went, and songs delightfull straine;  
In which they frolickt, till the Euening came:  
And then rais'd fable *Hesperus* his flame.  
VWhen, for their Lights within; they set vp there  
3. Lampes, whose weekes were wood exceeding sere,  
And passing porous; which they caus'd to burne,  
Their matter euer minister'd by turne  
Of seuerall Hand-maids. VWhom *Vlysses* (seeing  
Too conuerfant with wooers; ill agreeing  
VWith guise of maids) aquid in this faire sort:

Maid of your long-lackt King; keepe you the port  
Your Queenes chaste presence beares? Go, vp to her,

*The Wooers  
Gifts.*

*Vlysses, o his  
Wives women.*

Im

Employ your Loomes, or Rockes, and keepe ye there:  
He serue to feed these lamps; hold these Lords dances  
Last til *Aurora* cheer'd vs with her glances.  
They cannot weary me, for I am one  
Borne to endure, when all men else haue done.

They wantonly brake out in Laughters all,  
Lock't on each other: and to termes did fall  
Cheek-proud *Melantho*, who was *Dolus* seed,  
Kept by the Queene, that gaue her dainty breed  
Fit for her daughter: and yet won not so  
Her heart to her, to share in any wo  
She suffer'd for her Lord: But she was great  
VWith great *Eurymachus*, and her loues heart  
In his bed quenched. And this cholericke thing,  
Bestow'd this railing Language on the King.

Base Stranger; you are taken in your braine,  
You talke so wildly: Neuer you, againe  
Can get where you were borne; and seeke your bed  
In some Smithes Houill, or the Market sted;  
But heere you must take confidence to prate  
Before all these; for feare can get no state  
In your wine-hardy stomacke. Or, 'tis like  
To proue your natue garbe: your tongue will strike  
On this side of your mouth still, being at best.  
Is the man idle-brain'd for want of rest?  
Or proud, because he beate the roguish begger?  
Take heed Sir, lest some better man beleager  
Your eares with his fifts; and set headlong hence  
Your bold abode heere, with your bloods expence.

He looking sternly on her; answer'd her:  
Dog! What broad Language giu'st thou? He prefer  
Your vface to the Prince; that he may fall  
Foule on your faire limbes, til he tel them all.

This fray'd the wenches; and al straight got gone  
In teare, about their businesse: Euery one  
Confessing he saide well. But he stood now  
Close by the Cressets; and did looke below  
On all men there: his Braine employd about  
Some sharper businesse, then to dance it out;  
VWhich had not long to go. Nor therefore would  
*Minerus* let the wooers spleenes grow cold,  
VWith too good vface of him; that his hart  
Might fret enough, and make his choller smart.

*Eurymachus*, prouok't him first, and made  
His fellow laugh, with a conceit he had  
Fetch farre; from what was spoken long before;  
That his poore forme, perhaps some Deity bore.  
It well may chance (saide he) some God doth beare

*Melantho to  
Vlysses.*

This



This mans resemblance: For, thus standing nere  
The glittering Torches; his flick't head dorth throw  
Beames round about it, as those Cresters do.  
For not a haire he hath to giue it shade.  
Say, wil thy heart serue t'vndertake a Trade  
For fitting wages? Should I take thee hence  
To walke my grounds, and looke to euery Fence:  
Or plant high trees: thy hire should raise thy forces;  
Food store, & cloaths. But these same ydle courtes  
Thou art to prompt in, that thou wilt not worke,  
But forrage vp and downe, and beg, and lurke  
In euery house, whose Roofes hold any will  
To feed such fellowes. That thy gut may fil,  
Giues end to all thy Beeing. He replied;

I wish, at any worke, we two were tryed;  
In hight of Spring time, when heauens lights are long;  
I, a good crook'd Sithe, that were sharpe, and strong:  
You, such another, where the grassie grew deepe;  
Vp by day breake, and both our labours keepe  
Vp, til flow darknes eas'd the labouring light;  
Fasting all day, and not a crum til night:  
VVe then should proue our either workmanship.  
Or if (again) Beeues, that the goad, or whip  
VWere apt t'obey, before a tearing Plow:  
Big, lusty beasts: Alike in bulke and brow;  
Alike in Labour, and alike in strength;  
Our taske foure Acres, to be Till'd in length  
Of one sole day: Again then you should try  
If the dul glebe, before the Plough should flye;  
Or I, a long Stitch could beare cleane, and euen.  
Or lastly; if the guide of earth & heauen  
Should stir sterne war vp, either here or there;  
And that, at this day, I had double Speare,  
And Shield, and Steele Caske, sitting for my browes;  
At this work likewise, midst the foremost blowes  
Your eyes should note me; and get little cause  
To twit me with my bellies sole applause.  
But you affect, t' affect with iniurie,  
Your minde vn gentle; seeme in valour hic,  
Because 'gainst few; and those, not of the best  
Your conuersation hath bene still profest.  
But if *Vlysses* (landed on his earth,  
And enter'd on the true right of his birth)  
Should come & front ye; straight, his ample Gates  
Your feete would hold, too narrow for your Fates.

He frown'd, rag'd, call'd him wretch; and vow'd  
To be his death, since he durst proue so proud  
Amongst so many: to tell him to home

What

VWhat he affected. Askt, if ouercome  
With wine he were; or (as his Minion said)  
Talk't til so idly; and were palsied  
In his minds instruments; or was proud, because  
He gat from *Irus* off, with such applause?  
VWith all which, snatching vp a stoole, he threw:  
VWhen old *Vlysses*, to the knees withdrew,  
Of the *Dulichian* Lord *Amphinomus*,  
As if he fear'd him. His dart missing thus  
His aged obiekt: and his Pages hand,  
(A Boy, that waited on his cups command,  
Now holding of an Ewre to him) he smit.  
Downe fel the founding Ewre; and after it,  
The guiltlesse Page, lay sprawling in the dust,  
And crying out. VWhen all the wooers thrust  
A tumult vp amongst them; wishing all,  
The rogue had perisht in some Hospitall,  
Before his life there, stir'd such vproct;  
And with rude speeches, spice their pleasures cup.  
And all this for a Begger, to fulfill  
A filthy Prouerbe: *Good Will yeelds evil*.

The Prince cried out on them, re let the bad  
Obscure the good fo; Told them they were mad,  
Abus'd their banquet; and affirm'd some God  
Tried maisteries with them: Bad them take their load  
Of food and wine: Sit vp, or fal to bed  
At their free pleasures; and since he gaue head  
To all their freedoms; why should they mistake  
Their owne rich humors for a Beggars sake?

All bit their lips to be so taken downe;  
And taught the course that shold haue bin their own;  
Admir'd the Prince; and saide, he brauely spoke.  
But *Nisus* Son then, strooke the equall stroke,  
And saide, O Friends, let no man here disdaine  
To put vp equall speeches; nor maintaine  
VWith serious words, an humor; Nor with stroke,  
A Stranger in anothers house prouoke,  
Nor touch the meanest seruant; but confine  
All these dissentions in a bolle of wine:  
VWhich fill vs Cup-bearers; that hauing done  
Our nightly sacrifice, we may attone  
Our powres with sleepe; resigning first the guest  
Vp to the Prince, that holds all interest  
In his dispose here: the House being his  
In iust descent, & all the faculties.

This all proudd; when Noble *Malius*

(He-

*Telen makes  
the wooers, yet  
wins their  
praise.*

(Herald in chiefe, to Lord *Amphinomus*)  
 The VVine distributed with reuerend grace  
 To eu'ry wooer: when the Gods giuen place  
 VVith seruice fit, they seru'd themselves, and tooke  
 Their parting Cups: till (when they all had shooke  
 The angry humor off) they bent to rest;  
 And euery VVoker to seuerall Rooves address.

*The End of the Eighteenth Booke  
 of Homers Odyssees.*



THE  
 NINETEENTH BOOKE  
 OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGUMENT.

**V**lysses and his Son, eschew  
 Offending of the Wooers view  
 With any Armour. His Birth's seate,  
 Vlysses tel: his Queene, is Cete.  
 Euryclea the truth yet found,  
 Discover'd by a scar-beal'd wound,  
 Which in Parnassus tops, a Bore  
 (Stroke by him in his Chace) did gore.

Another.

*Tau.* { The King still bid  
 by what he said.  
 By what he did,  
 informes his maid. }



Et did Diuine *Vlysses* keepe his Roofe;  
 And with *Minerva* plotted still the prooffe  
 Of al the wooers deaths. VVhen thus, his Son  
 He taught with these fore-counsailes: we must ron  
 A close course with these Armes, & lay them by.  
 And to the wooers make so faire asky,  
 As it would neuer thunder. Let me then  
 (That you may wel retaine) repeate agen  
 VVhat in *Eumais* Cottage, I aduif'd.

*Vlysses former  
 counsaile to his  
 Son, for dispo-  
 sing his Armes  
 repeated.*

If when they see your leysure exercis'd  
 In fetching downe your Armes: & aske what vse  
 Your minde will giue them: Say, 'tis their abuse  
 VVith smoke & rust, that makes you take them down;  
 This not being like the Armory well knowne  
 To be the leauings of *Laertes* Son,  
 Conforting the designe for *Iliou*.  
 Your eyes may see how much they are infected,  
 As all fires vapors, euer since, reflected  
 On those sole Armes. Besides, a grauer thought,  
 Ioue graues within you, lest (their spirits wrought  
 Aboue their pitch with wine) they might contend  
 At some high banquet, & to wounds transcend;

Their

Their Feast inuering; which, perhaps may be  
 Their Nuptiall feast, with wife *Penelope*.  
*The ready weapon when the bloud is up,*  
*Doubles the uprore, heightened by the Cup.*  
*Wrath's meanes for Act: hurt e all the wayes ye can;*  
*As Loadstones draw the Steele, so Steele draw's Man.*

Retaine these words; nor what is good, think thus  
 Receiu'd at second hand, superfluous.  
 The Sonne obeying, did *Euryalea* call,  
 And bad her shut (in the vtter Porches) all  
 The other women; till himselfe brought downe  
 His Fathers Armes, which all were ouer-growne  
 By his neglect, with rust: his Father gone,  
 And he too childish, to spend thoughts vpon  
 Those manly Implements; but he would now  
 Reforme those yong neglects; and th'armes bestow  
 Past reach of smoke. The louing Nurse replide;

I with (O Son) your powers would once prouide  
 For wisdom's habit; See your household were  
 In thrifty mannage, and tend all things there.  
 But if these armes must downe; and euery Maide  
 Be shut in vtter roomes; who else should aide  
 Your worke with light? He answer'd; This my guest:  
 There shal not one in my house, tast my Feast,

(Or ioynce in my \* Nause) that shall ydely liue,  
 How euer farre hence, he his home deriue.

He said, and his words stood; The doores she shut  
 Of that so wel-fill'd house; and th'other put  
 Their thoughts in act; Best Shields, Helmes, sharpened Lances  
 Brought downe; and *Pallas* before both, aduances

A golden Cresset, that did cast a Light,  
 As if the Day fate, in the Throne of Night.

VWhen (halfe amaz'd) the Prince said, O my Father,  
 Mine eyes, my foules pow'rs all in wonder gather:  
 For though the wals, and goodly wind-beames here,  
 All all these Pillars, that their heads, so reare,

And all of Firre; they seeme yet, all of fire.  
 Some God is surely with vs. His wife Sire,  
 Bad peace, and keepe the counsailes of the Gods;

Nor aske a word: These Pow'rs that vse abods  
 About the starres, haue power from thence to shine  
 Through night, and all shades, to earths inmost Mine.  
 Go thou for sleepe; and leaue me here to wake  
 The women and the Queene; whose heart doth ake  
 To make enquiry for my selfe, of me.

He went to sleepe, where lights did endlessly  
 Burne in his Night-roomes; where he fasted Rest,  
 Til dayes faire weed, did all the world inuest.

\* *NUIXES*  
*attenuat, They*  
*not needs turne*  
*this; Quadram*  
*(on Modium)*  
*gustet, I haue*  
*this words beare*  
*no such signifi-*  
*cation; But*  
*give a Prouerb*  
*then in use, Re-*  
*petition which*  
*may, Hee shall*  
*not igno or make*  
*a joke in the*  
*Name of mycha-*  
*riat, or Chariot*  
*wheele, & con-*  
*uay, or conuinc*  
*signifying Mo-*  
*diolus Rotz,*  
*and a 720*  
*Nedo.*

Thus was diuine *Vlysses* left alone  
 VVith *Pallas*, plotting foule confusion  
 To all the wooers. Forth then came the Queene;  
*Phoebe*, with golden *Cytherea* sceene,  
 Her Port presented. VVhom they set a Chaire  
 Aside the fire: The fashion circulare;  
 The substance Siluer, and rich Elephant;  
 VVhose Fabricke, did the cunning finger vant  
 Of great *Iemalius*: who besides, had done  
 A footstoole for her, that did sute her Throne:  
 On which, they cast an ample skin, to be  
 The Cushion, for her other Royalty.  
 And there she sat; about whom, came her Maids,  
 VVho brought vpon a Table store of Breads,  
 And Bolles, that with the wooers wine were cround.  
 The Embers then they cast vpon the ground  
 From out the Lampes, and other Fuell added;  
 That still, with cheereful flame, the sad house gladdened.

*Melantho*, seeing still *Vlysses* there;  
 Thus she held out her spleene: Still stranger, here?  
 Thus late in night? To see what Ladies do?  
 Auant you wretch: hence; Go, without doores, go:  
 And quickly too, lest ye be find'd away  
 VVith burning fire-brands. He (thus seeing their fray  
 Contin'd by her with such spleene) replide;

Minion! What makes your angry blood thus chide  
 My presence still? Is it, because you see  
 I shine not in your wanton brauery?  
 But weare these rags? It fits the needy Fate  
 That makes me beg thus, of the commune state.  
 Such poore soules, and such beggers, yet are men;  
 And euen my meane meanes, means had to maintain  
 A wealthy house; and kept a manly preafe;  
 VVas counted blessed; and the poore access  
 Of any Begger, did not scorne, but feede  
 VVith often hand: and any man of neede  
 Releu'd as fitt'd: kept my seruants to,  
 Not few; but did with those additions go,  
 That call choise men, *The Honest*; who are stild  
 The rich, the great. But what such great ones build  
 Loue oft puls downe, as thus he ruin'd me;  
 His will was such, which is his equity.

And therefore (woman) beare you fitting hand  
 On your behauiour, lest your spirit thus mann'd,  
 And cherisht with your beauties (when they wane)  
 Comes down: Your pride now, being then your bane.  
 And in the meane space, shun the present danger;  
 Left your bold fashion, breed your Soueraigns anger.

C c

Thus

Or

Or lest *Pisces* come: of whom, euen yet  
*Hope* finds some life in fate. Or, be his feat  
 Amongst the meerly ruin'd; yet his Sonne  
 (Whose lifes heart, *Phaebus* faues) is such a one,  
 As can discouer, who doth well deserue  
 Of any woman here; His yeares, now serue.

The Queen gaue care, & thus suppress't the flame:  
 Thou quite without a brow; past female shame;  
 I heare thy monstrous boldnesse, which thy head  
 Shall pay me paines for. Thou hast heard it said,  
 And from my selfe too; and at euery part  
 Thy knowledge serueth thee; that (to ease my hart  
 So punish't in thy wretchednesse) my desire  
 Dwelt on this Stranger; that I might enquire  
 My lost friends Becing. But 'tis euer tride,  
*Both Man and God, are still forgot with pride.*  
*Eurynome!* Bring heere this Guest a seat,  
 And Cushion on it; that we two, may treat  
 Of the affaire in question. Set it neare,  
 That I may softly speake, yet he well heare.

She did this little freely; and he sat  
 Close by the Queen; who askt him, Whence, & what  
 He was himselfe? And what th' inhabited place?  
 VWhere liu'd his parents? whence he fetcht his race?

O woman (he replyed) with whom, no man  
 That moues in earths vnbounded circle, can  
 Maintaine contention, for true honor geuen;  
 Whose fame, hath reacht the fairely flowing heauen.  
 VWho, like a neuer-ill-deseruing King,  
 That is well spoke of; First for worshipping,  
 And striving to resemble God, in Empire;  
 Whose equall hand, impartially doth temper,  
*Greatnesse, and Goodnesse:* To whom therefore, beares  
 The blacke earth, store of all graine; Trees conferres,  
 Cracking with burthen, Long-liu'd Herds creates;  
 All which, the Sea, with her forts, emulates;  
 And all this feeds, beneath his pow'refull hand,  
 Men, valiant, many, making strong his Land  
 With happy liues led; Nothing else, the cause  
 Of all these blessings, but well order'd Lawes;  
 Like such a King, are you; in Loue, in Fame,  
 And all the blisse that desires a Dame.  
 And therefore, do not mixe this with a mone  
 So wretched, as is now in question.  
 Aske not my Race, nor Countrey, lest you fill  
 My heart yet fuller, with repeated ill:  
 For I must follow it, with many teares;  
 Though 'tis not seemly, to sit wounding eares

*Pisces to his  
 Queen.*

*\* Eurynome  
 p. 11.*

In publique Rooves, with our particular life;  
*Times w<sup>th</sup> expence, is still-repeated Griefe.*  
 I should be irksome to your Ladies here:  
 And you your selfe would say, you vrg'd your eare  
 To what offends it: My still-broken cene,  
 Supposing wounded with your too much wine.

Stranger (said she) you feare your owne excessse,  
 With giuing me too great a noblenesse.  
 The Gods, my person, Beauty, Vertue to,  
 Long since subuerted; when the *Ilion* wo  
 The Greeke designe attempted. In which, went  
 My praise, and honor. In his gouernment  
 Had I deseru'd your vtmost grace; But now  
 Sinister Deity, makes dishonor woo  
 (In shew of grace) my ruine. All the Peres,  
*Syluane Lacynthus, and Dulychius* Spheres,  
*Samos and Ithica*, strange strifes haue showne,  
 To win me; spending on me, all mine owne.  
 Will wed me, in my spite: And these are those,  
 That take from me, all vertue to dispose.  
 Or Guest, or Suppliant: or take any course  
 Amongst my Heralds (that should all disburse)  
 To order any thing: Though I neede none  
 To giue me greese at home; Abroad err's one }  
 That my veins shrink for; who, these (holding gone) }  
 Their Nuptials hasten, and find me as slow.  
 Good spirits prompted me, to make a show  
 Of vndertaking a most curious taske,  
 That an vnmeasur'd space of time would aske;  
 VWhich, they enduring long, would often say;  
 VWhen ends thy worke? I soone had my delay;  
 And prai'd their stay: For though my Lord wer dead,  
 His Fathers life yet, matter ministr'd  
 That must employ me: which, (to tell them true)  
 Was that great worke I nam'd. For now, nere drew  
*Laertes* death; and on my hand did lye  
 His funerall Robe: whose end (being now so nye)  
 I must not leaue, and lose so much begun:  
 The rather, lest the Greeke Dames might be wun  
 To taxe mine honor; if a man so great  
 Should greet his graue, without his winding sheet.  
*Pride* made them credulous; and I went on:  
 VWhen, whatsoeuer all the day had done,  
 I made the night helpe, to vndo againe;  
 Though oyle, and watch it cost; and equall paine.  
 Three yeares my wit secur'd me vndercernd:  
 Yet, when the fourth came, by my Maids discern'd  
 (Falsie carelesse wenches) how they were deluded:

C c 2

In

VWhen

When (by my light discern'd) they all intruded;  
 V'd threatening words, and made me giue it end.  
 And then could I, to no more length extend  
 My linger'd Nuptials: Not a counsaile more  
 Vvas to be stood vpon; my Parents bore  
 Continuell hand on me, to make me wed:  
 My Sonne grew angry, that so ruined  
 His goods were by them. He is now a man;  
 VVife in a great degree; and one that can  
 Himselfe, giue order to his household fare:  
 And *Ioue*, giue equal glory, to his care.  
 But thus you must not passe me: I must know,  
 (It may be, for more end) from whence doth grow  
 Your race, and you; For I suppose you, none  
 Sprung of old Oake, or iustl'd out of stone.

He answer'd; O *Vlysses* reuerend wife!  
 Yet hold you purpose to enquire my life?  
 Ile tell you, though it much afflikt me more  
 Then all the sorrowes I haue felt before.  
 As worthily it may: since so long time,  
 As I haue wandred from my Natiue Clime,  
 Through humane Cities: and in sufferance stil:  
 To rip all wounds vp. (though, of all their ill  
 I touch but part) must actuate all their paine.  
 But, aske you still; Ile tell, though stil *in paine*.

In middle of the fable Sea, there lies  
 An Isle, call'd *Crete*; a rauisher of eyes:  
 Fruitfull, and mann'd with many an infinite store;  
 Where ninety Cities crowne the famous shore;  
 Mixt with all Languag'd men: There *Greekes* *luxuriue*;  
 There the great-minded *Eteocretans* liue:  
 There the *Dorensians*, neuer out of war:  
 The *Cydons* there; and there the singular  
*Pelasgian* people: There doth *Gnosus* stand,  
 That mighty City, where had most command  
 Great *Iones* Disciple (*Atimos*) who nine yeares  
 Confer'd with *Ioue*: Both great familiars  
 In mutual counsailes. And this *Atimos* Son,  
 (The mighty-minded King *Draconium*)  
 Vvas Sire to me, & royall *Idomen*,  
 VVho with *Atrides*, went to *Ilium* then,  
 My elder Brother, and the better man;  
 My name *Aethon*. At that time began  
 My knowledge of *Vlysses*; whom my home  
 Receiu'd with guest-rites. He was thither come  
 By force of weather, from the *Malear* coast  
 But new got off; where he the Navy lost,  
 Then vnder saile for *Troy*; and wind-bound lay

*Vlysses* said re-  
 lation of him-  
 self to his wife.

Long in *Amnisus*; hardly got away  
 From horrid stormes, that made him anchor there;  
 In Hauens that sacred to *Lucina* were;  
 Dreadfull and dangerous. In whose bosome crept  
*Lucina's* Cauerne. But in my rooffe slept  
*Vlysses*, thor'd in *Crete*: who first enquir'd  
 For royall *Idomen*; and much desir'd  
 To taste his guest-rites; since to him had bene  
 A welcome Guest my Brother *Idomene*.  
 The tenth, or, leuenth light, on *Vlysses* shin'de  
 In stay at *Crete*; attending then the winde  
 For threatn'd *Ilium*. All which time, my house  
 VVith loue and entertainments curious  
 Embrac'd his person: though a number more  
 My hospitable rooffes receiu'd before.  
 His men I likewise call'd; and from the store  
 Allow'd them meale, and heat: exciting wine;  
 And Oxen for their slaughter; to confine  
 In my free hand the vtmost of their need.  
 Twelue daies the *Greeks* staid, ere they got them freed;  
 A gale so bitter blew out of the North,  
 That none could stand on earth, being tumbled forth  
 By some sterne God. But on the thirteenth day  
 The tempest ceas'd, & then went *Greekes* their way.

Thus, many tales *Vlysses* told his wife,  
 At most, but painting; yet most like the life:  
 Of which, her heart, such sense took through hir eares,  
 It made her weepe, as she would turne to teares.  
 And as from off the Mountaines melts the snow,  
 Which *Zephyrus* breath conceald; but was made flow  
 By hollow *Eurus*, which so fast poures downe,  
 That with their Torrent, flouds haue ouer-flowne:  
 So downe her faire cheekes, her kinde tears did glide;  
 Her mist Lord mourning, set so neere her side.

*Vlysses* much was mou'd to see her mourne,  
 VVhose eies yet stood as dry, as Iron, or Horne,  
 In his vntroubl'd lids; which, in his craft  
 Of bridling passion, he from issue saft.

VVhen she had giuen her moane so many teares,  
 That now 'twas satiate: her yet louing feares  
 Askt thus much further: You haue, thus farre tried  
 My loues credulity: But if gratified  
 VVith so long stay he was with you, you can  
 Describe what weede he wore; what kinde of man  
 Both he himselfe was, and what Followers  
 Obseru'd him there. Alas (sayd he) the yeares  
 Haue growne so many since (this making now  
 Their twentieth reuolution) that my show

*Vlyſſes diſcription of his apparel going for Troy.*

Of theſe ſlight notes, will ſet my memory fore;  
But (to my now remembrance) this he wore:  
A double purple Robe, drawne cloſe before  
VVith golden Buttons; pleated thicke, and bore  
A facing, where a hundred colours ſhinde:  
About the ſkirts, a Hound; A freckl'd Hinde  
In full courſe hunted. On the fore-ſkirts yet,  
He pinch'd, and pull'd her downe: when with hir feet,  
And all her force, ſhe ſtruggl'd hard for flight.  
VVhich had ſuch life in Gold, that to the ſight  
It ſeem'd the Hinde it ſelfe for euery hiew;  
The Hound and al, ſo answering the view,  
That all admir'd all. I obſeru'd beſide  
His inner weed, ſo rarely beautifide,  
That dumbe amaze it bred; and was as thin,  
As any dry and tender Onion ſkin:  
As ſoft 'twas too, and glifter'd like the Sun.  
The women were to louing wonder wun  
By him and by his weeds. But (by the way)  
You muſt excuſe me, that I cannot ſay  
He brought this ſuite from home; or had it there  
Sent for ſome Preſent; or perhaps elſewhere  
Receiu'd it for his gueſt-gift: For your Lord  
Had Friends not few: The Fleete did not afford  
Many, that had not fewer. I beſtow'd  
A well-edg'd ſword on him; a Robe that flow'd  
In foulds, and fulneſſe, and did reach his ſcete,  
Of richeſt purple: Brought him to his Fleete,  
VVith all my honor: And beſides (to add  
To all this ſifted circumſtance) he had  
A Herald there; in height, a little more  
Put from the earth: that thicker ſhoulders wore;  
A ſwarth complexion, and a curled head;  
His name *Eurybates*; and much in ſtead,  
He ſtood your King, imploy'd in moſt command,  
Since moſt of all, his minde could vnderſtand.

VVhen all theſe ſignes ſhe knew, for chieſty crew;  
Deſire of moane vpon her beauties grew:  
And yet (euē that deſire ſuffic'd) ſhe ſaid.

Till this (my Gueſt) a wretched ſtate arraid  
Your ill-vſ'd perſon: but from this houre forth,  
You ſhal be honor'd, and finde all the worth  
That fits a friend. Thoſe weeds theſe hands beſtow'd  
From our my wardrobe: thoſe gold buttons ſow'd  
Before for cloſure, and for Ornament.  
But neuer more, muſt his returne preſent  
The perſon that gaue thoſe adornments State.  
And therefore, vnder an abhorred Fate

VVas

VVas he induc't to feed the commune fame,  
To viſit vile *Troy*, I, too vile to name.

No more yet mourne (ſaid he) nor thus ſee pinde  
Your louely perſon: *Weeping, wait's the Minde*.  
And yet I blame you not; for any Dame  
That weds one yong, and brings to him, his name;  
(VVhat euer man he is) will mourne his loſſe:  
Much more reſpectfull then, muſt ſhew your woes;  
That weepethus for *Vlyſſes*; who (*Fame ſaies*)  
VVas equal with the Gods, in all his waies.  
But where no cauſe is, there muſt be no mone:  
And therefore heare me; my Relation  
Shal lay the cleere truth naked to your view;  
I heard amongſt the *Thesprots*, for moſt trew,  
That Lord *Vlyſſes* liu'd, and ſtood iuſt now  
On his returne for home: That wealth did flow  
In his poſſeſſion; which, he made not knowne,  
But begg'd amongſt the people; ſince alone  
He quite was left: for all his men were loſt  
In getting off, from the *Trinacrian Coaſt*;  
*Ioue* and the Sun, was wroth with them, for rape  
Made of his Oxen; and no man let ſcape  
The rugged deepes of *Neptune*: Onely he  
The Ships Keele onely keeping, was by *Sea*  
Caſt on the faire *Phacian* Continent;  
VVhere men ſuruiue, that are the Gods deſcent;  
And like a God receiu'd him; gaue him heapes  
Of wealthy gifts, and would conduct his ſteps  
Theſelues ſate home: which, he might long ago  
His pleaſure make: but profit would not ſo.  
He gather'd going, and had mighty ſtore  
Of Gold in ſafegard: ſo beyond the Shore  
That commune ſailes kept, his high flood of wit  
Bore glorious top; and all the world; for it  
Hath farre exceeded. All this *Phadon* told,  
That doth the Scepter of *Theſprotia* hold:  
VVho ſwore to me, in houſhold ſacrifice,  
The Ship was lancht, and men to man the priſe;  
That ſoone ſhould ſet him on his countrey earth:  
Shew'd me the goods, enow to ſerue the birth,  
That in the tenth age of his ſeed, ſhould ſpring.  
Yet in his Court contain'd. But then the King  
(Your husband) for *Dodona* was in way;  
That from th' oraculous Oake, he might diſplay  
*Ioues* will; what courſe for home would beſt preuaile:  
To come in pompe; or beare a ſecret faile.  
But me, the King diſpatcht in courſe before;  
A Ship then bound for the *Dulichian* ſhore.

So

So thus you see his safety, whom you mourne,  
 VVho now is pasing neere; and his returne  
 No more will punish with delays, but see  
 His friends, and country: All which truth to thee  
 Ile scale with sacred Oath. Be witnessse *Ioue*,  
 Thou first, and best, of all the Thron'd aboue;  
 And thou house of the great *Laertes* heire,  
 To whose high rooves, I tender my repaire;  
 That what I tell the Queene, euent shall crowne:  
 This yeare, *Phylles* shall possesse his owne:  
 Nay, ere the next month ends, shall heere arriue;  
 Nay ere it enters, heere abide alieue.

O may this proue (saide she,) gifts, friendship, then  
 Should make your name the most renown'd of men.  
 But 'tis of me receiu'd; and must so fort,  
 That nor my Lord shall euer see his Court,  
 Nor you gaine your deduction thence; for now  
 The alter'd house doth no such man allow  
 As was *Phylles* (if he euer were)  
 To entertaine a reuerend Passenger,  
 And giue him faire dismission. But (Maids) see  
 Ye bathe his feete; and then with Tapistry,  
 Best sheets, and blanquets, make his bed, and lay  
 Soft wascotes by him; that (lodg'd warme) he may }  
 Euen till the golden-seated mornings ray,  
 Enioy good rest; and then, with her first light,  
 Bathe, and giue almes; that cherisht appetite  
 He may apply within our Hall, and sit  
 Safe by *Telemachus*. Or if th'vnfit  
 And harmfull minde of any be so base  
 To greoue his age againe; let none giue grace  
 Of doing any deed, he shall command  
 (How wroth so euer) to his barbarous hand.  
 For how shall you (guest) know me for a Dame }  
 That passe so far, nay, turne and winde the Fame  
 Of other Dames for wisdom, and the frame  
 Of household vsage; if your poore thin weeds  
 I let draw on you, want, and worser deeds;  
 That may, perhaps, cause heere your latest daye  
*The life of Man is short, and flies away.*  
 And if the Rulers selfe of households, be  
 Vngentle, studying inhumanity,  
 The rest proue worse. But he beares all the blame:  
 All men will, liuing, vow against his name,  
 Mischiefes, and miseries; And (dead) supply  
 VVith bitter Epitaphes, his memory.  
 But if him selfe be noble, (noble things  
 Doing, and knowing) all his Vnderlings

VVill imitate his Noblesse; and all guests  
 Giue it, in many; many interestes.

But (worthiest Queen, said he) where you command  
 Baths and rich beds for me, I come to stand  
 On such state now; nor euer thought it yet,  
 Since first I left the snowy hills of *Crete*.  
 VVhen once I fell a ship-boord, those thoughts fled;  
 I loue to take now (as long since) my bed:  
 Though I began the vs, with sleepleffe nights;  
 I, many a darknesse, with right homely rites  
 Haue spent ere this houre; & desir'd the Morne  
 Would come; and make sleepe to the world a scorn:  
 Nor run these dainty Bathes in my rude head;  
 Nor any handmaid (to your seruice bred)  
 Shal touch my ill-kept feete, vnlesse there liue  
 Some poore old drudge here, that hath leard to giue  
 Old men good vsage; & no worke wil fly:  
 As hauing suffer'd ill, as much as I.  
 But if there liue, one such, in your command;  
 I wil not shame to giue my foot, her hand.

She gaue this answer: O my loued Guest,  
 There neuer enter'd these kinde Rooves, for rest,  
 Stranger or Friend, that so much wisdom laide  
 In gage for Guest-rites, as your lippes haue paid.  
 There liues an old maide in my charge, that knowes  
 The good you speake of, by her many woes;  
 That nourisht and brought vp, with curious care,  
 Th'vnhappy man, your old familiar:  
 Euen since his Mother let him view the light,  
 And oft hath felt in her weake armes, his weight.  
 And she (though now much weaker) shal apply  
 Her Maiden seruice, to your modesty.  
*Eurycles*, rise; and wash the feete of one,  
 That is of one age with your Soueraigne gone.  
 Such hands, such feet hath, though of alter'd grace:  
*Much griefe in men, wil bring on change of space.*

She (from her aged slumber wak'd) did cleare  
 Her heavy eyes; and instantly (to heare  
 Her Soueraignes name) had worke enough to dry  
 Her cheekes from teares: and to his memory  
 These Mones did offer: O my Son (saide she)  
 I neuer can take greefe enough for thee;  
 VVhom *Goodnes* hurts; & who, euen *Ioues* high spleene  
 (Since thou art *Ioue*-like) hates the most of men.  
 For none hath offer'd him so many Thyes;  
 Nor such whole Hecatombes of sacrifice,  
 Far, and selected, as thy zeale hath done;  
 For all, but praying that thy noble Sonne,

Thy happy age, might see at state of man.  
 And yet hath *Ioue* with Mists *immerse*  
 Put out the light of his returning day.  
 And as your selfe (O Father) in your way  
 Tooke these faire roofes for hospitable rights,  
 Yet finde (for them) our dogged womens spights:  
 So he (in like course) being driuen to prooue  
 (Long time ere this) what such a royall Rooue  
 Would yeeld his miseries; found such vñage there.  
 And you (now flying the foule Language here,  
 And many a filthy fact of our faire Dames)  
 Fly me, like them; and put on causlesse shames  
 To let me cense your feet. For not the cause  
 The Queenes command yeelds, is the pow'r y draws  
 My will to wash your feete. But what I do,  
 Proceeds from her charge, and your reuerence to.  
 Since I, in foule, am stricken with a ruth  
 Of your distresses, and past shew of truth.  
 Your strangeness claiming little interest  
 In my affections: and yet many a Guest  
 Of poore condition, hath bene harboured here:  
 But neuer any, did so right appeare  
 Like King *Vlysses*, as your selfe; For state,  
 Both of your stature, voice, and very gate.

So all haue said (said he) that euer yet  
 Had the proportions of our figures met,  
 In their obseruances; so right, your eye,  
 Proues in your soule, your iudging faculty.

Thus tooke she vp a Caldron, brightly scour'd,  
 To cense his feete in: and into it, pour'd  
 Store of cold waue. which on the fire she set;  
 And therein bath'd (being temperatly heat)  
 Her Soueraignes feet. Who turn'd him from the lights,  
 Since sodainly, he doubted her conceit  
 (So rightly touching at his state before)  
 A fear now seeing on his foot, that bore  
 An old note to discerne him; might descry  
 The absolute truth; which (witness by her eye)  
 Vvas strait approu'd. He first recei'd this sore,  
 As in *Parnassus* tops, a white tooth'd Bore  
 He stood in chace withall; who strooke him there,  
 At such time, as he liu'd a sojourner.  
 VVith his grand Sire, *Autolycus*: who, th' Art  
 Of Theft and swearing (not out of the hart,  
 But by equiuocation) first adorn'd  
 Your witty man withall; and was suborn'd  
 By *Ioues* descent (ingenious *Mercurie*)  
 VVho did bestow it; since so many a Thie

\*Intending  
 to shew that  
 he is not  
 a thief  
 but a  
 thief  
 in  
 law

Of Lambes, and Kids, he had on him bestow'd  
 In sacred flames; who therefore, when he vow'd  
 VVas euer with him. And this man impos'd  
*Vlysses* name; the light being first disclos'd  
 To his first sight then; when his grand Sire came  
 To see the then preferer of his fame,  
 His loued daughter. The first supper done,  
*Euryalea*, put in his lap, her Sonne,  
 And pray'd him to bethinke, and giue his name;  
 Since that desire, did all desires inflame.

Daughter, and Son-in-Law (sayd he) let then  
 The name that I shall giue him, stand with men;  
 Since I arriu'd here, at the houre of paine,  
 In which, mine owne kinde entrailes did sustaine  
 Moane for my daughters, yet vnended throes:  
 And when so many mens and womens woes,  
 In ioynt compassion met, of humane birth,  
 Brought forth t'attend the many feeding earth;

Let *Odysseus* be his name, as one  
 Expos'd to iust constraint of all mens mone.  
 VVhen heere at home, he is arriu'd at state;  
 Of mans first youth, he shall initiate  
 His practis'd feete, in trauaile made abroad;  
 And to *Parnassus*, where mine owne abode  
 And chiefe meanes lye; addresse his way, where I  
 VVill giue him from my opened treasure,  
 VVhat shall returne him well; and fit the Fame  
 Of one that had the honor of his name.

For these faire gifts he went, and found all grace  
 Of hands, and words, in him and all his race.

*Amphithea* (his Mothers mother) to  
 Applied her to his loue; withall, to do  
 In Grandames welcomes: both his faire eyes kist,  
 And browes; and then, commanded to assist  
 VVere all her sonnes, by their respected Sire,  
 In furnishing a Feast; whose cares did fire  
 Their minds with his command: who home strait led  
 A five-yeares-old male Oxe; feld, slew, and flead:  
 Gather'd about him; cut him vp with Art;  
 Spitted, and roasted; and his euery part  
 Diuided orderly. So all the day  
 They spent in feasts: No one man went his way  
 VVithout his fit fill. VVhen the Sun was set,  
 And darknesse rose, they slept; till dayes fire het  
 Th' enlightned earth: and then, on hunting went  
 Both Hounds, and all *Autolycus* descent.  
 In whose guide, did diuine *Vlysses* go;  
 Climbd the steep *Parnassus*, on whose forehead grow

Autolycus  
 quies his Grand  
 child Vlysses  
 his name: from  
 whence the O.  
 dysses is deriv'd  
 Odysses, de  
 riv'd of Odyss  
 Copul, ex O  
 dym factum:  
 significans do  
 lorem proprie  
 corporis, nam  
 ipse ex dolore  
 oritur.



All fyluan off springs round. And soone they rechi't  
The Concaues, whence ayrs sounding vapors fetcht  
Their loud descent. As soone as any Sun  
Had from the Ocean (where his waters run  
In silent deepnesse) rais'd his golden head:  
The early Huntsmen, all the hill had spread;  
Their Hounds before them, on the searching Traile:  
They neere, and euer eager to assaile.

*Vlyses*, brandishing a lengthfull Lance,  
Of whose first sight, he long'd to proue the chance.

Then found they lodg'd a Bore, of bulke extreame,

In such a Queach, as neuer any beame

The Sun shot, pierc'd ft: Nor any paffe, let finde

The moist impressions of the fiercest winde:

Nor any storme the sternest winter drives;

Such prooffe it was: yet all within, lay leaues

In mighty thicknesse; and through all this, flew

The hounds loud mouthes. The sounds, the tumult

And all together rouz'd the Bore, that rush'd (threw;

Amongst their thickest: All his bristles, pusht

From forth his rough necke; and with flaming eyes

Stood close, and dar'd all. On which horrid prize

*Vlyses* first charg'd; whom, aboue the knee

The savage strooke, and rac't it crookedly

Along the skin, yet neuer reacht the bone.

*Vlyses* Lance yet, through him, quite was throwne;

At his right shoulder entring: at his left,

The bright head passage to his keenness clef't,

And shew'd his point gilt, with the gushing gore.

Downe in the dust fell the extended Bore,

And forth his life flew. To *Vlyses*, round

His Vnckle drew; who (wofull for his wound)

With all Art bound it vp; and with a charme

Straid straight the blood; went home, & when the harm

Receiu'd full cure; with gifts, and all cument

Of ioy, and loue; to his lou'd home, they sent

Their honor'd Nephew: whose returne, his Sire,

And reuerend Mother, tooke with ioyes entire:

Enquir'd all passages; all which, he gaue

In good relation: Nor of all, would laue

His wound from vtterance: By whose fear he came

To be discouered by this aged Dame.

VVhich, when she cleming felt, and noted well:

Downe from her Lap, into the Caldron, fell

His weighty foot, that made the Brasse rebound:

Turn'd all aside, and on th'embrewed ground

Spilt all the water. Ioy and griefe together

Her brest inuaded: and of weeping weather

Her

Her eyes stood full: Her small voice, flucke within

Her part expresse; till at length, his chin

She tooke, and spake to him: O Sonne (saide she)

Thou art *Vlyses*; nor canst other be:

Nor could I know thee yet, till all my King

I had gone ouer, with the warmed Spring.

Then look't she for the Quene, to tell her all;

And yet, knew nothing sure: thogh nought could fall

In compasse of all thoughts, to make her doubt.

*Minerva*, that distraction strooke throughout

Her minds rapt forces; that she might not tell.

*Vlyses*, noting yet her aptnesse well;

With one hand tooke her chin; and made all shew

Offaour to her: with the other, drew

Her offer'd parting clofe: Askt her why,

She, whose kinde breast had nurs't so tenderly

His infant life; would now, his age destroy?

Though twenty yeares had held him from the ioy

Of his lou'd country. But, since onely she,

(God putting her in minde) now knew, 'twas he;

He charg'd her silence; and to let no care

In all the Court more, know his being there:

Left, if God gaue into his wreakfull hand

Th'insulting wooers liues: he did not stand

On any partiall respect with her,

Because his Nurse; and to the rest prefer

Her safety therefore; But when they should feele

His punishing finger, giue her equall Steele.

What words (saide she) flye your retentive pow'rs?

You know, you locke your counsailes in your Tow'rs

In my firme bosome: and, that I am farre

From those loose frailties. Like an Iron barre

Or bolt of solidst stone, I will containe:

And tell you this besides; That if you gaine

By Gods good aide, the wooers liues in yours;

VVhat Dames are heere their shamelesse Paramours,

And haue done most dishonor to your worth,

My information, well shall paint you forth.

It shal not neede (saide he) my selfe will soone

(VVhile thus I maske heere) set on euery one

My sure obseruance of the worst, and best:

Bethou then silent, and leaue God the rest:

This said, the old Dame, for more water went;

The rest was all vpon the Pauement spent,

By knowne *Vlyses* foot. More brought (and he

Supplied besides with sweetest Oyntments) she

His seate drew neere the fire, to keepe him warme:

And, with his pecc't rags, hiding close his harme:

D d

The

The Queene came neere, and said: Yet (guest) afford  
 Your further patience; till, but in a word  
 Ile tell my woes to you: For well I know,  
 That *Rest* sweet *Houre*, her soft foote orders now:  
 VVhen all poore men, how much fouerer grieu'd,  
 VVould gladly get their wo- watcht pow'rs relieu'd.  
 But God hath giuen my grieffe a heart so great,  
 It will not downe with rest. And so I let  
 My iudgement vp, to make it my delight.  
 All day I mourne; yet nothing let the night  
 I owe my charge, both in my worke and Maids;  
 And when the night brings rest to others aides,  
 I tossle my bed; *Distresse* with twenty points,  
 Slaught'ring the pow'rs that to my turning ioynts  
 Conuey the vitall heate. And as all night,  
*Pandarus* daughter (poore *Edone*) sings,  
 Clad in the verdure of the yearly Springs;  
 VVhen she for *Itylus*, her loued Sonne  
 (By *Zelus* illue; in his madnesse, done  
 To cruell death) poures out her hourelly mone,  
 And drawes the cares to her of euery one;  
 So flowes my mone, that cuts in two my minde,  
 And here and there, giues my discourse the winde;  
 Vncertain whether I shal with my Son  
 Abide still heere, the safe possession  
 And guard of all goods: Reuerence to the bed  
 Of my lou'd Lord; and to my far-off spread  
 Fame with the people; putting still in vse;  
 Or follow any best *Greece* I can chuse  
 To his fit house, with treasure infinite  
 VVon to his Nuptials. VVhile the infant plight  
 And want of iudgement kept my Son in guide;  
 He was not willing with my being a Bride,  
 Nor with my parting from his Court: But now  
 (Arriu'd at mans state) he would haue me vow  
 My loue to some one of my wooers heere,  
 And leaue his Court; offended that their cheere  
 Should so consume his free possessions.  
 To settle then a choice in these my mones,  
 Heare and expound a dreame, that did engraue  
 My sleeping fancy. Twenty Geese, I haue;  
 All which, me thought, mine eye saw tasting wheate  
 In water steep't, and ioy'd to see them eate.  
 VVhen straight, a crooke-beak't Eagle, from a hill,  
 Stoop't, and trust all their neckes, and all did kill;  
 VVhen (all left scatter'd on the Pavement there)  
 She tooke her wing vp, to the Gods faire sphere:  
 I, euen amid my Dreame, did weepe and mourne,

To

To see the Eagle, with so shrew'd a turne;  
 Stoope my sad turrets; when, me thought there came  
 About my mournings, many a Grecian Dame  
 To cheere my sorrowes; in whose most extreame  
 The Hawke came back, and on the prominent beame  
 That crost my Chamber, fell; and vfd to me  
 A humane voice, that sounded horribly;  
 And saide; Be confident, *tearus* seed;  
 This is no dreame, but what shall chance indeed.  
 The Geese, the wooers are: the Eagle, I,  
 VVas heere tofore a Fowle: but now imply  
 Thy husbands Being; and am come to giue  
 The wooers death, that on my Treasure, lye.  
 With this, Sleepe left me; and my waking way  
 I tooke to try, if any violent prey  
 Were made of those my Fowles; which, well enow  
 I (as before) found feeding at their Trough,  
 Their yoted wheate. O woman (he replide)  
 Thy dreame can no interpretation bide,  
 But what the Eagle made, who was your Lord;  
 And saide, himsele would sure effect afford  
 To what he told you; that confusion  
 To all the wooers should appeare; and none  
 Escape the Fate, and death, he had decreed.  
 She answer'd him: O Guest, these dreames exceede  
 The Art of man's interpret; and appere  
 Without all choise, or forme; nor euer were  
 Perform'd to all at all parts. But there are  
 To these light Dreames, that like thin vapors fare,  
 Two two-leau'd gates; the one of Iuory;  
 The other, Horne. Those dreames that *Fantastie*  
 Takes from the polish't Iuory Port, delude  
 The Dreamer euer, and no truth include:  
 Those that the glittering Horn-gate, lets abroad;  
 Do euermore, some certaine truth abode.  
 But this my dreame, I hold of no such sort  
 To flye from thence; yet, which fouerer Port  
 It had acceffe from, it did highly please  
 My Son, and me. And this, my thoughts professe;  
 That Day that lights me from *Ulysses* Court,  
 Shall both my infamy, and curse comfort.  
 I therefore purpose to propose them now  
 In strong Contention, *Ulysses* Bow;  
 Which he that easly drawes; and from his draff,  
 Shoots through twelue Axes (as he did his shaft,  
 All set vp in a rowe; And from them all,  
 His stand-farre-off kept firme) my fortunes shall  
 Dispose; and take me to his house from hence,

D d 2

VVhere

The two parts  
 of Dreames.

The profession  
 of *Ulysses* Bow  
 to the wooers,  
 determined by  
 Rencoe.

VWhere I was wed, a Maide; in confluence  
Offeast and riches: such a Court heere then,  
As I shall euer in my dreames retaine.

Do not (said he) defense the gamefull prife,  
But set to taske their importunities  
With something else, then Nuptials: For your Lord  
VVill to his Court and Kingdome be restor'd,  
Before they thred those steeles, or draw his Bow.

O Guest (repl'd *Penelope*) would you  
Thus sit, and please me with your speech; mine eares  
VVould neuer let mine eye-lids close their Spheares;  
But none can liue without the death of sleepe;  
Th'Immortals, in our mortall memories keepe  
Our ends, and deaths by sleepe; diuiding so,  
(As by the Fate and portion of our wo)  
Our times spent heere; to let vs nightly try,  
That while we liue; as much as liue, we dye.  
In which vse, I will to my bed ascend,  
VVhich I bedeaw with teares, and sigh past end,  
Through all my houres spent, since I lost my ioy,  
For vile, lew'd, neuer-to-be-named *Troy*.  
Yet there, Ile proue for sleepe, which take you here;  
Or on the earth, if that your custome were;  
Or haue a bed, dispos'd for warmer rest.  
Thus left she with her Ladies, her old Guest:  
Ascended her faire chamber, and her bed:  
VVhose sight did euer duly make her shed  
Teares for her Lord; which still her eyes did sleepe,  
Till *Pallas* shut them with delightfome sleepe.

*The End of the Ninetenth Booke  
of Homers Odysseys.*



## THE TWENTITH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGUMENT.

V<sup>L</sup>ysles, in the Wooers Bed,  
Resolving first to kill the Maids;  
That sentence giuing off; His care  
For other Obiects doe prepare.

Another.

\*. { Ioues thunder cōides;  
but cheers the king;  
The Wooers priores  
discomfury. }



*V*ysles in the Entry, laide his head;  
And vader him, an Oxe-hide newly flead;  
Aboue him Sheep fells stor; & ouer those  
*Eurynome* cast Mantles. His repose  
VVould bring. o sleepe yet; studying the ill  
He wisht the wooers; who came by him still  
VVith all their wench'es; laugh'ing, wantoring  
In mutuall lightnesse; which his heart did sting;  
Contending two wayes; if (all patience fled)  
He should rush vp, and strike those Strumpets dead;  
Or let that night be last, and take th'extreme  
Of those proud wooers, that were so supreme  
In pleasure of their high fed fantasies.  
His heart did barke within him, to surprize  
Their sports with spoiles: No fell sice *Mastine* can  
Amongst her whelpes, flye eager on a man  
She doth not know, yet sent's him something neare;  
And fame would come to please her tooth and teare;  
Then his disdain, to see his Roofe so fill'd  
VVith those fowle fashions: Grew within him wilde  
To be in blood of them. But finding best  
In his free iudgement, to let passion rest;  
He chid his angry spirit, and beare his brest:  
And said; Forbeare (my minde) and thinke on this:  
Dd 3

There

There hath bene time, when bitter agonies  
 Haue tried thy patience: Call to minde the day,  
 In which the *Cyclops*, which past manly sway  
 Of violent strength, deuour'd thy friends; thou then  
 Stoodst firmly bold, till from that hellish den  
 Thy wisdom brought thee off; whē nought but death  
 Thy thoughts resolu'd on. This discourse did breath  
 The fiery boundings of his heart, that still  
 Lay in that æt'ure; without end, his ill  
 Yet manly suffering. But from side to side  
 It made him tosse apace: you haue not tride  
 A fellow roasting of a Pig before  
 A hasty fire, (his belly yeelding store  
 Of fat, and blood) turne faster: labour more  
 To haue it roast, and would not haue it burne;  
 Then this, and that way, his vnrest made turne  
 His thoughts, and body; would not quench the fire,  
 And yet, not haue it heighten his desire  
 Past his discretion; and the fit enough  
 Of hast, and speed; that went to all the prooffe  
 His well-laid plots, and his exploits requir'd;  
 Since he, but one, to all their deaths aspir'd.

*Pallas appears  
 to Vlysses.*

In this contention, *Pallas* stoop't from heauen;  
 Stood ouer him, and had her presence giuen  
 A womans forme; who sternly thus began:  
 Why thou most fowre, and wretched-fated man  
 Of all that breath! yet liest thou thus awake?  
 The house, in which thy cares so tosse and take  
 Thy quiet vp, is thine: thy wife is there;  
 And such a Son, as if thy wishes were  
 To be suffic'd with one; they could not mend.

Goddesse (said he) tis true; But I contend  
 To right their wrongs: and (though I bee but one)  
 To lay vnhelpt, and wreakfull hand vpon  
 This whole resort of impudents, that here  
 Their rude assemblies neuer will forbear.  
 And yet a greater doubt employes my care;  
 That if their slaughters, in my reaches are,  
 And I performe them; (*Ioue* and you not pleas'd)  
 How shall I flye their friends? & would stand seaf'd  
 Of counsaile, to resolue this care in me.

VVretch (he replied) a friend of worse degree,  
 Might win thy credence: that a mortall were,  
 And vs'd to second thee; though nothing nere  
 So powerfull in performance, nor in care:  
 Yet I, a Goddesse, that haue still had share  
 In thy archieuements, and thy persons guard,  
 Must still be doubted by thy Braine, so hard

To credit any thing about thy powre,  
 And that must come from heauen; if euery houre  
 There be not personall apparance made,  
 And aide direct giuen, that may sense inuade.  
 Ile tell thee therefore cleerely: If there were  
 Of diuers languag'd men, an Army here  
 Of fifty Companies; all driuing hence  
 Thy Sheepe and Oxen, and with violence  
 Offer'd to charge vs, and besedge vs round;  
 Thou shouldst their prey reprice, & them confound.  
 Let sleepe then seize thee: *To keepe watch all Night,*  
*Consumes the spirits, and makes dull the sight.*  
 Thus pour'd the Goddesse sleepe into his eyes,  
 And re-ascend'd the *Olympian* skies.

VVhen care and lineament-resoluing sleepe,  
 Had laide his temples in his golden sleepe;  
 His, wife-in-chast-wit-worthy-wife, did rise:  
 (First sitting vp in her soft bed) her eyes  
 Opened with teares, in care of her estate,  
 VVhich now, her friends resolu'd to terminate  
 To more delaies, and make her marry one.  
 Her silent teares (then ceast) her Orizon  
 This Queene of women to *Diana* made.

Reuerend *Diana*; let thy Darts inuade  
 My wofull bosome, and my life depriue,  
 Now at this instant; or soone after driue  
 My soule with Tempests forth, and giue it way  
 To those farre-off darke Vaults, where neuer day  
 Hath powre to shine; and let them cast it downe  
 Where refluēt *Oceanus* doth crowne  
 His curled head; where *Pluto's* Orchard is,  
 And entrance to our after miseries.  
 As such sterne whirlwinds, rauisht to that streame,  
*Pandareus* daughters, when the Gods to them  
 Had rest their parents; and them left alone  
 (Poore orphan children) in their Mansion.  
 VVhose desolate life, did loues sweet Queene incline  
 To nurse with pressed Milke, and sweetest wine;  
 VVhom *Iuno* deckt, beyond all other Dames  
 VVith wisdomes light, and beauties mouing flames:  
 VVhom *Phæbe*, goodlinesse of stature render'd,  
 And to whose faire hands, wife *Minerua* tender'd,  
 The Loom and Needle, in their vtmost skill.  
 And while Loues Empresse skal'd th' *Olympian* hill,  
 To beg of Lightning-louing *Ioue* (since hee  
 The meanes to all things knowes; and doth decree  
 Fortunes, infortunes, to the mortall Race)  
 For those poore virgins, the accomplisht grace

To

Of

Of sweetest Nuptials: The fierce *Harpies* prey'd  
 On euery good, & miserable Maid;  
 And to the hatefull Furies, gaue them all  
 In horrid seruice. Yet, may such Fate fall  
 From sleepe *Olympus*, on my loathed head;  
 Or faire-hair'd *I have*, strike me instant dead:  
 That I may vndergo the gloomy Shore,  
 To visit great *Pysses* soule; before  
 I sooth my idle blood, and wed a wurse.  
 And yet, beneath how desperate a curse  
 Do I lise now? It is an ill, that may  
 Be well indur'd, to mourne the whole long day;  
 So nights sweete sleepest (that make a man forget  
 Both bad, and good) in some degree would let  
 My thoughts leaue greening. But, both day and night,  
 Some cruell God, giues my sad memory sight.  
 This night (me thought) *Pysses* grac't my bed  
 In all the goodly state, with which he led  
 The Grecian Army: which gaue ioyes extreame  
 To my distresse, esteeming it no dreame,  
 But true indeed: and that conceit I had,  
 That when I saw it false, I might be mad.  
 Such cruell Fates, command in my lises guide.

By this, the mornings Orient, dewes had did  
 The earth in all her colours; when the King  
 In his sweet sleepe, suppos'd the forrowing  
 That she w'd waking in her plaintiffe bed  
 To be her mourning, standing by his head,  
 As hauing knowne him there. VVho straight arose,  
 And did againe within the Hall dispose  
 The Carpets and the Cushions, where before  
 They seru'd the seats. The Hide, without the dore  
 He carried backe; & then, with held vp hands,  
 He pray'd to him, that heauen & earth commands;

O Father *Ioue*; If through the moyst and dry  
 You (willing) brought me home; when misery  
 Had punish't me enough, by your free doomes;  
 Let some of these within those inner roomes,  
 (Startl'd with horror of some strange Ostent)  
 Come heere, & tell me, that great *Ioue* hath bent  
 Threatnings without, at some lewd men within.

To this his pray'r, *Ioue* shooke his sable chin,  
 And thunder'd from those pure clouds that (about  
 The breathing aire) in bright *Olympus* moue.  
 Diuine *Pysses* ioy'd, to heare it rore.  
 Report of which, a woman Miller bore  
 Straight to his eares; for neere to him, there ground  
 Millers for his Corne, that twice six women found

Conti-

Continuall motion, grinding Barley meale,  
 And wheat (mans Marrow.) Sleepe the eies did seale  
 Of all the other women: hauing done  
 Their vsuall taske; which yet, this Dame alone  
 Had scarce giuen end to; being of al the rest,  
 Least fit for labour. But when these founds, prest  
 Her eares, about the rumbling of her Mill:  
 She let that stand, look't out; and heauens sleepe hill  
 Saw cleere, and temperate; which made her (vnware  
 Of giuing any comfort to his care;  
 In that strange signe she pray'd for) thus inioke.

O King of men, and Gods; a mighty stroke  
 Thy thundring hand laide, on the cope of starres;  
 No cloud in all the aire; and therefore warres  
 Thou bidst to some men, in thy fire Ostent:  
 Performe to me (poore wretch) the maine euent,  
 And make this day, the last, and most extream,  
 In which the wooers pride shall solace them  
 With whoorish Banquets in *Pysses* Roofe:  
 That, with sad toyle, to grinde them meale enough,  
 Haue quite dissol'd my knees: vouchsafe then, now  
 Thy thunders may their last Feast forshow.

This was the \*Boone, *Pysses* begg'd of *Ioue*;  
 VVhich (with his Thunder) through his bosom droue  
 A ioy, that this vnt breath'd: VVhy now these men  
 (Despite their pride) will *Ioue* make, pay me paine:

By this, had other Maids then those that lay,  
 Mixt with the wooers; made a fire like day,  
 Amidst the harth of the illustrious Hall:  
 And then the Prince, like a Celestiall  
 Rose from his bed; to his embalm'd seere, tied  
 Faire shooes: his sword about his breast applied;  
 Tooke to his hand his sharp-pil'd Lance, and met  
 Amidst the Entry, his old Nurse, that set  
 His haft, at sodaine stand; To whom he said:

O (my lou'd Nurse) with what grace haue you laid  
 And fed my guest heere? Could you so neglect  
 His age, to lodge him thus? Though all respect  
 I giue my Mothers wisedome, I must yet  
 Affirme, it fail'd in this: For she hath set  
 At much more price, a man of much lesse worth,  
 Without his persons note; and yet casts forth  
 With ignominious hands (for his Forme sake)  
 A man much better. Do not faulky make  
 (Good Son) the faultlesse. He was giuen his seat  
 Close to her side; and food, till he would eat.  
 VVine til his with was seru'd: For she requir'd  
 His wants, and will'd him all things he desir'd.

The Miller we-  
 rans prayer to  
 Ioue, on this  
 fashion of *Pysses*  
 prayer.

Viz. That some  
 from w<sup>h</sup> he  
 might haue  
 with *Ioue* a  
 bearing, he  
 was *Ioue*  
 sent to his me-  
 rit's for his men

Com-

Commanded her chiefe Maides to make his bed;  
But he (as one whom sorrow onely fed  
And all infortune) would not take his rest  
In bed, and coverings, fit for any Guest;  
But in the Entry, on an Oxes hide,  
Neuer at Tanners; his old Limbes implide  
In warme Sheep-fels; yet ouer all, we cast  
A mantle, fitting, for a man more gracif.

He tooke her answer: Left the house, and went  
(Attended with his dogges) to fitt th' euent  
Of priuate Plots, betwixt him and his Sire  
In commune counsaile. Then the true entire  
Of all the household Maids, (*Eurycles*) bad  
Besfir them through the house; and see it clad  
In all best Forme: gaue all their parts; and one  
She set to furnish euery seate and Throne  
VVith Needle=workes, and purple clothes of State;  
Another set to scoure and cleanse the Plate:  
Another, all the Tables to make proud  
VVith porous Sponges: Others, she bestow'd  
In all speed to the Spring, to fetch from thence  
Fit store of water; all at all expence  
Of paines, she will'd to be: For this, to all  
Should be a day of commune Festiuall;  
And not a wooer now should seeke his home,  
Else where then there; But all were bid to come  
Exceeding early; and be rais'd to heauen,  
VVith all the entertainment could be geuen.

They heard with greedy eares; and euery thing  
Put straight in practise: Twenty to the Spring  
Made speed for water; Many in the house  
Tooke paines; and all, were both laborious  
And skill'd in labour. Many fell to Fell  
And cleaue their wood: & all did more then well.

Then troop't the lusty wooers in; and then  
Came all from Spring. At their heeles, loaded men  
VVith slaughter'd Brawnes: of all the Herd, the prize,  
That had bene long fed vp in seuerall Sties.  
*Eumæus*, and his men, conuei'd them there.  
He (seeing now the King) began to chere,  
And thus saluted him: How now, my Guest?  
Haue yet your vertues found more interest  
In these great wooers good respects? Or still  
Pursue they you, with all their wonted ill?

I would to heauen, *Eumæus* (he replide)  
The Deities once would take in hand their pride;  
That such vnseemly fashions put in frame  
In others Roofes, as shew no sparke of shame,

Thus

Thus these; and to these came *Melanthius*,  
Great guardian of the most egregious  
Rich wooers Herds, consisting all of Goats:  
VVhich he, with two more draue, & made their coats  
The founding *Forticos* of that faire Court.

*Melanthius* (seeing the King) this former sort  
Of vpland Language gaue: VVhat? still stay heere?  
And dull these wooers with thy wretched cheere?  
Not gone for euer, yet? why now I see  
This strife of cuffes betwixt the beggery,  
(That yesterday assaid, to get thee gone)  
And thy more roguery, needs will fall vpon  
My hands to arbitrate. Thou wilt not hence  
Till I set on thee: thy ragg'd impudence  
Is so fast footed. Are there not beside  
Other great Banquetants, but you must ride  
At anchor stil with vs? He nothing said,  
But thought of ill enough, and shooke his head.

Then came *Philatius* (a chiefe of men)  
That to the wooers all-deuouring den  
A barren Stere draue, and fat Goats; for they  
In custome were, with Traffiquers by sea,  
That who they would sent; and had vterance there;  
And for these likewise, the faire Porches were  
Hurdles, and Sheep-pens, as in any Faire.  
*Philatius* tooke note in his repaire,  
Of scene *Plysses*, being a man as well  
Giuen to his minds vie, as to buy & sell;  
Or do the drudgery that the blood desir'd;  
And (standing neere *Eumæus*) this enquir'd.  
VVhat Guest is this, that makes our house of late  
His entertainer? whence claimes he the state  
His birth in this life holds? what Nation?  
VVhat race? what country stands his speech vpon?  
Ore hardly portion'd, by the terrible Fates.  
The structure of his Lineaments relates  
A Kings resemblance in his pompe of reigne  
Even thus, in these rags. But poore erring men  
That haue no firme homes, but range here and there  
As Need compels, God keepes in this earths sphere;  
As vnder water: and this tune he sings,  
VVhen he is spinning euen the cares of Kings.

Thus comming to him; with a kinde of feare  
He tooke his hand; and (touch't exceeding neare  
VVith meere imagination of his worth)  
This salutation he sent lowdly forth.

Health! Father stranger; in another world  
Be rich and happy: though thou here art hurld

At

At feede of neuer such insulting Neede.  
*O Ioue*, there liues no one God of thy feede  
 More ill to man, then thou. Thou tak'st no ruth  
 (VVhen thou thy selfe hast got him, in most truth :)  
 To wrap him in the straits of most distresse,  
 And in the curse of others wickednesse.  
 My browes haue swet to see it; and mine eyes  
 Broke all in teares; when this being still the guise  
 Of worthiest men, I haue but onely thought,  
 That downe to these ills, was *Vlysses* wrought;  
 And that (thus clad) euen he is error driuen,  
 If yet he liues, and sees the light of heauen.  
 But, if now dead, and in the house of hell,  
 Ome! O good *Vlysses*! That my weale  
 Did euer wish: and when, but halfe a man  
 Amongst the people *Cephalenian*;  
 His bounty, to his Oxens charge preferr'd  
 One in that youth: which now, is growne a Herd  
 Vnspeakeable for number; and feede there  
 With their broad heads, as thicke, as of his care  
 A Field of Corne is to a man: yet these,  
 Some men aduise me, that this noted prease  
 Of wooers may deuoure; and with me driue  
 Vp to their Feasts with them; that neither giue  
 His Son respect, though in his owne free rooffe;  
 Nor haue the wit to feare th' infallible prooffe  
 Of heauenly vengeance: but make offer now  
 The long-lack't Kings possessions to bestow  
 In their selfe shares. Me thinkes, the minde in me  
 Doth turne as fast, as (in a flood, or Sea)  
 A raging whirlepit doth; to gather in  
 To filthy death, those swimmers in their sin.  
 Or feeds a motion as circulare  
 To driue my Herds away. But while the Son  
 Beares vp with life, t'were hainous wrong to ron  
 To other people with them; and to trust  
 Men of another earth: and yet more iust  
 It were to venture their Lawes; the maine right  
 Made stil their Maisters; then at home lose quite  
 Their right, and them; and sit and greeue to see  
 The wrong autoriz'd by their gluttonie.  
 And I had long since fled, and tried th' euent  
 VVith other proud Kings (since, more insolent  
 These are, then can be borne,) But that, euen stil  
 I had a hope, that this (though borne to ill)  
 VVould one day come from some coast, & their last  
 In his rooffes strew, with ruines red, and vast.  
 Herdman (said he) because thou art in show,

Nor

Nor lewd, nor indiscreete; and that I know  
 There rules in thee an vnderstanding soule,  
 Il'e take an oath, that in thee shall controule  
 All doubt of what I sweare: be witness, *Ioue*,  
 That swai't the first Seate, of the thron'd aboue;  
 This hospitable Table; and this house;  
 That still holds title for the strenuous  
 Sonne of *Laertes*; that (if so you please)  
 Your eyes shall witnesse, *Laertiades*;  
 Arriu'd at home; and all these men that raigrie  
 In such excesses heere; shall heere lye slaine.  
 He answer'd: Strangers! would inst *Ioue* wold signe  
 What you haue sworne: in your eyes beams should shine  
 What powers I mannage; and how these my hands,  
 VVould rise and follow, where he first commands.

So said *Eumais*: praying all the Sky:  
 That wife *Vlysses* might arriue and trie!  
 Thus while they vow'd: the wooers sat as hard  
 On his Sons death: but had their counsels skar'd;  
 For on their left hand, did an Eagle fore;  
 And in her feres, a fearefull Pigeon bore;  
 VVhich scene; *Amphinomus* pres'd: O friends,  
 Our Counsailes neuer will receive their ends  
 In this mans slaughter: let vs there stoppie,  
 Our bloody feast, and make his Oxen die.

Thus came they in; cast off on seates, their cloakes;  
 And fell to giuing sacrificing strokes  
 Of Sheepe and Goates; the cheefely fat, and great;  
 Slew fed vp Swine, and from the Heerd, a Neate.  
 The inwards (roasted,) they dispos'd betwixt  
 Their then obseruers; wine in Flaggons mixt.

The bolles *Eumais* brought; *Phileitus* bread;  
*Melanthus* fill'd the wine. Thus dranke and fed  
 The feastfull wooers. Then the Prince (in grace  
 Of his close proiect) did his Father place  
 Amids the paued Entrie; in a Seate  
 Seemelesse, and abie't: a small boord and meate  
 Of th'onely inwards. In a cup of gold  
 Yet sent him wine; and bad him now drinke bolde;  
 All his approches, he himselfe would free  
 Gainst all the wooers: since he would not see  
 His Court made popular: but that his Sire  
 Buil't it to his vse. Therefore all the fire  
 Blowne in the wooers spleenes, he bad suppress;  
 And that in hands, nor words they should digresse  
 From that set peace, his speech did then proclaime:  
 They bit their lips, and wondred at his time  
 In that braue Language: when *Antinous* saide;

Ec

Though

Though this speech (Grecians) be a meere vpbraide;  
Yet this time giue it passe: The will of *Ioue*  
Forbids the violence of our hands, to moue;  
But of our tongues, we keepe the motion free:  
And therefore, if his further iollity  
Tempt our encounter with his Braues, let's checke  
His growing insolence: though pride to speake,  
Fly passing high with him. The wife Prince made  
No more spring of his speech, but let it fade.

And now the Heralds bore about the Towne  
The sacred Hecatombe: to whose renowne  
The faire-haired Greekes assembl'd; and beneath  
*Apollo's* shady wood; the holy death  
They put to fire; which (made enough) they drew;  
Diuided all, that did in th' end accrew  
To glorious satisfaction. Those that were  
Disposers of the Feast, did equall chere  
Bestow on wretched *Laertiades*,  
With all the wooers soules: It so did please  
*Telemachus* to charge them: And for these  
*Minerua* would not see the malices  
The wooers bore; too much contain'd, that so  
*Vlysses* mou'd heart, yet might higher flow  
In weakefull anguish. There was wooing there  
(Amongst the rest) a Gallant, that did beare  
The name of one well learn'd, in iests prophane;  
His name *Ctesippus*, borne a *Samian*:  
Who proud, because his Father was so rich,  
Had so much confidence, as did bewitch  
His heart with hope, to wed *Vlysses* wife:  
And this man said: Heare me, my Lords, in strife  
For this great widdow: This her guest did share  
Euen feast with vs, with very comely care  
Of him that order'd it: For tis not good  
Nor equall, to deprive Guests of their food;  
And specially, what euer guest makes way  
To that house where *Telemachus* doth sway.  
And therefore, I will adde to his receipt,  
A gift of very hospitable weight,  
Vvhich he may giue againe, to any Maide  
That bath's his graue feete; and her paines see paid;  
Or any seruant else, that the diuine  
*Vlysses* lofty Battlements confine.

Thus snatcht he with a valiant hand, from our  
The poore folkes commune basket, a Neat foot,  
And threw it at *Vlysses*: who, his head  
Shrunke quietly aside; and let it shed  
His malice on the wall. The suffering man

A laughter raising, most *Sardinian*  
VVith scorne, and wrath mixt, at the *Samian*.  
VWhom thus the Prince reprov'd: Your valour wan  
Much grace *Ctesippus*; and hath eas'd your minde  
VVith mighty profit: yet you see it finde  
No marke it aim'd at; the poore strangers part  
Himselfe made good enough, to scape your Dart.  
But should I serue thee worthily, my Lance  
Should strike thy heart through, & (in place t' aduance  
Thy selfe in Nuptials with his wealth) thy Sire  
Should make thy toomb heere; that the foolish fire  
Of all such valors, may not dare to shew  
These foule indecencies to me. I now  
Haue yeares to vnderstand my strength, and know  
The good and bad of things; and am no more  
At your large sufferance, to behold my store  
Consum'd with patience: See my Cattell slaine,  
My wine exhausted; and my Bread, in vaine  
Spent on your license: For, to one then yong,  
So many enemies were match too strong.  
But let me neuer more, be witnesse to  
Your hostile minds; Nor those base deeds ye do:  
For, should ye kill me, in my offred wreake,  
I wish it rather; and my death would speake  
Much more good of me, then to liue and see,  
Indignity, vpon indignity:  
My Guests prouok't with bitter words and blowes;  
My women seruants, dragg'd about my house  
To lust, and rapture. This made silence seize  
The house throughout; till *Damastorides*  
At length the calme brake: and said; Friend, forbear  
To giue a iust speech a disdainfull care:  
The Guest no more touch; nor no seruant here.  
My selfe, will to the Prince and Queene commend  
A motion gratefull, if they please to lend  
Gratefull receite: as long as any hope  
Left wife *Vlysses* any passage ope  
To his returne in our conceits; so long  
The Queenes delayes to our demands stood strong  
In cause, and reason; and our quarrels thus  
With guests; the Queene, or her *Telemachus*,  
Set neuer foote amongst our liberall Feast;  
For should the King returne, though thought deceaft,  
It had bene gaine to vs, in finding him,  
To lose his wife: But now, since nothing dim  
The daies breakes out, that shewes he neuer more  
Shal reach the decre touch of his countrey shore,  
Sir by your Mother, in perswasion,



That now it stands her honor much vpon  
To choofe the best of vs; and who giues most,  
To go with him home. For so, all things lost  
In sticking on our haunt so; you shall cleere  
Recouer, in our no more concourse here:  
Possesse your birth-right wholly; eate and drinke;  
And neuer more on our disgraces thinke.

By *Ioue*, no *Aigelaus*: For I sweare  
By all my Fathers sorrowes; who doth erre  
Farre off from *Ithaca*; or rests in death:  
I am so farre from spending but my breath,  
To make my Mother any more defer  
Her wished Nuptials; That Ile counsaile her  
To make her free choise: And besides, will giue  
Large gifts to moue her. But I feare to driue,  
Or charge her hence: For God will not giue way  
To any such course, if I should assay.

At this, *Minerva* made for foolish ioy  
The wooers mad; and rouz'd their late annoy  
To such a laughter, as would neuer downe.  
They laught with others cheeks; eate meate oreflowne  
VVith their owne bloods: their eies flood full of teares  
For violent ioyes: Their soules yet thought of feares:  
VVhich *Theoclymenus* exprest, and said:

O wretches! Why? Sustaine ye (well apaid)  
Your imminent ill? A night, with which *Death* fees;  
Your heads, and faces, hides beneath your knees.  
Shriekes burn about you: your eies, thrust out teares:  
These fixed wals, and that maine Beame that beares  
The whole house vp, in bloody torrents fall:  
The Entry full of ghosts stands: Full the Hall  
Of passengers to hel: And, vnder all  
The dismall shades; The Sun sinks from the Poles;  
And troubl'd aire, poures bane about your soules.

They sweetly laught at this: *Eurymachus*  
To mocks dispos'd, and faide; This new come-t'vs  
Is surely mad; conduct him forth to light  
In th' open Market place: he thinks 'tis night  
Within the house. *Eurymachus* (said he)  
I will not aske for any guide of thee:  
I both my feete enioy; haue cares, and eies,  
And no mad soule within me: and with these  
Will I go forth the doores: because I know,  
That imminent mischief must abide with you;  
VVhich, not a man of all the wooers here  
Shall flye, or scape. Ye all too highly beare  
Your vncurb'd heads: Impieties ye commit,  
And euery man affect, with formes vnfit.

This

This said; he left the house, and tooke his way  
Home to *Pyraus*; who, as free as day,  
Was of his welcome. When the wooers eyes  
Chang'd lookes with one another, and (their guise  
Of laughers, still held on) still eas'd their breasts,  
Of will to set the Prince against his guests:  
Affirming, that of all the men aliue  
He worst lucke had; and prou'd it worst to giue  
Guests entertainment: For he had one there  
A wandring Hunter out of prouendence,  
An errant Begger euery way; yet thought  
(He was so hungry) that he needed nought  
But wine and Victuals: nor knew how to do;  
Nor had a spirit to put a knowledge to;  
But liu'd an idle burthen to the earth.

Another then stept vp; and would lay forth  
His lips in prophesie, thus: But (would he heare  
His friends perswasions) he should finde it were  
More profit for him, to put both aboard  
For the *Sicilian* people, that afford  
These feete of men, good price: and this would bring  
Good meanes for better guests. These words made  
To his cares idley: who had still his eye (wing  
Vpon his Father, looking feruently  
When he would lay his long-withholding hand  
On those proud wooers. And, within command  
Of all this speech that past, *Icarus* heire  
(The wife *Penelope*) her royall chaire  
Had plac'd of purpose. Their high dinner then  
With all pleas'd palates, these ridiculous men  
Fell sweetly to: as ioying they had flaine  
Such store of banquet. but there did not raigne  
A bitterer banquet Planet in all heauen,  
Then that which *Pallas*, had to that day driuen;  
And, with her able friend now, meant t' appose;  
Since they, till then, were in deserts so grosse.

*The End of the Twentieth Booke  
of Homers Odyssees.*

Ee 3



# THE XXI. BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

## THE ARGUMENT.

**P**enelope propoſeth now,  
To him that drawes Vlyſſes Bow  
Her inſtant Nuptials. Ithacus,  
Eumæus, and Philætiſus,  
Gives charge for guarding of the Gates;  
And he, his waſt ſhouts through the plate:

## Another.

✱ { The Nuptiall vow,  
and Game reverſt:  
Drawne is the Bow,  
the ſteeles are pierſt. }



*Allas* (the Goddeſſe with the ſparkling eyes)  
Excites *Penelope*, t' object the priſe  
(The Bow & bright ſteeles) to the wooers ſtrength:  
And here began the ſtrife and blood at length.  
She firſt aſcended by a lofty ſtaire,  
Her utmoſt chamber, of whoſe doore, her faire  
And halfe tranſparent hand receiv'd the Key;  
Bright, brazen; bitted paſſing curiouſly,  
And as it hung a knob of luory.

And this did leade her, where was ſtrongly kept  
The treaſure Royall; in whoſe ſtore lay heapt,  
Gold, Braſſe, and Steele, engraven with infinite Art;  
The crooked Bowe, and Arrow quiver, part  
Of that rich Magazin. In the Quiuer, were  
Arrows a number; ſharpe, and ſighing gere.  
The Bow was given by kinde *Eurythides*  
(*Iphitus*, faſhion'd like the Deities)  
To yong *Vlyſſes*; when within the Rooſe  
Of wiſe *Ortilocus*, their paſſe had prooſe  
Of mutuall meeting in *Meſſena*; where  
*Vlyſſes* claim'd a debt: To whoſe pay, were  
The whole *Meſſenian* people bound; ſince they  
From *Ithaca*, had forc't a wealthy prey  
Of Sheepe, and Sheep-herds. In their ſhips they thruſt  
Three hundred Sheepe together: for whoſe juſt

And

And inſtat rendry, old *Lertes* ſent  
*Vlyſſes* his Ambaſſador, that went  
A long way in the Ambaſſy, yet then  
Bore but the formoſt prime of yongſt men.  
His Father, ſending firſt to that affaire  
His graneſt Councellors, and then his heire.  
*Iphitus* made his way there, having loſt  
Twelve female horſe; and Mules commended moſt  
For uſe of burthen; which were after cauſe  
Of death and fate to him. For (paſt all Lawes  
Of hoſpitality) Ioues mighty ſon  
(Skill'd in great acts) was his conſuſion  
Close by his houſe, though at that time his gueſt:  
Reſpecting neither the appoſed Feaſt  
And hoſpitable Table, in that loue  
He ſet before him; nor the voice of Ioue:  
But, ſeizing firſt his Mares, he after ſlew  
His hoſt himſelfe. From thoſe Mares ſearch now grew  
*Vlyſſes* knowne t' *Iphitus*; who that Bow  
At their encounter, did in loue beſtow,  
Which great *Eurytus* hand had borne before  
(*Iphitus* Father) who (at death's ſad dore)  
In his ſteepe Turret, left it to his Son.  
*Vlyſſes* gaue him a keene Faulchion  
And mighty Lance; and thus began they there  
Their ſatall Loues; for after, neuer were  
Their mutuall Tables to each other knowne;  
Beauſe *Ioues* ſon th' unworthy part had ſhowne  
O' ſlaughtering this God-like louing man,  
*Eurytus* ſon; who with that Bow began  
And ended loue t' *Vlyſſes*: who to deare  
A giſt eſteem'd it, that he would not beare  
In his blacke ſteete that gueſt-rite to the war;  
But, in fit memorie of one ſo far  
In his affection, brought it home, and kept  
His treaſure with it, where till now it ſlept.

And now the Queene of women had intent  
To giue it vte; and therefore made aſcent  
Vp all the ſtaires height to the chamber dore:  
Whoſe ſhining leaues two bright Pilasters bore  
To ſuch a cloſe, when both together went;  
It would reſiſt the aire in their conſent.  
The Ring ſhe tocke then, and did draw aſide  
A barre that ran within, and then implide  
The Key into the Locke; which gaue a ſound  
(The Bolt then ſhooting) as a paſture ground  
A Bull doth Low, and make the valleyes ring:  
So loud the Locke humm'd, when it looſd his ſpring,

And

And ope the doores flew. In she went along  
The lofty chamber, that was boorded strong  
With heart of Oake; which many yeares ago  
The Architect did smooth and polish so,  
That now as then, he made it freshly shine;  
And tried the euennesse of it with a Line.

There stood in this roome, Presses that enclōd  
Robes odoriferous; by which repof d  
The Bow was vpon pins: Nor from it farre  
Hung the round Quiuer, glittering like a Starre;  
Both which, her white extended hand rooke downe:  
Then fate she low, and made her lap a Crowne  
Of both those Reliques; which she wept to see,  
And cried quite out with louing memory  
Of her deare Lord: To whose worth, paying then  
Kinde debts enow: She left; and to the men  
Vow'd to her wooing, brought the crooked Bow,  
And shaft-receiuing Quiuer, that did flow  
With arrowes, beating fighes vp where they fell.  
Then, with another Chift, replcate as well  
VWith Games won by the King, of Steele and Brasse,  
Her Maids attended. Past whom, making paffe  
To where her wooers were; She made her stay  
Amids the faire Hall doore, and kept the ray  
Of her bright count'nance hid with veyles so thin,  
That though they seem'd 'd' expose, they let loue in;  
Her Maids on both sides stood; and thus she spake.

Hearc me, ye wooers, that a pleasure take  
To do me sorrow, and my house inuade  
To eate and drinke; as if 'twere onely made  
To serue your Rapines: My Lord long away;  
And you allow'd no colour for your stay  
But his still absence; struiuing who shall frame  
Me for his wife; and (since 'tis made a game)  
I heere propose diuine *Vlysses* Bow  
For that great Maister-peece, to which ye vow.  
He that can draw it, with least shew to strue,  
And through these twelue Ax-heads, an arrow driue;  
Him will I follow, and this house forgo,  
That nourisht me a Maid: now furnisht so  
With all things fit; and which I so esteeme  
That I shall still liue in it in my dream.  
This said, she made *Eumæus* giue it them.  
He tooke, and laide it by; and wept for wo,  
And like him, wept *Philétus*; when the Bow  
Of which his King was bearer, he beheld.  
Their teares, *Antinous* manhood much reſeld;  
And said, Ye rustick fooles! that still each day

You

Your minds giue ouer to this vaine diſmay,  
VVhy weepe ye (wretches?) and the widdowes eyes  
Tempt with renew'd thought; that would otherwise  
Depoſe her ſorrowes, ſince her Lord is dead,  
And reares are idle? Sit, and eate your bread,  
Nor whiſper more a word; or get ye gone,  
And weepe without doores: Let this Bow alone  
To our out=matcht contention: For I feare,  
The Bow will ſcarſe yeeld draught to any heere.  
Heere no ſuch man liues, as *Laertes* Son  
Amongſt vs all: I knew him; Thought puts on  
His lookes ſight now, me thinks, though then a child.

Thus ſhew'd his words doubt, yet his hopes enſild  
His ſtrength, the ſtetcher of *Vlyſſes* ſtring,  
And his ſteeles piercer: But his ſhaft muſt ſing  
Through his pierc'd *Pallat* firſt; whom ſo he wrong'd  
In his free rooſe; and made the reſt ill tongu'd  
Againſt his vertues. Then the ſacred heat  
That ſpirited his Son, did further ſet  
Their confidence on fire; and ſaid: O Friends,  
*Ioue* hath bereft my wits: The Queene intends  
(Though I muſt grant her wiſe) ere long to leaue  
*Vlyſſes* Court; and to her bed receaue  
Some other Lord: yet notwithstanding, I  
Am forc't to laugh, and ſet my pleaſures hye  
Like one mad ſicke. But wooers, ſince ye haue  
An obiect for your trials now ſo braue,  
As all the broad *Achaian* earth exceeds:  
As ſacred *Pylos*; as the *Argiue* breeds;  
As blacke *Epyrus*, as *Mysena's* birth;  
And as the more-fam'd *Ithaceniſan* earth;  
All which, your ſelues well know, and oft haue ſaide;  
(For what neede hath my Mother of my aide  
In her aduancement?) Tender no excuſe,  
For leaſt delay; nor too much time proſuſe:  
In ſtay to draw this Bow; but draw it ſtraight;  
Shoot, and the ſteeles pierce: make all ſee how ſleight  
You make theſe poore barres, to ſo rich a priſe.  
No eagr'r yet? Come on: My faculties  
Shall try the Bowes ſtrength, and the pierc'd ſteele:  
I will not for my reuerend Mother ſeele  
The ſorrowes that I know will ſeize my heart,  
To ſee her follow any, and depart  
From her ſo long-held home: But firſt extend  
The Bow and Arrow to their tender'd end.  
For I am onely to ſucccede my Sire  
In guard of his games; and let none aſpire  
To their beſides poſſeſſion. This ſaid;

His

His purple Robe he cast off. By he laide  
 His well-edg'd sword; and first, a feuerall pit  
 He digg'd for every Axe, and strengthen'd it  
 VVith earth, close ramm'd about it: On a row  
 Set them of one height, by a Line he drew  
 Along the whole twelue; and so orderly  
 Did euery deed belonging (yet his eye  
 Neuer before beholding how 'twas done)  
 That in amaze rose all his lookers on.  
 Then stood he neere the doore, & prou'd to draw  
 The stubborne Bow: Thrice tried, & thrice gaue Law  
 To his vncrown'd attempts: the fourth assay  
 VVith all force offering, which a signe gaue stay  
 Giuen by his Father, though hee shew'd a minde  
 As if he stood right heartily inclinde  
 To perfect the exploite: when, all was done  
 In onely drift to set the wooers on.  
 His weaknesse yet confest; he said, O shame  
 I either shall be euer of no name,  
 But proue a wretch: Or else I am too young,  
 And must not now presume on pow'rs so strong  
 As sinewes yet more growing, may ingraft,  
 To turne a man quite ouer with a shaft.  
 Besides, to men whose Nerves are best prepar'd;  
*All great Aduentures, at first prooue, are hard.*  
 But come, you stronger men, attempt this Bow,  
 And let vs end our labour. Thus, below  
 A well-ioyn'd boord he laide it; and close by,  
 The brightly-headed shaft: then thron'd his Throne  
 Amidst his late-left seate. *Antinous* then  
 Bad all arise: but first, who did sustaine  
 The cups state euer; and did sacrifice  
 Before they eate still: and that man, bad rise,  
 Since on the others right hand he was plac't;  
 Because he held the right hands rising, grac't  
 VVith best successe still. This direction wun  
 Supream applause; and first, rose *Oenops* Son  
*Liodes*, that was Priest to all the rest,  
 Sate lowest with the Cup still, and their iest  
 Could neuer like; but euer was the man  
 That checkt their follies: and he now began  
 To taste the Bow: the sharpe shaft tooke, tug'd hard,  
 And held aloft: and till he quite had marr'd  
 His delicate tender fingers, could not stir  
 The churlish string: who therefore did refer  
 The game to others; saying, that same Bow  
 (In his preface) would proue the ouerthrow  
 Of many a chiefe man there: nor thought the Fate

VVas

VVas any whit austere, since *Death* short dare  
 Were much the better taken; then long life  
 Without the object of their amorous strife,  
 For whom they had burn'd out so many dayes  
 To finde still other, nothing but delays  
 Obtaining in them: and affirm'd that now  
 Some hop't to haue her: but when, that tough Bow  
 They all had tried, and seene the vnmort done,  
 They must rest pleas'd to cease; and now some one  
 Of all their other faire veyl'd Grecian Dames  
 VVith gifts, and dow'r, and *Hymeneal* Flames,  
 Let her loue light to him, that most will giue,  
 And whom the Nuptiall destiny did chuse.  
 Thus laid he on the well-ioyn'd polish'd Bow:  
 The Bow, and bright-pil't shaft; and then restor'd  
 His seate his right. To him, *Antinous*  
 Gaue bitter language, and reprov'd him thus:  
 VVhat words (*Liodes*) passe thy speeches guerd?  
 That 'tis a worke to beare? And set so hard;  
 They set vp my diddaine: This Bow must end  
 The best of vs; since thy armes cannot lend  
 The string least motion: Thy Mothers throwes  
 Brought neuer forth thy armes, to draught of Bowes;  
 Or knitting shafts off. Though thou canst not draw  
 The sturdy Plant, thou art to vs no law.  
*Melanthus*? Light a fire, and set thereat  
 A chaire and cushions; & that masse of far  
 That lyes within, bring out; that we may set  
 Our Pages to this Bow, to see it heat  
 And suppl'd with the suet; and then wee  
 May giue it draught, and pay this great decree  
 Vmmost performance. He a mighty fire  
 Gaue instant flame, put into act, th'entire  
 Command layd on him: Chaire and cushions set  
 Layd on the Bow, which straight the Pages bet,  
 Chast, suppl'd with the Suet to their most,  
 And still was all their Vinctuous labour lost:  
 All wooers strenghts, too indigent and pore  
 To draw that Bow: *Antinous* armes, it tore;  
 And great *Eurymachus* (the both decre best)  
 Yet both it tir'd, and made them glad to rest.  
 Forth then went both the Swaines; and after them  
 Diuine *Vlysses*, when being past th' extreme  
 Of all the Gates, with winning words he tride  
 Their loues, and this askt: Shall my counsailes hide  
 Their depths from you? My mind would gladly know  
 If Iodain *Vlysses* had his Vow  
 Made good for home; and had some God to guide

His

His steps and strokes to, to wreak these wooers pride;  
Would your aids ioyne on his part, or with theirs?  
How stand your hearts affected? They made pray'r,  
That some God would please to returne their Lord;  
He then should see, how farre they would afford  
Their liues for his. (He seeing their trait) replied,  
I am your Lord; through *Phylis* a sufferance nic'd,  
Arriu'd now heere; whom twenty yeares have held  
From forth my Country; yet are not conceal'd  
From my sure knowledge; your desires to see  
My safe returne. Of all the company  
Now seru'g heere besides; not one but you  
Mine care hath witness willing to bestow  
Their wishes of my life, so long held dead.  
I therefore vow, (which shall be perfected)  
That if God please, beneath my hand to leaue  
These wooers liuelesse; ye shall both receiue  
Wiues from that hand, and means; and neere to me  
Hau' houses built to you; and both shall be  
As friends, and brothers to my onely Sonne.  
And that ye well may know me; and be wonne  
To that assurance: the infallible Signe  
The white-tooth'd Bore gull; this mark kece of mine  
When in *Parnassus*, he was held in chafe  
By me, and by my famous Grandfires race;  
If I let you see. Thus seuer'd he his weede  
From that his wound; and euery word had deed  
In their sure knowledges; VVhich made them cast  
Their armes about him; his broad breast in bract,  
His necke and shoulders kist. And him as well  
Did those true powers of humane loue compell  
To kisse their heads and hands; and to their mone  
Had sent the free light of the cheerefull Sunne,  
Had not *Phylis* broke the sun, and faide;

Cease teares, and forrowes, lest wee proude displaide,  
By some that issue from the house; and they  
Relate to those within. Take each his way,  
Not altogether in; but one by one:  
First I, then you; and then see this be done:  
The enuious wooers will by no means giue  
The offer of the Bow and Arrow leaue.  
To come at me; spight then their pride; do thou  
(My good *Eumens*) bring both shaft and Bow,  
To my hands prooffe; and charge the maides before;  
That instantly, they shut in euery doore;  
That they themselves, (if any tumult rise  
Beneath my Roofes; by any that enuies,  
My will to vndertake the Game) may gaine

No

No passage forth, but close at worke containe  
With all free quiet; or at least, constrain'd.  
And therefore (my *Philatus*) see maintain'd  
(VVhen close the gates are shut) their closure fast;  
To which end, be it thy sole worke to cast  
Their chaines before them. This said, in he led;  
Tooke first his seate, and then they seconded  
His entry with their owne. Then tooke in hand  
*Eurymachus* the Bow, made close his stand  
Aside the fire; at whose heate, here and there  
He warm'd and suppl'd it, yet could not sterc  
To any draught, the string, with all his Art;  
And therefore, sweld in him his glorious heart;  
Affirming, that him selfe, and all his friends  
Had cause to greue: Not onely that their ends  
They mist in marriage (since enow besides  
Kinde Grecian Dames, there liu'd to be their Brides  
In *Ithaca*, and other bordering Towries)  
But that to all times future, their renownes  
VVould stand disparag'd, if *Phylis* Bow  
They could not drawe, and yet his wife would woo.

*Antinous* answer'd; That there could enue  
No shame at all to them: For well he knew,  
That this day was kept holy to the Sunne  
By all the City: and there should be done  
No such prophane act; therefore bad, lay by  
The Bow for that day: but the maitery  
(if Axes that were set vp, still might stand;  
Since that no labour was, nor any hand  
VVould offer to invade *Phylis* house;  
To take, or touch with surreptitious  
Or violent hand, what there was left for use,  
He therefore bad the Cup-bearer infuse  
VVine to the bolles; that so, with sacrifice  
They might let rest the shooting exercise;  
And in the morning make *Melanthius* bring  
The cheefe Goats of his Herd; that to the King  
Of Bowes and Archers, they might burne the Thyres  
For good successe; and then, attempt the prize.

The rest late pleas'd with this, the Heralds fraile  
Pour'd water on their hands: each Page did waite  
VVith his crown'd cup of wine: serud euery man  
Till all were satisfied: and then began  
*Phylis* plot of his close purpose, thus  
Hearc me, ye much renown'd *Eurymachus*,  
And King *Antinous*, in cheefe, who well,  
And with *deccorn* sacred, doth compell  
This dayes obferuance; and to let lay downe

The  
The

The Bow, all this light ; giuing Gods their owne.  
 The mornings labour, God the more will blesse,  
 And strength bestow, where he himselfe shall please.  
 Against which time, let me presume to pray  
 Your fauours, with the rest ; that this assay,  
 May my olde armes prouue ; trying if there lye  
 In my poore powers the same actiuitie  
 That long since crown'd them: Or if needie fare  
 And desolate wandring, haue the web wombe bare  
 Of my lifes thred at all parts ; that no more  
 Can furnishe these affaires as heretofore.  
 This heat their spleens past measure; blown with fear,  
 Left his loth'd temples, would the garland weare  
 Of that Bowes draught: *Antinous* vsing speech  
 To this fowre purpose: Thou most arrant wretch  
 Of all guests breathing; in no least degree  
 Grac't with a humane soule: It serues not thee  
 To feast in peace with vs; take equall share  
 Of what we reach to; fit, and all things heare  
 That we speake freely (which no begging guest  
 Did euer yet) but thou must make request  
 To mixe with vs in merit of the Queene.  
 But wine enflames thee; that hath euer bene  
 The bane of men: whoeuer yet would take  
 Th' excesse it offers; and the meane forsake.  
 Wine spoile the *Centaur* great *Eurytion*,  
 In guest-rites, with the mighty-minded Son  
 Of bolde *Ixion*; in his way to warre,  
 Against the *Lapithes*; who driuen as farr  
 As madnesse, with the bold effects of wine;  
 Did outrage to his kinde hoast; and decline  
 Other Heroes from him, scasted there;  
 With so much anger, that they left their choere,  
 And dragg'd him forth the fore-court; for his nose,  
 Cropt both his eares; and in the ill dispose  
 His minde then suffer'd; drew the fatal day.  
 On his head, with his hoast, for the next day  
 Betwixt the *Centaur* and the *Lapithes*,  
 Had mortall act; but he forsooke  
 In spoile of wine, far'd worth himselfe; As thou  
 For thy large cups, if thy armes draw the Bow,  
 My minde foretels shalt feare: for not a man  
 Of all our Consort, that in wisdom can  
 Boast any fit share, will take prayers then;  
 But to *Echelus* the most sterne of men  
 A blacke Saile freight with thee; whose worth of ill,  
 Be sure is past all ranfome. Sit thou still;  
 Drinke temperately; and neuer more contend  
 With men your yongers. This, the Queene did end  
 YWith

With her defence of him; and told his Foe  
 It was not faire, nor equall couerrow  
 The poorest Guest her sonne pleas'd entertaine.  
 In his free Turrets; with so proud a straine  
 Of threats, and brauings; asking if he thought  
 That if the stranger to his armes had brought  
 The stubborne Bow downe; he should marry her  
 And beare her home? And said, himselfe should erre  
 In no such hope; nor of them all the best  
 That greew'd at any good, she did her guest,  
 Should banquet there; since it in no sort shew'd  
 Noblesse in them, nor paid her, what she ow'd  
 Her owne free rule there. This *Eurymachus*  
 Confirm'd and saide; nor feeds it hope in vs  
 (*Leirius* daughter) to solemnize Rites  
 Of Nuptials with thee; Nor in noblest fights  
 It can shew comely; but to our respects  
 The rumor, both of sexes, and of Sexs  
 Amongst the people, would breede shame, and feare,  
 Left any worst Greeke said; See, men that were  
 Of meane deseruings, will presume to aspire  
 To his wiues bed, whom all men did admire  
 For fame and merit; could not draw his Bow,  
 And yet his wife, had foolish pride to woo:  
 When straight an errant Begger comes and drawes  
 The Bow with ease, performing all the Lawes  
 The game beside contain'd; and this would thus,  
 Proue both indignity and shame to vs.

The Queene replied; The fame of men I see  
 Beares much price, in your great suppos'd degree;  
 Yet who can proue (amongst the people great)  
 That of one so esteem'd of them, the feat  
 Doth so defame and ruine? And beside,  
 With what right is this guest thus vilefied  
 In your high censures? when the man, in blood  
 Is well compos'd, and great, his parents good.  
 And therefore giue the Bow to him, to try  
 His Birth and breeding by his Cheualry.  
 If his armes draw it; and that *Phobus* stands  
 So great a glory to his strength, my hands  
 Shall adde this guerdon: Euery sort of weed,  
 A two-edg'd Sword and Lance, to keepe him freed  
 From Dogs and Men hereafter, and diuinis  
 His worth to what place tends that heart of his.

Her sonne gaue answere; That it was a wrong  
 To his free sway, in all things that belong  
 To guard of that house, to demand the Bow  
 Of any wooer, and the vse bestow

Ff2

*Eurytion,*  
*Bene compa-*  
*nius & co-*  
*medians.*

Vp

Vpon the stranger: For the Bow was his,  
To giue or to with-hold: No raisteries  
Of her propofing, giuing any power  
T'empaire his right in things, for any wower;  
Or any that rough *Ithaca* affords;  
Any that *Elis*, of which, no mans words  
Nor pow'rs shoud curbe him (lood he so enclind)  
To fee the Bow in absolute gift resign'd  
To that his guest, to beare and vse at will:  
And therefore bad his Mother keepe her still  
Amongst her women, at her *Rocke* and *Loomes*;  
Bowes were for men: and this Bow did become  
Past almens, his dispose, since his Sire  
Left it to him, and all the house caire.

She stood difmaid at this, and in her minde  
His wife words laide vp, standing to inclinde  
As he had will'd; with all her women, going  
Vp to her chamber: there, her teares bestowing  
(As euery night she did) on her lou'd Lord,  
Till sleepe and *Pallas*, her first rest restor'd.

The Bow, *Eumaeus* tooke, and bore away;  
Which vp in tumult, and almost in fray  
Put all the wooers: One enquiring thus.

Whether? Rogue? abie? wilt thou beare from vs  
That Bow propof'd? Lay downe, or I proceſt  
Thy dogs shal eate thee, that thou nourishest  
To guard thy Swine: amongst whom (left of all)  
Thy life shal leaue thee, if the Festiual  
VVe now obserue to *Phaëbus*, may our zeales  
Grace with his aide, and all the *Deities* else.

This threat made good *Eumaeus* yelde the Bow  
To his late place, not knowing what might grow  
From such a multitude. And then fell on  
*Telemachus* with threats, and laide, *Sergon*  
That Bow yet further: tis no seruants part  
To serue too many Maisters: raise your hart  
And beare it off, left (though your younger) yet  
VVith stones I pelt you to the field with it.

If you and I close, I shal proue too strong:  
I wish, as much too hard for all this throng  
The Gods would make me; I should quickly send  
Some after, with iust sorrow to their end:  
They waste my victles for, and ply my cup,  
And do me such shrewd turnes still. This put vp  
The wooers all in Laughter, and put downe  
Their angers to him; that so late were growne  
So graue and bloody, which reform'd that feare  
Of good *Eumaeus*; who did take and beare

The

The King the Bow; call'd Nurse, and bad her make  
The doores all sure; that if mens throtles take  
The eares of some within, they may nor fly,  
But keepe at worke still, close and silently.

These words put wings to her, and close she put  
The chamber doore: The Court gates then were shut  
By kind *Philæus*, who straight did goe  
From out the Hall, and in the *Portico*  
Found laid, a Gable of a Ship, compos'd  
Of spongy Bulrushes; with which hee clos'd  
(In winding round about them) the Court gates:  
Then tooke his place againe, to view the Fates  
That quickly follow'd. VVhen he came, he saw  
*Phylles* viewing, ere he tried to draw  
The famous Bow; which euery way he mou'd;  
Vp, and downe turning it: in which he prou'd  
The plight it was in: fearing chiefly, lest  
The hornes were eate with wormes, in so long rest.  
But what his thoughts intended, turning so;  
And keeping such a search about the Bow:  
The wooers little knowing, fell to iest,  
And said; Past doubt, he is a man profest  
In Bowyers craft, and fees quite through the wood:  
Or something (certaine) to be vnderstood  
There is, in this his turning of it still:  
A cunning Rogue he is, at any ill.

Then spake another proud one; Wou'd to heauen  
Imight (at will) get Gold, till he hath geuen  
That Bow his draught: with these sharp iests, did these  
Delightful woors, their farall humors please.  
But when the wife *Phylles* once had laide  
His fingers on it; and to prooue furuaide  
The stil found plight it held: As one of skill  
In song, and of the Harpe, doth at his will  
In tuning of his Instrument; extend  
A string out with his pin; touch all, and lend  
To euery wel-wreath'd string, his perfect found,  
Strooke all together: with such ease, drew round  
The King, the Bow. Then twang'd he vp the string,  
That, as a Swallow, in the aire doth sing  
VVith no continu'd tune; but (pausing still)  
Twinkles out her scatter'd voice in accents shrill;  
So sharpe the string sung, when he gaue it touch,  
Once hauing bent and drawne it. Which so much  
Amaz'd the wooers, that their colours went  
And came, most grievously. And then, *Ioue* rent  
The aire with thunder; which at heart did chere  
The now-enough-sustaining Traueller.

Ff3

That

Tha *Ione*, againe, would his attempt enable.  
 Then tooke he into hand, from off the Table  
 The first drawne arrow; and a number more  
 Spent shortly on the wooers. But this One,  
 He measur'd by his arme (as if not knowne  
 The length were to him) nockt it then; and drew:  
 And through the Axes, at the first hole, flew  
 The steele-chardg'd arrow; which whē he had done,  
 He thus bespake the Prince: You haue not wonne  
 Disgrace yet by your Guest; for I haue strook  
 The marke I shot at; and no such toile tooke  
 In wearying the Bow, with fat and fire,  
 As did the wooers: yet referu'd entire  
 (Thanke heauen) my strength is; & my selfe am tried,  
 No man to be so basely vilified  
 As these men pleas'd to thinke me. But free way  
 Take that, and all their pleasures: and while Day  
 Holds her Torch to you; and the howre of feast  
 Hath now full date; giue banquet; and the rest  
 (Poeme and Harpe) that grace a wel-fill'd boorde.  
 This saide: he beckn'd to his Sonne; whose sword  
 He straight girt to him: tooke to hand his Lance,  
 And, compleate arm'd, did to his Sire aduance.

*The End of the XX I. Booke  
 of Homers Odyssees.*



## THE XXII. BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Wooers in Minervaes sight  
 Slaine by Vlysses; All the light  
 And lustfull Hefswines, by his Sonne  
 And seruants, are to slaughter done.*

Another.

*The end of Pride,  
 & lawlesse Lust;  
 Is wretched tried,  
 with slaughters iust*



He vpper rags, that wise *Vlysses* wore,  
 Cast off; he iustheth to the great Hall dore  
 With Bow and Quiuer full of shafts; & downe  
 He pour'd before his feet; & thus made known  
 His true state to the wooers: This strife, thus  
 Hath harmlesse bene decided: Now for vs  
 There rests another marke, more hard to hit,  
 And such as neuer man before hath smit;

VVhose full point likewise, my hands shall assay,  
 And try if *Phabus* will giue me his day.

He said; and off his bitter Arrow thrust  
 Right, at *Antinous*; that strooke him iust  
 As he was lifting vp the Bolle; to show,  
 That 'twixt the cup, & lip, much ill may grow.  
*Death* toucht not at his thoughts, at Feast: for who  
 VVould thinke, that he alone could perish so  
 Amongst so many? And he, best of all?  
 The Arrow in his throat tooke full his fall;  
 And thrust his head farre through the other side:  
 Downe fell his cup; downe he; downe all his pride.  
 Straight from his Nostrils gusht the humane gore:  
 And as he fell, his feete farre ouerboore  
 The feastfull Table; all the Roft, and Bread  
 About the house flew'd. VVhen his high-born head  
 The rest beheld so low, vp rish they all,

And



And ranfack't euery Corner of the Hall  
For Shields and Darts : but all fled farre their reach ;  
Then fell they foule on him with terrible fpeech,  
And told him, it fhould proue the deereft shaft  
That euer paft him ; and that now was faft  
No fhift for him, but fure and fodaine death :  
For he had flaine a man, whofe like did breath  
In no part of the Kingdome : and that now  
He fhould no more for Game, ftirue with his Bow,  
But Vultures eate him there. Thefe threats they spent ;  
Yet euery man beleeu'd, that ftene euent  
Chanc't gainft the authors will : O Fooles, to thinke  
That all their reft, had any cup to drinke,  
But what their great *Antinous* began.

He (frowning) faide ; Dogs, fee in me the man  
Ye all held dead at *Troy* : My houfe it is  
That thus ye fpoile ; that thus your Luxuries  
File with my womens rapes : in which, ye woo  
The wife of one that liues ; and no thought flow  
Of mans fit feare, or Gods : your prefent Fame,  
Or any faire fence of your future name.  
And therefore, prefent and eternal death  
Shall end your bafe life. This made fresh feares breath  
Their former boldneffe : euery man had eye  
On all the meanes, and ftudied wayes to flye  
So deepe deaths imminent. But, feeing none,  
*Eurymachus* began with fuppliant mone  
To moue his pittie, faying ; If you be  
This *Iles Polytes*, we muft all agree  
In grant of your reprooves integrity.  
The Greekes haue done you many a wrong at home ;  
At field as many : But of all, the fumme  
Lies heere contract in death : For onely he  
Impofd the whole ill Offices that we  
Are now made guilty of : and not fo much  
Sought his endeouours, or in thought did touch  
At any Nuptials ; but a greater thing  
Employ'd his forces : For, to be our King  
VVas his cheefe obiect : his fole plot it was  
To kil your Son : which *Iones* hand would not paffe,  
But fet it to his owne moft merited end.  
In which, end your iuft anger ; nor extend  
Your ftene wreake further : Spend your royal pow'rs  
In milde ruth of your people ; we are yours.  
And whatfoeuer wafte of wine, or food,  
Our Liberties haue made ; wee'll make all good  
In reftitutions : call a Court, and paffe  
A fine of twenty Oxen, Gold, and Braffe,

On euery Head ; and raife your moft rates ftill,  
Till you are pleas'd with your confessed fill :  
VVhich if we faile to tender, all your wrath,  
It fhall be iuftice in our bloods to barke.

*Eurymachus* (faide he) if you would giue  
All that your Fathers hoord, to make ye liue ;  
And all that euer you your felues poffeffe,  
Or fhall by any induftry increafe :  
I would not ceafe from flaunder, till your bloods  
Had bought out your intemperance in my Goods.  
It refts now for you, that you either fight  
That will fcape death, or make your way by flight :  
In whole beft choife, my thoughts conceiue, not one  
Shall fhun the death, your firft hath vndergone.

This quite difsol'd their knees : *Eurymachus*  
Enforcing all their feares, yet counfaill'd thus :

O Friends ' This man, now he hath got the Bow  
And Quiuer by him, euer will beftow  
His moft inacceffible hands at vs  
And neuer leaue, if we auoide him thus,  
Till he hath ftrew'd the pavement with vs all :  
And therefore, ioyne we fwords, and on him fall  
With Tables forc't vp, and borne in oppold  
Againft his sharpe shafts ; when being round enclofd  
By all our on-fets, we fhall either take  
His horrid perfon, or for fafety make  
His rage retire from our the Hall, and Gates :  
And then, if he efcape, wee'll make our ftates  
Knowne to the City, by our generall cry :  
And thus this man fhall let his laft breath fly,  
That euer his hand vanted. Thus he drew  
His sharpe edg'd fword ; and with a table, ftew  
In, on *Polytes* with a terrible throte,  
His fierce charge vrging. But *Polytes* mone  
The boord, and cleft it through, from end to end  
Borne at his breaft, and made his fhaft extend  
His fharpe head to his Liuer : his broad bread  
Pierc't at his Nipple : when, his hand releaft  
Forthwith his fword, that fel and lift the ground ;  
VVith cups and viftles, lying fcattered round  
About the pavement : amongst which, his brow  
Knockt the embred earth ; while in paines did flow  
His vitall fpirites, til his heeles fhooke out  
His feaftful life ; and hurt'd a Throne about,  
That way-laide deaths conuulfions in his fectes ;  
When from his tender eyes, the light did flee.  
Then charg'd *Amphinomus* with his drawne blade  
The glorious King in purpofe to haue made

His feete forfake the house: But his affay  
The Prince preuented; and his Lance gaue way  
Quite through his shoulder, at his backe: his brest  
The fierce pile letting forth. His ruine, prest  
Grones from the pauement; which his forehead strook.

*Telemachus* his long Lance then forooke  
(Left in *Amphinomus*) and to his Sire  
Made fiery passe; not staying to acquire  
His Lance againe; in doubt that while he drew  
The fixed pile, some other might renew  
Fierce charge vpon him; and his vnarm'd head  
Cleaued with his back-drawne sword: for which he fled  
Close to his Father; bad him arme, and he  
Would bring him Shield and Iaculins instantly;  
His owne head arming; more armes laying by  
To serue the Swine-herd, and the Oxen-herd.

*Valour well arm'd, is euer most preferd.*

Run then (saide he) and come, before the last  
Of these auxilliary shafts are past:  
For feare, left (left alone) they force my stand  
From forth the Porrs. He flew; and brought to hand  
Eight Darts, foure Shields, <sup>4</sup> Helmes. His owne parts  
First put in armes, he furnisht both his men, (then  
That to their King stood close. But he, as long  
As he had shafts to friend, enough was strong  
For all the wooers: and some one man still  
He made euen with earth. Till all, a hill  
Had raist in th' euen floor'd Hall. His last shaft spent,  
He set his Bow against a beame, and went  
To arme at all parts, while the other three  
Kept off the wooers: who, vnarm'd, could be  
No great assailants. In the well-buik wall  
A window was thrust out, at end of all:  
The houses Entry: on whose vnder side  
There lay a way to Towne; and in it, wide  
And two leau'd folds were forgd, that gaue fit meane  
For flyers out; and therefore, at it then  
*Phyfes* plac't *Enmaus* in close guard:  
One onely passe ope to it: which prepar'd  
In this fort by *Phyfes*, gainst all passe)  
By *Agelaus* tardy memorie, was  
In question call'd: who bad, some one ascend  
At such a window; and bring straight to friend  
The City with his clamor; that this man  
Might quickly shoot his last. This, no one can  
Make safe access to (saide *Melanthius*)  
For 'tis too neere the Halls faire doores: whence thus  
The man affix'd ye: For from thence, there lies

But

But one streight passage to it; that denies  
Access to all; if any one man stand  
(Being one of courage) and will countermand  
Our offer to it. But I know a way  
To bring you armes, from where the King doth lay  
His whole munition: and, beleue there is  
No other place, to all the Armories  
Both of himselfe and Sonne. This saide: a paire  
Of lofty Staires he climb'd; and to th'affaire,  
Twelue Shields, twelue Lances brought; as many casks,  
VVith horse-haire Plumes; and set to bitter talks  
Both Son and Sire. Then shrunk *Phyfes* knees,  
And his lou'd heart; when thus in armes he sees  
So many wooers; and their shaken darts:  
For then the worke shew'd, as it askt more parts  
To safe performance: and he tolde his Sonne,  
That or *Melanthius*, or his maides had done  
A deed, that foule warre, to their hands conferr'd.

O Father (he replyd) tis I haue err'd  
In this caus'd labour: I, and none, but I;  
That left the doore ope, of your Armory.  
But some (it seemes) hath set a sharper eye  
On that important place: *Enmaus*! hast  
And shut the doore; obseruing who hath past  
To this false action: any maide; or One  
That I suspect more; which is *Dolius* Sonne.

VVhile these spake thus; *Melanthius* went againe  
For more faire armes; whom the renowned Swaine  
*Enmaus* saw: and tolde *Phyfes* straight,  
It was the hatefull man, that his leconceite  
Before suspected; who had done that ill:  
And (being againe there) askt if he should kill  
(If his power seru'd) or he should bring the Swaine  
To him; inflict on him a feuerall paine  
For euery forfeite, he had made his house.

He answer'd: I and my *Telemachus*  
VVill heere containe these proud Ortes, in despite;  
How much fouer, these stolne armes excite  
Their guilty courages; while you two take  
Possession of the Chamber: the doores make  
Sure at your backe: and then (surprising him)  
His feete and hands binde; wrapping euery lim  
In plant chaines; and with a halter (cast  
Above the winde-beame (at himselfe made fast)  
Aloft the Column draw him; where a line  
He long may hang; and paines enow, deprive  
His vexed life, before his death succede.

This

This charge (soone heard) as soone they put to deed;  
 Stole on his stealth; and at the further end  
 Of all the chamber, saw him busily bend  
 His hands to more armes: when they (still at dore)  
 Watcht his returne. At last, he came, and bore  
 In one hand, a faire Helme: in th' other held  
 A broad, and ancient rusty-refted Shield,  
 That old *Laertes* in his youth had worne;  
 Of which, the cheeke-bands had with age bin torne.  
 They rusht vpon him, caught him by the haire,  
 And dragg'd him in againe: whom (crying out)  
 They cast vpon the pavement: wrapt about  
 With sure and pinching cords, both foote and hand;  
 And then (in full acte of their Kings command)  
 A pliant chaine bestow'd on him; and hal'd  
 His body vp the column, till he seal'd  
 The highest wind-beame. Where, made firmly fast,  
*Eumais* on his iust infliction, past  
 This pleasurable caull: Now you may,  
 All night keepe watch here, and the earliest day  
 Discerne (being hung so high) to rouse from rest  
 Your dainty Cattle, to the wooers Feast.  
 There (as befits a man of meanes to faire)  
 Soft may you sleepe, nought vnder you but aire;  
 And so, long hang you. Thus they left him there,  
 Made fast the doore; and with *Vlysses*, were  
 All arm'd in th' instant. Then they all stood close,  
 Their minds fire breath'd in flames against their foes.  
 Foure in th' Entry fighting all alone;  
 VVhen from the Hall charg'd many a mighty one:  
 But to them then, *Ioues* feede (*Minerva*) came,  
 Resembling *Mentor*, both in voice and frame  
 Of manly person. Pasing well appaied  
*Vlysses* was; and saide, Now *Mentor*, aide  
 Gainst these odde mischiefs: call to memory now  
 My often good to thee; and that we two  
 Of one yeares life are. Thus he saide: but thought  
 It was *Minerva*, that had euer brought  
 To her side, safety. On the other part  
 The wooers threatn'd: but the chiefe in heart  
 VVas *Agelaus*, who, to *Mentor* spake,  
*Mentor*: Let no words of *Vlysses* make  
 Thy hand a fighter on his feeble side,  
 Gainst vs wooers: for we firme abide  
 In this perswasion: That when Sire and Son  
 Our swords haue slaine, thy life is sure to run  
 One fortune with them: what strange ag's hast thou  
 Conceit to forme here? Thy head must bellow

The

The wreake of theirs, on vs: And when thy powrs  
 Are taken downe by these fierce steeles of ours;  
 All thy possessions, in doores, and without  
 Must raise on heape with his; and all thy rout  
 Of sons and daughters, in thy Turrets bleed  
 Wreake offerings to vs; and our Towne stand freed  
 Of all charge with thy wife. *Minerva's* heare  
 Was fir'd with these Braues: the approu'd desert  
 Of her *Vlysses*, chiding: saying, No more  
 Thy force nor fortitude, as heretofore  
 Will gaine thee glory. VVhen nine yeares at *Troy*,  
 VVhite-wristed *Hellen* rescue, did employ  
 Thy armes and wisedome; still, and euer vnde  
 The bloods of thousands, through the field disfulde  
 By thy vaste valor; *Priams* broad-waite Towne  
 By thy graue parts, was sackt, and ouerthrowne;  
 And now, amongst thy people, and thy goods,  
 Against the wooers bafe and petulant bloods,  
 Saint' st thou thy valour? Rather mourning here,  
 Then manly fighting? Come Friend, Stand we nere,  
 And note my labour, that thou maist discern  
 Amongst thy foes, how *Mentors* Nerues willerne  
 All thy old Bounties. This speake, but staide  
 Her hand from giuing each-way-often-swaide  
 Vncertaine conquest, to his certaine vse;  
 But still would try, what selfe-pow'rs would produce  
 Both in the Father, and the glorious Son.  
 Then, on the wind-beame, that along did ron  
 The smoaky rooffe; transform'd *Minerva* sat  
 Like to a Swallow; sometimes cussing at  
 The swords and Lances, rushing from her seate;  
 And vp and downe the troubl'd house, did beate  
 Her wing at euery motion. And as the  
 Had rouz'd *Vlysses*; so, the enemy  
*Damastors* sonne excited; *Polybus*;  
*Amphinomus*, and *Demoptolemus*,  
*Eurytomus*, and *Polyclorides*.  
 For these were men, that of the wooing preafe  
 VVere most egregious, and the clearly best  
 In strength of hand, of all the desperate rest  
 That yet surui'd, and now fought for their soules;  
 VVhich straight, swift arrowes sent among the Fowls.  
 But first, *Damastors* sonne had more spare breath  
 To spend on their exciteruents, ere his death;  
 And saide, That now *Vlysses* would forbear  
 His dismall hand, since *Mentors* spirit was there,  
 And blew vaine vants about *Vlysses* eares;  
 In whose trust, he would cease his Maffaces,  
 Rest him, and put his friends huge boasts in prooffe:

G g And

And so was he beneath the Entries rooffe  
Left with *Telemachus*, and th' other two :  
At whom (saide he) discharge no Darts : but thro  
All at *Vlyses*, rousing his faint rest ;  
Whom if we slaughter, by our interest  
In *Ioues* assistance, all the rest may yield  
Our pow'rs no care, when he strowes once the field.

As he then will'd : they all at random threw,  
VVhere they suppos'd he rested ; and then flew  
*Minerva* after euery Dart, and made  
Some strike the threshold ; some the wals invade :  
Some beate the doores ; and all as rendred vaine  
Their graue Steele offer'd : which escap't, Againe  
Came on *Vlyses*, saying, O that we,  
The wooers troope, with our ioynt Archerie  
Might so assaile ; that where their spirits dream  
On our deaths first, we first may slaughter them.

Thus the much sufferer said ; and all let fly,  
VVhen euery man strooke dead his enemy :  
*Vlyses* slaughtred *Demopolemus* :  
*Euzyades* by yong *Telemachus*  
His death encounter'd. Good *Eumæus* flew  
*Elaeus* ; And *Philetus* ouerthrew  
*Pysander* : all which, tore the pauid floore  
Vp with their teeth : The rest retir'd before  
Their second charge, to inner roomes ; and then  
*Vlyses* follow'd : from the slaughter'd men  
Their darts first drawing. While *work* was done,  
The wooers threw, with huge contention  
To kill them all ; when with her *Swallow wing*,  
*Minerva* cuffed, and made their *Iauelins* ring  
Against the doores, and thresholds, as before :  
Some yet did graze vpon their marks. One tore  
The Princes wrist, which was *Amphimedon* ;  
Th'extreame part of the skin, but toucht vpon.  
*Ctesippus*, ouer good *Eumæus* Shield  
His shoulders top did taint ; which yet did yield  
The Lance free passe, and gaue his hurt the ground.

Againe then charg'd the wooers, and girt round  
*Vlyses* with their Lances ; who turn'd head,  
And with his *Iauelin* strooke *Euzydamas* dead.  
*Telemachus*, distu'd *Amphimedon* ;  
*Eumæus*, *Polybus* ; *Philetus* won  
*Ctesippus* bosome with his dart, and said,  
(In quittance of the Iesters part he plaid,  
The Neats-foot hurling at *Vlyses*) Now  
Great Sonne of *Polytheses*, you that vow  
Your wit to bitter taunts ; and loue to wound

ΦΙΛΟΚΛΕΟΥΣ  
ΑΜΩΝΟΣ υἱός.  
εὐζύδαμω κτε. μα-  
λεῖα, κείνη.

The heart of any with a iest ; so crown'd  
Your wit be with a laughter, neuer yeilding  
To foolles in folly ; but your glory building  
On putting downe in fooling, spitting forth  
Puff words at all sorts : Cease to scoffe at worth,  
And leaue reuenge of vile words to the Gods,  
Since their wits beare the sharper edge by ods :  
And in the meane time, take the Dart I draue,  
For that right hospitall foote you gaue  
Diuine *Vlyses*, begging but his owne.

Thus spake the black-Ox-herdsman ; & straight down  
*Vlyses* strooke another with his Dart,  
(*Damastors* son.) *Telemachus* did part  
Lust in the midst, the belly of the faire  
*Euenor* ; sonne ; his fierce Pile taking aire  
Out at his backe. Flat fell he on his face ;  
His whole browes knocking, and did marke the place.

And now, man-slaughtering *Pallas* took in hand  
Her Snake-frindg'd shield ; & on that beam took stand  
In her true forme, where Swallow-like she sat,  
And then, in this way of the house, and that :  
The wooers (wounded at the heart with feare)  
Fled the encounter : As in Pastures, where  
Fat Herds of Oxen feede, about the field  
(As if wilde madnesse their instincts impeld)  
The high-fed Bullockes flye : whom in the Spring  
(When dayes are long) Gadbees, or breezes sting.

*Vlyses* and his sonne, the Flyets chac't ;  
As when with crooked Beakes and Seres, a cast  
Of hill-bred Eagles, cast off at some game,  
That yet their strengths keepe ; But (put vp) in flame  
The Eagles sloopes ; From which, along the field  
The poore Fowles make wing : this and that way yield  
Their hard-flowne Pinions : I hen, the clouds assay  
For scape or shelter ; their forlorne dismay  
All spirit exhaling, all wings strength to carry  
Their bodies forth ; and (trust vp) to the Quarry  
Their Faulconers ride in, and reioyce to see  
Their Hawkes performe a flight so feruently ;  
So (in their sight) *Vlyses* with his Heire,  
Did sloop and cusse the wooers ; that the aire  
Broke in vaste sighes : whose heads, they shot & cleft ;  
The Paucement boyling with the foules they rest.

*Laodes* (running to *Vlyses*) toke  
His knees ; and thus did on his name inuoke :  
*Vlyses* : Let me pray thee, to my place  
Affoord the reuerence ; and to me the grace :  
That neuer did, or saide, to any Dame

Thy Court contain'd, or decde, or word to blame.  
 But others so affected, I haue made  
 Lay downe their insolence; and if the trade  
 They kept with wickednesse, haue made them still  
 Despise my speech, and vse their wonted ill;  
 They haue their penance by the stroke of death;  
 Which their desert, diuinely warranteth:  
 But I am Priest amongst them; and shall I,  
 That nought haue done worth death, amongst the dy?  
 From thee, this Prouerbe then will men deriue;  
*Good turnes do neuer their meere deeds suruiue.*

He (bending his displeased forehead) saide;  
 If you be Priest amongst them, as you pleade,  
 Yet you would marry; and with my wife too;  
 And haue descent by her: For all that woo  
 With to obtaine, which they should neuer doo  
 Dames husbands liuing. You must therefore pray  
 Offorce, and oft in Court heere; that the day  
 Of my returne for home might neuer shine;  
 The death to me wish't, therefore shall be thine.

This said; he tooke a sword vp that was cast  
 From *Agelaus*, hauing strooke his last;  
 And on the Priests mid necke, he laide a stroke  
 That strooke his head off, tumbling as he spoke.

Then did the Poet *Pharmis* (whose sur-name  
 Vvas call'd *Terpiades*; who thither came  
 Forc't by the woos) fly death; but being nere  
 The Courts great gate, he stood, and parted there  
 In two his counsailes; either to remoue  
 And take the Altar of *Hercian Ioue*;  
 (Made sacred to him, with a world of Art  
 Engrauen about it; where were wont impart  
*Laertes*, and *Phyfes*, many a Thyce  
 Of broad-brow'd Oxen to the Deity)  
 Or venture to *Phyfes*: claspe his knee,  
 And pray his ruth. The last was the decree  
 His choise resol'd on. Twixt the royall Throne,  
 And that faire Table that the Bolle stood on  
 VVith which they sacrific'd; his Harpe he laide  
 Along the earth; the Kings knees hugg'd, and saide:

*Phyfes!* Let my prayers obtaine of thee  
 My sacred skills respect, and ruth to mee.  
 It will heereafter grieue thee to haue slaine  
 A Poet, that doth sing to Gods and men.  
 I, of my selfe am taught: for God alone,  
 All sorts of song hath in my bosome sowne:  
 And I, as to a God, will sing to thee;

Then

Then do not thou deale like the Priest, with me.  
 Thine owne lou'd sonne *Telemachus* will say,  
 That not to beg heere; nor with willing way  
 VV as my access to thy high Court addrest,  
 To giue the woosers my long after Feast;  
 But being many, and so much more strong;  
 They forc't me hither, and compell'd my Song.

This did the Princes sacred vertue heare;  
 And to the King his Father, said: Forbear  
 To mixe the guiltlesse, with the guilties blood.  
 And with him likewise, let our mercies saue  
*Medon* the Herald; that did still behaue  
 Himselfe with care of my good, from a childe;  
 If by *Eumæus* yet he be not kild;  
 Or by *Philetus*; nor your fury met,  
 While all this blood about the house it sweet.

This *Medon* heard, as lying hid beneath  
 A Throne set nere; halfe dead with feare of death;  
 A new-fled Oxe-hide (as but there throwne by)  
 His serious shroud made, he lying there, to fly.  
 But hearing this, he quickly left the Throne;  
 His Oxe-hide cast as quickly, and as soone  
 The Princes knees seiz'd: saying, O my loue,  
 I am not slaine; but heere aliue, and moue.  
 Abstaine your selfe; and do not see your Sire  
 Quench with my cold blood, the vnmeasur'd fire  
 That flames in his strength, making spoile of me,  
 His wraths right, for the woosers iniury.

*Phyfes* smil'd, and said; Be confident  
 This man hath sau'd, and made thee different;  
 To let thee know, and say, and others see,  
*Good life, is much more safe then villany.*  
 Go then, sit free without, from death within:  
 This much renowned Singer, from the sin  
 Of these men likewise quit. Both rest you there,  
 While I my house purge, as it fits me here.

This saide, they went and tooke their seat without  
 At *Ioues* high Altar, looking round about,  
 Expecting till their slaughter: VVhen the King  
 Searcht round the Hall, to try lifes hidden wing  
 Made from more death. But all, laid prostrate there  
 In blood and gore he saw: whole sholes they were;  
 And lay as thicke, as in a hollow creak  
 VVithout the white Sea, when the Fishers breake  
 Their many-methed Draught-net vp, there lye  
 Fifth frisking on the Sands; and faine the dry  
 VVould for the wet change. But th'al-seeing beam  
 The Sun exhales, hath suckt their liues from them;

G g 3

So,

So, one by other, spraul'd the woovers there.  
*Ulysses*, and his Son then, bid appeare  
 The Nurse *Euryclea*, to let her heare  
 His minde in something, fit for her affaire.  
 He op't the doore, and call'd; and said, Repaire  
 Graue Matron, long since borne; that art our Spy  
 To all this houses seruile hufwifery:  
 My Father calls thee, to impart some thought  
 That asks thy action. His word, found in nought  
 Her slacke obseruance, who straight op't the dore  
 And enter'd to him; when himselfe before  
 Had left the Hall. But there, the King the view'd  
 Amongst the slaine, with blood and gore embrew'd:  
 And as a Lyon skulking all in Night,  
 Farre off in Pastures; and come home, all dight  
 In iawes and breast-locks, with an Oxes blood,  
 New feasted on him, his looks full of mood;  
 So look't *Ulysses*; all his hands and feete  
 Freckl'd with purple. When which sight did greete  
 The poore old woman (such workes being for eyes  
 Of no soft temper) out the brake in cries;  
 VVhose vent, though thoroughly opened, he yet clos'd,  
 Cal'd her more neere, and thus her plaints compo'd;  
 Forbeare; nor shriek thus: But vent ioyes as loud;  
*It is no piety to bemoane the proud:*  
 Though ends befall them, mouing neere so much,  
 These are the portions of the Gods to such.  
*Mens owne impieties, in their instant act,*  
*Sustaine their plagues; which are with stay but racks.*  
 But these men, Gods nor men had in esteeme:  
 Nor good, nor bad, had any fence in them.  
 Their liues directly ill, were therefore cause  
 That *Death* in these sterne formes, so deeply draws.  
 Recount then to me, those licentious Dames,  
 That lost my honor, and their sexes shames.  
 Ile tell you truly (she replied,) There are  
 Twice fife and twenty women here, that share  
 All worke amongst them; whom I taught to Spin,  
 And beare the iust bands that they suffer'd in:  
 Of all which, onely there were twelue, that gaue  
 Themselues to impudence, and light behaue;  
 Nor me respecting, nor herselfe (the Queene.)  
 And for your Son, he hath but lately bene  
 Of yeares to rule: Nor would his Mother beare  
 His Empire, where her womens labors were.  
 But let me go, and giue her notice now  
 Of your arrivall. Sure some God doth shew  
 His hand vpon her, in this rest she takes,

That

That all these vproies beares, and neuer wakes.  
 Nor wake her yet (said he) but cause to come  
 Those twelue light women, to this vitter roome.  
 She made all vrmost haste, to come and go,  
 And bring the women he had summon'd so.  
 Then, both his Swaines and Son, he bad, go call  
 The women to their aide, and cleere the Hall  
 Of those dead bodies: Clenfe each boord, & Throne  
 VVith worted Sponges: which, with fitnesse, done;  
 He bad take all the Strumpets, twixt the wall  
 Of his first Court; and that roome next the Hall;  
 In which, the vessell of the house were scour'd;  
 And in their bosomes sheath their euery sword;  
 Till all their soules were fled; and they had then,  
 Felt 'twas but paine to sport with lawlesse men.  
 This said; the women came, all drown'd in mone,  
 And weeping bitterly. But first, was done  
 The bearing thence the dead: all which, beneath  
 The *Portico* they stow'd, where death on death  
 They heap't together. Then tooke all, the paines  
*Ulysses* will'd. His Sonne yet, and the Swaines  
 VVith paring-shouels wrought: The women bore  
 Their parings forth; and all the clotted gore.  
 The house then clenfd, they brought the women out,  
 And put them in a roome, so wall'd about,  
 That no meanes seru'd their sad estates to flye.  
 Then saide *Telemachus*, These shall not dye  
 A death that lets out any wanton blood,  
 And vents the poison that gaue Lust her fooode,  
 The body clenng; but a death that chokes  
 The breath, and all together, that prouokes  
 And seemes as Bellowes, to abhorred Lust;  
 That both on my head, pour'd depraues vnjust,  
 And on my Mothers; scandaling the Court,  
 VVith men debauch't, in so abhor'd a fort.  
 This said; a Halber of a ship they cast  
 About a crosse beame of the rooffe; which fast  
 They made about their neckes, in twelue parts cut;  
 And hal'd them vp so high, they could not put  
 Their feete to any stay. As which was done,  
 Looke how a Mauius, or a Pygeon  
 In any Groue, caught with a Sprindge, or Net;  
 VVith strugling Pinions 'gainst the ground doth beat  
 Her tender body; and that then streight bed  
 Is sower to that swindge, in which she was bred;  
 So striu'd these taken Birds, till euery one  
 Her pliant halter, had enforc't vpon  
 Her stubborne necke; and then aloft was haul'd

To

To wretched death. A little space they sprauld  
Their feet fast moving; but were quickly still.

Then fetcht they downe *Melanthis*, to fulfill  
The equall execution; which was done  
In Portall of the Hall; and thus begun:  
They first slit both his Noſethrils, cropt each eare;  
His Members tugg'd off, which the dogges did teare,  
And chop vp bleeding ſweet; and while red hot  
The vice-abhorring blood was; off they ſmote  
His hands and feet, and there that worke had end:  
Then waſht they hands & feet, that blood had ſteind;  
And tooke the houſe againe. And then the King  
(*Eurycles* calling) bad her quickly bring  
All ill-expelling Brimſtone, and ſome fire,  
That with perfumes caſt, he might make entire  
The houſes firſt integrity in all.  
And then his timely will was, ſhe ſhould call  
Her Queene and Ladies; ſtill yet charging her,  
That all the Handmaids ſhe ſhould firſt conſer.

She ſaid, he ſpake as fitted; But before,  
She held it fit to change the weeds he wore,  
And ſhe would others bring him: that not ſo  
His faire broad ſhoulders might reſt clad; and ſhow  
His perſon to his ſeruants, was too blame.

Firſt bring me Fire, ſaid he. She went, and came  
VVith fire, & ſulphure ſtraight; with which the hall,  
And the huge houſe, all roomes capitall  
He thoroughly ſweetned. Then went *Nurſe* to call  
The Handmaid ſeruants downe; & vp ſhe went  
To tell the newes, and will'd them to preſent  
Their ſeruice to their Soueraigne. Downe they came,  
Sustaining Torchcs all, and pour'd a flame  
Of Loue, about their Lord: with welcomes home,  
VVith huggings of his hands, with laborſome  
Both heads and fore-heads, kiſſes, and embraces;  
And playd him ſo, with all their louing graces,  
That teares and ſighes, tooke vp his whole deſire;  
For now he knew their hearts to him entire.

*The End of the XXII. Booke  
of Homers Odysſes.*



## THE XXIII. BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGUMENT.

*V*lyſſes to his wife is knowne:  
A briſe ſum of his Trauailes ſhowne.  
Himſelfe, his Son, and ſeruants go  
To approve the Woovers oneribron.

Another.

For all annoyers  
ſuſtain'd before;  
The truewinnes toyers,  
now made the more.



He ſeruants thus inform'd; the Matron goes  
Vp, where the Queene was caſt in ſuch reſpoſe;  
Affected with a frequent joy to tell  
VVhat all this time ſhe did with paine conceal.  
Her knees requokt their firſt ſtrength; and her feete  
Were borne above the ground, with wings, to greet  
The long-greud Queene, with newes her King was come;  
And (neere her) ſaid: Wake, Leaue this withdrawne roomes;

That now your eyes may ſee, at length, though late,  
The man return'd, which all the heavy date  
Your woes haue rackt out, you haue long'd to ſee:  
*Vlyſſes* is come home, and hath ſet free  
His Court of all your woovers, ſlaughtering all;  
For waſting ſo his goods with Feſtinnall:  
His houſe ſo vexing; and for violence done,  
So all waies varied to his onely ſonne.  
She answer'd her; The Gods haue made thee mad;  
Of whoſe power now, thy power ſuch proof haue had.  
The Gods can blinde with follies, wiſeſt eies,  
And make men fooliſh, ſo to make them wiſe.  
For they haue hurt euen thy graue braine, that bore  
An vnderſtanding ſpirit heretofore.  
VVhy haſt thou wak't me to more teares, when *Mene*  
Hath turn'd my minde, with teares, into her owne?  
Thy madneſſe much more blamefull, that with lyes  
Thy haſte is loaden: and both robs mine eyes

Of most delightome sleepe; and sleepe of them,  
That now had bound me in his sweet extreame,  
I embrace my lids, and close my visuall Spheres.  
I haue not slept so much this twenty yeares;  
Since first my dearest sleeping-Mate was gone  
For that too-ill-to-speake of, *Ilion*.  
Hence, take your mad steps backe; if any Maid  
Of all my traine besides, a part had plaid  
So bold to wake, and tell mine eares such lies,  
I had return'd her to her huiwiferies  
VVith good prooffe of my wrath to such rude Dames;  
But go, your yeares haue sau'd their younger blames.  
She answer'd her: I nothing wrong your eare,  
But tell the truth: your long-mist Lord is heere;  
And, with the wooers slaughter, his owne hand  
(In chiefe exploit) hath to his owne command  
Reduc't his house; and that poore Guest was he,  
That all those wooers, wrought such iniurie.  
*Telemachus* had knowledge long ago  
That 'twas his Father; but his wisdome so  
Obseru'd his counsailes; to giue sure end  
To that great worke, to which they did contend.  
This call'd her spirits to their conceiuing places,  
She sprung for ioy, from blames into embraces  
Of her graue Nurse: wip't euery tear away  
From her faire cheekes; and then began to say  
What Nurse said, ouer thus: O Nurse, can this  
Be true thou say'st? How could that hand of his  
Alone, destroy so many? They would fill  
Troope all together. How could he then kill  
Such numbers, so vnited? How? (said she)  
I haue nor scene, nor heard; but certainly  
The deed is done. VV'e fate within, in feare;  
The doores shut on vs: and from thence might heare  
The sighes, and grones of euery man he slew;  
But heard, nor saw more: till at length, there flew  
Your sonnes voice to mine eare, that call'd to me,  
And bad me then come forth: and then I see  
*Vlysses* standing in the midst of all  
Your slaughterd wooers, heap't vp like a wall,  
One on another, round about his side;  
It would haue done you good to haue defende  
Your conqu'ring lord, all smear'd with blood & gore;  
So like a Lyon. Straight then, off they bore  
The slaughterd carcases; that now before  
The fore-Court gates lye, one on other pile.  
And now your victor, all the Hall (descide  
VVith stinch of hot death) is perfuming round;

And

And with a mighty fire the harth hath crown'd.  
Thus, all the death remou'd, and euery roome,  
Made sweet and sightly; that your selfe should come.  
His pleasure sent me. Come then, take you now  
Your mutuall filis of comfort: Griefe, on you  
Hath long, and many sufferings laid; which length,  
VVhich many sufferings, now, your vertuous strength  
Of vncorrupted chasteffe, hath conferr'd  
A happy end to. He that long hath err'd  
Is safe arriu'd at home: his wife, his sonne  
Found safe & good; all ill that hath bene done  
On all the doores heads (though long prolong'd)  
His right hath wreak't, and in the place they wrong'd.  
She answer'd: Do not you now laugh, and boast  
As you had done some great act, facing most  
Into his Being: For, you know, he won  
(Euen through his poore, and vile condition)  
A kind of prompt thought; that there was plac't  
Some vertue in him, fit to be embract  
By all the house; but, most of all, by me  
And by my Son, that was the progenie  
Of both our loues. And yet it is not he,  
For all the likely prooffes ye plead to me:  
Some God hath slaine the wooers, in disdain  
Of the abhorred pride, he saw so raigae  
In those base workes they did: No man aliue,  
Or good, or bad, whoeuer did arriue  
At their abodes once, euer could obtaine  
Regard of them: and therefore their so vaine  
And vile deserts, haue found as vile an end.  
But (for *Vlysses*) neuer will extend  
His wisht returne to *Greece*: Nor he yet liues,  
How strange a Queen are you? (said she) that giues  
No truth your credit? That your husband, set  
Close in his house at fire, can purchase yet  
No faith of you; But that he still is, farre  
From any home of his? your wit's at warre  
VVith all credulity euer; and yet now  
He name a signe, shall force beleefe from you:  
I bath'd him lately; and beheld the scar  
That still remains a marke too ocular  
To leaue your heart yet blinded; and I then  
Had run and told you: but his hand was feint  
To close my lips from th' acclamation  
My heart was breathing: and his wisdome won  
My still retention, till he gaue me leaue,  
And charge to tell you this. Now then receaue  
My life for gage of his returne; which take

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In any cruell fashion; if I make  
 All this not cleere to you. Lou'd Nurse (said she)  
 Though many things thou knowst, yet these things be  
 Veil'd in the counsailes th'vncreated Gods  
 Haue long time maskt in: whose darke periodes  
 Tis hard for thee to see into; But come,  
 Lets see my son; the slaine; and he by whom  
 They had their slaughter. This said; down they went;  
 When on the Queens part, diuers thoughts wer spent;  
 If (all this giuen no faith) she still should stand  
 Aloofe, and question more: Or his hugg'd hand,  
 And loued head, she should at first assay  
 With free-giuen kisses: VVhen her doubtfull way  
 Had past the stony pavement, sheooke seate  
 Against her husband, in the opposite heare  
 The fire then cast vpon the other wall:  
 Himselfe, set by the Columne of the Hall;  
 His lookes cast downwards, and expected still,  
 VVhen her incredulous, and curious will  
 To shun ridiculous error, and the shame  
 To kisse a Husband, that was not the same,  
 VVould downe, and win enough faith from his sight.  
 She silent fate, and her perplexed plight  
 Amaze encounter'd: Sometimes, she stood cleare  
 He was her Husband: Sometimes, the ill weare  
 His person had put on, transform'd him so,  
 That yet his stampe would hardly currant go.

Her son her strangenesse seeing, blam'd her thus:  
 Mother, vngentle Mother! tytannous!  
 In this too curious modesty you show;  
 Why sit you from my Father? Nor bestow  
 A word on me, to enquire and cleere such doubt  
 As may perplex you? Found man neuer out  
 One other such a wife? That could forbear  
 Her lou'd Lords welcome home, when twenty yeare  
 In infinite sufferance, he had spent apart:  
*No Flint so hard is, as a womans heart.*

Son (he replied) Amaze contains my minde,  
 Nor can I speake, and vse the commune kind  
 Of those enquiries; nor sustaine to see  
 VVith opposite lookes, his countenance: If this be  
 My true Physis now return'd; there are  
 Tokens betwixt vs of more finesse fare  
 To giue me argument, he is my Lord;  
 And my assurance of him, may afford  
 My proofes of ioy for him, from all these eies  
 VVith more decorum; then vbiect their guise  
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 Your Mother from the prease; that she may make  
 Her owne proofes of me, which perhaps may giue  
 More cause to the acknowledgements, that driue  
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 So poorely clad, she takes disdain to know  
 So loath'd a creature, for her loued Lord:  
 Let vs consult then, how we may accord  
 The Towne to our late action. Some one, slaine,  
 Hath made the all-lett slaughterer of him, faine  
 To fly his friends and country. But our swords  
 Haue slaine a Cities most supportfull Lords;  
 The chiefe Peeres of the kingdom: therefore see  
 You vse wife meanes to vphold your victorie.

See you to that good Father (saide the Son)  
 Whose counsailes haue the foueraigne glory won  
 From all men liuing. None will strue with you;  
 But with vnquestion'd Girlands grace your brow:  
 To whom, our whol alacrities we vow  
 In free attendance. Nor shall our hands leaue  
 Your onsets needy of supplies, to giue  
 All the effects that in our pow'rs can fall.  
 Then this (said he) to me seemes capitall  
 Of all choise courses: Bathe we first, and then  
 Attire we freshly: all our Maides and men  
 Enioyning likewise, to their best attire.  
 The sacred Singer then, let touch his Lire;  
 And go before vs all in gracefull dance,  
 That all without, to whose eares shal aduance  
 Our cheerefull accents, (or of Trauailers by,  
 Or firme inhabitants) solemnity  
 Of frolicke Nuptials may imagine heere.  
 And this, performe we; lest the massaker  
 Of all our wooers be diuuld about.  
 The ample City, ere our selues get out;  
 And greet my Father, in his Groue of Trees;  
 Where, after, we will proue what policies  
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 Our latest toiles, and crowne our welcome home.  
 This all obey'd: Bath'd, put on fresh attire,  
 Both men and women did; Then tooke his Lire  
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 VVith songs, and faultlesse dances: all the Court  
 Rung with the footings, that the numerous sport  
 From iocund men drew, and faire-girdl'd Dames;  
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Hh

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So constant, as to keepe her ample house  
Till th' vtmost houre, had brought her formost spouse.

Thus some conceiu'd, but little knew the thing,  
And now, *Eurynome* had bath'd the King;  
Smooth'd him with Oyles; and he, himselfe attir'd  
In vestures royall. Her part then inspir'd  
The Goddess *Pallas*; deckt his head and face  
With infinite beauties: gaue a goodly grace  
Of stature to him: a much plumper plight  
Through all his body breath'd; Curles soft, & bright  
Adorn'd his head withall, and made it show,  
As if the flowry *Hyacinth* did grow  
In all his pride there: In the generall trim  
Of every locke, and euery curious line  
Looke how a skillfull Artizan, well fence  
In all Arts Metalline; as having bene  
Taught by *Minerua*, and the God of fire;  
Doth Gold, with Silver mix for that cause  
They keepe their selfe distinction; and yet so,  
That to the Silver, from the Gold, doth flow  
A much more artificiall luster then his owne;  
And thereby to the Gold it selfe, is growne  
A greater glory, then if wrought alone;  
Both being stuck off, by eithers mixture  
So did *Minerua*, hers and his combine;  
He more in Her, She more in Him did shine;  
Like an Immortall from the Bath, he rose;  
And to his wife did all his grace dispose,  
Encountring this her strangest: *Cornell Dame*  
Of all that breathe; the Gods, past, present, and flame  
Haue made thee ruthlesse: Life retains not one  
Of all Dames else, that beares so ouer-growne  
A minde with abstinence; as twenty yeeres  
To misse her husband, drown'd in woes, and teares;  
And at his coming, keepe aloofe, and faine  
As of his so long absence, and his care,  
No sence had seild her. Go Nurse, make a bed,  
That I alone may sleepe; her heart is dead  
To all reflection. To him, thus replied  
The wise *Penelope*: Man, halfe deild;  
'Tis not my fashion to be taken freight  
With brauest men: Nor poorest, vic to night.  
Your meane apparance made not me retire;  
Nor this your rich shew, makes me now admire,  
Nor moues at all: For what is all to me,  
If not my husband? All his certainty  
I knew at parting; but (so long apart)  
The outward likeness, holds no full desert

For

For me to trust to. Go Nurse, see adrest  
A soft bed for him; and the single rest  
Himselfe affects so. Let it be the bed,  
That stands within our Bridal Chamber-sted;  
VVhich he himselfe made: Bring it forth from thence;  
And see it furnisht with magnificence.

This said she, to assay him; and did stir  
Euen his establisht patience; and to him  
Whom thus he answerd: Woman! your words proue  
My patience strangely: VVho is it can moue  
My Bed out of his place? It shall oppresse  
Earths greatest vnder-stander; and vnlesse,  
Euen God himselfe come, that can easly grace  
Men in their most skills, it shall hold his place.  
For Man: he liues not, that (as not most skill'd,  
So not most yong) shall easly make it yield.  
If (building on the strength in which he flows)  
He addes both Leuers to, and Iron Crowes.  
For, in the fixure of the Bed, is shewne  
A Maister-peece; a wonder: and 'twas done  
By me, and none but me: and thus was wrought;  
There was an Oliue tree, that had his grought  
Amidst a hedge; and was of shadow, proud;  
Fresh, and the prime age of his verdure shew'd.  
His leaues and armes so thicke, that to the eye  
It shew'd a colunne for solidity.  
To this, had I a comprehension  
To build my Bridall Bowre; which all of stone,  
Thicke as the Tree of leaues, I raise, and cast  
A Roofe about it, nothing meanly grac'd;  
Put glew'd doores to it, that op't Art enough.  
Then, from the Oliue, euey broad-leau'd bough  
I lopt away: then fill'd the Tree, and then  
VVent ouer it, both with roy Axe, and Plaine:  
Both gouern'd by my Line. And then, I shew'd  
My curious Bed-sted out; in which, I shew'd  
Worke of no commune hand. All this, begon,  
I could not leaue, till to perfection  
My paines had brought it. Tooke my Wimble; bor'd  
The holes, as fitted: and did last, afford  
The varied Ornament, which shew'd no want  
Of Silver, Gold, and polisht Elephant.  
An Oxe-hide Dide in purple, then I threw  
About the cords. And thus, to curious view  
I hope I haue obiected honest signe;  
To proue, I author nought that is not mine:  
But, if my bed stand v'reinow'd, or no,  
O woman, passest humane wit to know.  
This sunk her knees & heart, to heare so true

Hh 2

The

The signes she vrg'd; and first, did teares ensue  
 Her rapt assurance: Then she ran, and spread  
 Her armes about his necke; kist oft his head;  
 And thus the curious stay she made, excuse:  
*Plyses* Be not angry, that I vnde  
 Such strange delays to this, since heretofore  
 Your suffering wisedome, hath the Gyrland wore  
 From all that breath: and 'tis the Gods that thus  
 With mutuall misse, so long afflicting vs,  
 Haue caus'd my coyneffe: To our youths, enuied  
 That witht society, that should haue tied  
 Our youths and yeares together: and since now  
*Judgement and Duty*, should our age allow  
 As full ioyes therein, as in youth and blood:  
 See all yong anger, and reprove withstood,  
 For not at first sight giuing vp my armes:  
 My heart still trembling, lest the false alarmes  
 That words oft strike vp, should ridiculize me.  
 Had *Argue Hel'en* knowne credulity  
 VVould bring such plagues with it, and her, againe  
 (As authresse of them all) with that foule stain  
 To her, and to her countrey; she had staid  
 Her loue and mixture from a strangers bed.  
 But God impell'd her to a shamelesse deede,  
 Because she had not in her selfe decreed  
 Before th'attempt; That, such acts still were shent,  
 As simply in themselves, as in th'euent.  
 By which, not onely she her selfe sustaines,  
 But we, for her fault, haue paid mutuall paines.  
 Yet now; since these signes of our certaine bed  
 You haue discover'd, and distinguished  
 From all earths others: No one man but you,  
 Yet euer getting of it th'onely show;  
 Nor one, of all Dames, but my selfe, and she  
 My Father gaue; old *Atters* progenie:  
 (VVho euer guarded to our slues, the dore  
 Of that thick-shaded chamber) I, no more  
 Will crosse your cleere perswasions: though, till now,  
 I stood too doubtfull, and austere to you.  
 These words of hers, so iustifying her stay,  
 Did more desire of ioyfull mone conuay  
 To his glad minde; then if at instant sight,  
 She had allow'd him, all his wishes right:  
 He wept for ioy, to enioy a wife to fit  
 For his graue minde, that knew his depth of wits  
 And held chaste vertue at a price so high.  
 And as sad men at Sea; when thore is nigh, (lost  
 VVhich long their hearts haue witht) their ship quite

By

By *Neptunes* rigor; and they vext, and toft  
 Twixt winds & black waues, swimming for their liues;  
 A few escap't; and that few that suruiues  
 (All drencht in some, and brine) craule vp to Land,  
 VVith ioy as much as they did worlds command;  
 So deare, to this wife, was her husbands sight;  
 Who still embrac't his necke; and had, (til light  
 Displaid her siluer Ensigne) if the Dame  
 That beares the blew sky, enteanixt with flame  
 In her faire eyes, had not infixt her thought  
 On other ioyes, for loues so hardly brought  
 To long'd-for meeting: who th'extended night  
 VVith-held in long date; nor would let the light  
 Her wing-hoou'd horse ioyne; (*Lampus, Phaeton*)  
 Those euer Colts, that bring the morning on  
 To worldly men; But, in her golden chaire,  
 Downe to the Ocean, by her siluer haire  
 Bound her aspirings. Then *Plyses* said;  
 O wife: Nor yet are my contentions staid;  
 A most vnmeasur'd labour, long and hard  
 Askes more performance; to it, being prepar'd  
 By graue *Tiresias*, when downe to hell  
 I made darke passage; that his skill might tell  
 My mens returne, and mine. But come, and now  
 Enioy the sweet rest that our Fates allow.

The place of rest is ready, (she replied)  
 Your will at full serue, since the deified  
 Haue brought you, where your right is to command.  
 But since you know (God making vnderstand  
 Your searching mind) informe me, what must be  
 Your last set labour; Since 'twill fall to me  
 (I hope) to heare it after; tell me now:  
*The greatest p'caure is before to know.*  
 Vnhappy? (said *Plyses*) To what end  
 Importune you this labour? It will tend  
 Nor you, nor me, delight; but you shall know,  
 I was commanded, yet more to bestow  
 My yeares in trauaile; many Cities more  
 By Sea to visit: and when first, for thore  
 I left my shipping, I was will'd to take  
 A nauall Oare in hand; and with it make  
 My passage forth, till such strange men I met,  
 As knew no Sea, nor euer salt did eat  
 VVith any vicles: who the purple beakes  
 Of Ships did neuer see: nor that which breaks  
 The waues in curles, which is a Fan-like Oare;  
 And serues as wings, with which a ship doth soare.  
 To let me know then, when I was arriu'd

H h 3

On

On that strange earth, where such a people liu'd.  
 He gaue me this for an vnfailling signe:  
 When any one, that tooke that Oare of mine  
 Borne on my shoulder, for a Corne-cleafe Fan,  
 I met ashore; and shew'd to be a man  
 Of that Lands labour: There had I command  
 To fixe mine Oare; and offer on that strand  
 T'imperiall *Neptune* (whom I must implore)  
 A Lambe, a Bull, and Sow-ascending Bore:  
 And then turne home; where all the other Gods  
 That in the broad heauen made secure abods,  
 I must folicite (all my curious heed  
 Giuen to the feuerall rites they haue decreed)  
 VVith holy *Hecatombes*: And then, at home  
 A gentle death should seize me, that would come  
 From out the Sea, and take me to his rest  
 In full ripe age; about me, liuing blest,  
 My louing people: To which (he presag'd)  
 The sequell of my fortunes were engag'd.

If then (saide she) the Gods will please t'impose  
 A happier Being to your fortunes close  
 Then went before; your hope giues comfort strength,  
 That life shall lend you better dayes at length.

VVhile this discourse spent mutual speech, the bed  
*Eurynome* and Nurse had made; and spred  
 With richest Furniture; while Torches spent  
 Their parcell gilt thereon. To bed then went  
 The aged Nurse; and where their Soueraignes were,  
*Eurynome* (the Chamber-maid) did beare  
 A Torch, and went before them to their rest:  
 To which she left them; and for hers address.  
 The King and Queene then, now (as newly wed)  
 Refum'd the old Lawes of th'embracing bed.

*Telemachus*, and both his Herds-men, then  
 Dissol'd the dances, both to Maids and men;  
 VVho in their shady roofes tooke timely sleepe.  
 The Bride, and Bridegroom, hauing ceast to keepe  
 Obserued Loue-ioyes; from their fit delight,  
 They turn'd to talke. The Queene then did recite  
 VVhat she had suffer'd by the hartsfull rout  
 Of harmsfull wooers, who had eate her out  
 So many Oxen, and so many Sheepe;  
 How many Tun of wine their drinking deepe  
 Had quite exhausted. Great *Vyffes* then,  
 VVhat euer slaughters he had made of men;  
 VVhat euer sorrowes he himselfe sustain'd,  
 Repeated amply; and her cares remain'd  
 VVith all delight, attentue to their end.

Nor

Nor would one winke sleepe, till he told her all;  
 Beginning where he gaue the *Cæons* fall;  
 From thence, his passe to the *Lotophagie*;  
 The *Cyclops* acts; the putting out his eye;  
 And wreake of all the Souldiers he had eate,  
 No least ruth shewne, to all they could entreate.  
 His way to *Æolus*; his prompt receit,  
 And kinde dismission: his inforet retreat  
 By sodaine Tempest, to the fishy maine;  
 And quite distraction from his course againe.  
 His landing at the *Lastrigonian* Port,  
 VVhere ships and men, in miserable fort,  
 Met all their spoiles; his ship, and he, alone  
 Got off from the abhor'd confusion.  
 His passe to *Circe*; her deceits, and Arts:  
 His thence descension to th' infernall parts:  
 His lifes course of the *Thebane* Prophet learn'd;  
 VVhere, all the slaughter'd Grecians he discern'd,  
 And loued Mother. His astonisht eare  
 VVith what the *Syrens* voices made him heare.  
 His scape from th'erring Rockes, which *Seylla* was,  
 And rough *Charybdis*, with the dangerous passe  
 Of all that toucht there: His *Sicilian*  
 Offence giuen to the Sun: His euery man  
 Destroy'd by thunder, vollied out of heauen,  
 That split his Ship; his owne endeouours driuen  
 To shift for succours on th'*Ogygian* shore,  
 VVhere Nymph *Calypso*, such affection bore  
 To him in his arrivall: Tha: with feast  
 She kept him in her Caves, and would haue blest  
 His welcome life, with an immortal state;  
 VVould he haue staid, and liu'd her Nuptiall mate:  
 All which, she neuer could perswade him to.  
 His passe to the *Phæacians*, spent in wo:  
 Their hearty welcome of him, as he were,  
 A God descended from the starry Sphere:  
 Their kinde dismission of him home, with Gold,  
 Brasse, Garments; all things his occasions would.

This last word vsde; sleepe seiz'd his weary eye,  
 That salues all care, to all mortality.  
 In meane space, *Pallas*, entertain'd intent,  
 That when *Vyffes*, thought enough time spent  
 In loue-ioyes with his wife, to raise the Day,  
 And make his graue occasions, call away.  
 The Morning rose, and he; when thus he saide;  
 O Queene: Now fatiate with afflictions, laide  
 On both our bosomes; (you oppress'd heere  
 VVith cares for my returne; I, euery where)

By

By *Ioue*, and all the other Deities, toft  
 Euen till all hope of my returne was loft)  
 And both arriu'd at this sweet Hauē, our Bed;  
 Be your care vſde, to ſee adminiſtred  
 My houſe-poſſeſſions left. Thoſe Sheepe that were  
 Conſum'd in ſurtets by your wooers heere;  
 Ile forrage, to ſupply with ſome; and more,  
 The ſuffering Grecians ſhall be made reſtore,  
 Euen till our ſtalles receiue their wonted fill.

And now, to comfort my good Fathers ill  
 Long ſuffer'd for me: To the many-tree'd  
 And ample Vineyard grounds, it is decreed  
 In my next care, that I muſt haſte, and ſee  
 His long'd-for preſence. In the meane time, be  
 Your wiſedome vſde; that ſince (the Sun aſcended)  
 The fame will ſoone be through the Town extended,  
 Of thoſe I heere haue flaine; your ſelfe (got cloſe  
 Vp to your chamber) ſee you there repoſe,  
 Cheer'd with your women; and, nor looke aſſord  
 Without your Court; nor aſie man, a word.

This ſaid, he arm'd: To arms, both Son and Swain  
 His powre commanding; who did entertaine  
 His charge with ſpirit: Op't the gates, and out;  
 He leading all. And now was hurl'd about  
*Auroraes* ruddie fire: through all whoſe light  
*Minerva* led them, through the Towne, from fight.

*The End of the XXIII. Booke  
 of Homers Odysſes.*



## THE XXIII. BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGUMENT.

**B***T Mercury the Wooers ſoules  
 Are vſher'd to th' Infernall Pooles.  
 Vlyſſes, with Laertes met;  
 The people, are in vprare ſet  
 Againſt them, for the wooers ends:  
 Whom Pallas ſtays, and renders Friends.*

Another.

*{ The vprare fire,  
 the Peoples fall:  
 The Grandfire, Sire,  
 and Son, to all. }*



*Tillenian Hermes* with his golden rod,  
 The wooers ſoules (that yet retain'd abod  
 Amids their bodies) call'd in dreadfull rout  
 Forth to th' Infernals; who came murmuring out.  
 And as amids the deſolate retreat  
 Of ſome vaſte Cauerne (made the ſacred ſeat  
 Of auſtere ſpirits) Bats, with Breſts, and wings  
 Claſpe faſt the wals; and each to other clings:  
 But, ſwept off from their couerts, vp they riſe

And flye with murmures, in amazefull guiſe  
 About the cauerne: So theſe (grumbling) roſe  
 And flockt together. Downe before them goes  
*None-burting Mercury*, to helſ broad waies;  
 And ſtraight to thoſe ſtreights, where the Ocean ſtaies  
 His loſty current in calme deepes, they flew.  
 Then to the ſnowy rocke, they next withdrew;  
 And to the cloſe of *Phabus* orient gates:  
 The Nation then of Dreames; and then the ſtates  
 Of thoſe ſoules Idols, that the weary dead  
 Gaue vp in earth: which, in a flowry Mead  
 Had habitable ſituation.  
 And there they ſaw the ſoule of *Thetis* ſon;  
 Of good *Patroclus*; braue *Antilocheus*,  
 And *Aiax*; the ſupremely ſtrenuous  
 Of all the Greeke hoſt, next *Plebeian*:  
 All which aſſembled about *Maiaes* ſon.

And

And to them (after) came the mournfull Ghost  
 Of *Agamemnon*; with all those, he lost  
 In false *Egyptus* Court. *Achilles* then  
 Beholding there, that mighty King of men:  
 Deplor'd his plight; and said: O *Atreus* Son!  
 Of all Heroes; all *Opinion*  
 Gaue thee, for *Ioues* most lou'd; since most command  
 Of all the Greekes, he gaue thy eminent hand  
 At siege of *Ilium*, where we suffer'd so:  
 And is the issue this? That first in wo,  
 Sterne Fate did therefore set thy sequell downe?  
*None borne past others Fates, can passe his owne.*  
 I wish to heaven, that in the height of all  
 Our pompe at *Ilium*, Fate had sign'd thy fall;  
 That all the Greekes might haue aduanc't to thee,  
 A famous Sepulcher; and Fame might see  
 Thy Son giuen honor, in thy honour'd end;  
 But now, a wretched death did Fate extend  
 To thy confusion, and thy Issues shame.  
 O *Thetis* Son (said he) the vitall flame  
 Extinct at *Ilium*, far from th' *Argiue* fields;  
 The stile of blessed, to thy vertue yields.  
 About thy fall, the best of *Greece* and *Troy*  
 VVere sacrific'd to slaughter: Thy iust ioy  
 Conceiu'd in battell, with some worth forgot;  
 In such a death, as great *Apollo* shot  
 At thy encounters: Thy braue person lay  
 Hid in a dusty whirlwinde, that made way  
 VVith humane breaths, spent in thy ruines state;  
 Thou great, wert greatly valew'd, in thy Fate.  
 All day we fought about thee; nor at all  
 Had ceast our conflict, had not *Ioue* let fall  
 A storme, that forc't off our vnwilling feete.  
 But, hauing brought thee from the fight, to fleece  
 Thy glorious person (bath'd and balm'd) we laide  
 Aloft a bed; and round about thee, paid  
 The Greekes warme teares, to thy deplor'd decease;  
 Quite danted, cutting all their curles increase.  
 Thy death drawe a diuine voice through the Seas,  
 That started vp thy Mother from the waues;  
 And all the Marine Godheads, left their caues,  
 Conforting to our fleet, her rapt repaire:  
 The Greekes stood frighted, to see Sea, and Aire,  
 And Earth, combine so, in thy losses fence;  
 Had taken ship, and fled for euer thence,  
 If old-much-knowing-*Nestor* had not staide  
 Their rushing off: His counsailes hauing swaide  
 In all times former, with such cause, their courses;

Who

Who bad containe themselves, and trust their forces;  
 For all they saw, was *Thetis* come from Sea,  
 VVith others of the watry progenie,  
 To see and mourne for her deceased Son.  
 VVhich staide the feares, that all to flight had won;  
 And round about thee stood th' old Sea-gods seedes;  
 VVretchedly mourning: their immortal weeds  
 Spreading vpon thee: all the sacred Nine  
 Of deathlesse *Muses*, paid thee dues diuine;  
 By varied turnes their heau'nly voyces venting;  
 All in deepe passion for thy death consenting.  
 And then, of all our Army, not an eye  
 You could haue seene, yndrown'd in misery;  
 The mouing *Muse*, so rul'd in euery minde.  
 Full seuentene dayes and nights, our teares confin'd  
 To celebration of thy mourned end;  
 Both men, and Gods, did in thy mbane contend.  
 The eighteenth day, we spent about thy heape  
 Of dying fire: Blacke Oxen, fattest Sheepe  
 VVe slew, past number. Then the precious spoile  
 (Thy Corle) wee tooke vp, which with floods of oile  
 And pleasant Hony we embalm'd; and then  
 VVrapt thee in those Robes, that the Gods did raine:  
 In which, we gaue thee to the hallow'd flame;  
 To which, a number of heroicall name,  
 All arm'd, came rushing in, in desperate plight;  
 As prest to sacrifice their vitall right.  
 To thy dead ruines, while so bright they burn'd:  
 Both foote & horse brake in; and fought, & mourn'd  
 In infinite tumult. But when all the night  
 The rich flame lasted; and that wasted quite.  
 Thy body was with the enamor'd fire,  
 VVe came in early Morne, and an entire  
 Collection made, of euery Luorie bone;  
 VVhich washt in wine, and giuen fix vnction,  
 A two-ear'd Bolle of Gold, thy Mother gaue,  
 By *Bacchus* giuen her; and did forme receaue  
 From *Vulcan*'s famous hand; which (O renown'd  
 Great *Thetis* Son) with thy faire bones, we crown'd;  
 Mixt with the Bones of *Menoiades*,  
 And braue *Antilochus*, who, in decaie  
 Of thy *Patroclus*, was thy fauour'd Deere.  
 About thee then, a matchlesse Sepulchere,  
 The sacred hoast of the *Achaians* rais'd  
 Vpon the *Hellepont*; where most it scild  
 (For height, and conspicuity) the eies  
 Of liuing men, and their posterities.  
 Thy Mother then obtain'd the Gods consent

To

To institute an honor'd game, that spent  
The best approuement of our Grecian Fames;  
In whose praise, I must say, that many games  
About *Heroes* Sepulchers, mine eyes  
Haue seene perform'd: But these, bore off the prize  
VVith myracles to me, from all before.  
In which, thy Siluer-footed Mother, bore  
The Institutions name; but thy desires  
(Being great with heauen) cauld al the eminent parts.  
And thus, through all the worst effects of Fate,  
*Achilles Fame*, euen *Death* shall propagate:  
VVhile any one, shall lend the light an eye,  
Diuine *Achilles* shal neuer dye.  
But wherein can these comforts be conceiu'd  
As rights to me? when hauing quite achieu'd  
An end with safety, and with Conquest too  
Off so vnmatcht a warre; what none could do  
Of all our enemies there, at home, a Friend,  
And VVife, haue giuen me inglorious end.

VVhile these thus spake, the *Argus*-killing *spy*  
Brought neere, *Vlyses* noble victory  
To their renew'd discourse, in all the ends  
The wooers suffer'd, and shew'd those his Friends.  
VVhom now, amaze inuaded with the view,  
And made giue backe: yet *Agamemnon* know  
*Melanthius* heyre, much-fam'd *Amphimedon*,  
Who had in *Ithaca*, Guest-fauours shewn  
To great *Atrides*, who first spake, and saide:  
*Amphimedon*: what sufferance hath bene laide  
On your aliue parts, that hath made you make  
This land of darknesse, the retreat you take?  
So all together? All being like in yeceres?  
Nor would a man haue choos'd, of all the Peeres  
A City honors, men to make a part  
More strong for any obiekt: Hath your smart  
Bene felt from *Neptune*, being at Sea? His wrath,  
The winds, and waues, exciting to your scath?  
Or haue offense men impos'd this Fate?  
Your Oxen driving; or your flockes estate?  
Or for your City fighting, and your wiuers,  
Haue deaths vntimely, seiz'd your best-tim'd liues?  
Informe me truly: I was once your Guest;  
VVhen I, and *Meneleus* had profest  
First armes for *Ilium*; and were come ashore  
On *Ithaca*, with purpose to implore  
*Vlyses* aide; that City-racing man,  
In wreake of the adulterous *Phrygian*.  
Retaine not you the time? A whole months date

VVce

We spent at Sea, in hope to infligate  
In our arriual, old *Laertes* Son;  
VVhom (hardly yet) to our designe we won.  
The Soule made answer: Worthyest King of men,  
I well remember euery passage then  
You now reduce to thought; and will relate  
The truth, in whole forme, of our timelesse Fate.  
VVe woo'd the wife of that long absent King;  
VVho (though her second marriage, were a thing  
Of most hate to her) she would yet deny  
At no part our affections; nor comply  
With any in performance: but decreed  
In her delays, the cruell Fates, we feed.  
Her craft was this: She vnderooke to weaue  
A Funerall garment, destin'd to receaue  
The corse of old *Laertes*; being a taske  
Of infinite labour, and which Time would aske.  
In midst of whose attempt, she cauld our stay  
VVith this attraction: Youths! that come in way  
Of honor'd Nuptials to me: Though my Lord  
Abide amongst the dead; yet cease to bord  
My choise for present Nuptials; and sustaine  
(Left what is past me, of this web, be vaine)  
Till all receiue perfection: 'Tis a weede  
Dispos'd, to wrap in, at his Funerall neede  
The old *Laertes*: who (possessing much)  
Would (in his want of rites as fitting) touch  
My honor highly, with each vulgar Dame.  
Thus spake she, and perswaded; and her Frame  
All day the labour'd; her dayes worke not small;  
But euery night time, she vnwrought it all.  
Three yeares continuing this imperfect taske;  
But when the fourth year came, her flights could mask  
In no more couert; since her trusted Maid  
Her whole deceite, to our true note betrayd.  
VVith which, surpriz'd, she could no more protract  
Her workes perfection: but gaue end exact  
To what remain'd: washt vp, and set thereon  
A glosse so bright, that like the Sun and Moon  
The whole worke shew'd together. And when now  
Of meere necessity, her honour'd yow  
She must make good to vs: ill fortune brought  
*Vlyses* home, who yet, gaue none one thought  
Of his arriual; but far-off at field  
Liud with his Herdman: Nor his trust would yield  
Note of his person; but liud there, as Guest;  
Ragg'd as a begger, in that life profest.  
At length, *Telemachus* left *Pylus* banks;

II

And



And with a Ship, fetcht soone his native Land.  
 When yet, not home he went: but laid his way  
 Vp to his Herdsman, where his Father lay;  
 And where, both laide our deaths. To town then bore  
 The Swine-herd, and his King; the Swaine before.  
*Telemachus*, in other wayes, bestow'd  
 His course home first, t' associate vs that woo'd.  
 The Swaine, the King led after, who came on  
 Ragged and wretched, and still lean'd vpon  
 A borrow'd staffe. At length, he reacht his home;  
 VVhere (on the sodaine, and so wretched, come)  
 Nor we, nor much our elders, once did dreame  
 Of his returne there: but did wrongs extream  
 Of words, and blowes to him: all which, he bore  
 VVith that old patience he had learn'd before.  
 But when the minde of *Ioue* had rais'd his owne;  
 His son and he, fetcht all their Armour downe;  
 Fast lockt the doores; and (to prepare their vse)  
 He will'd his wife (for first meane) to produce  
 His Bow to vs, to draw; of which, no one  
 Could stir the string: Himselfe yet, set vpon  
 The deadly strength it held; Drew all with ease;  
 Shot through the steeles, and then began to sease  
 Our armelesse bosomes; striking first, the breast  
 Of King *Antinous*, and then the rest  
 In heapes turn'd ouer: hopefull of his end,  
 Because some God (he knew) stood firme his friend.  
 Nor prou'd it worse with him; but all in flood,  
 The Pauement straight, blusht with our vitall blood:  
 And thus our soules came here; our bodies laid  
 Neglected in his roeces: no word couaid  
 To any friend, to take vs home and giue  
 Our wounds fit balmes; nor let such as liue  
 Entombe our deaths: and for our fortunes, shed  
 Those teares, and dead rites, that renoune the dead.  
*Atrides* Ghost gaue answer; O blest Son  
 Of old *Laertes*, thou at length, hast won  
 With mighty vertue, thy vnmatch'd wife.  
 How good a knowledge: how vtoucht a life  
 Hath wife *Penelope*? How well she laide  
 Her husbands rights vp! whom she lou'd a Maid?  
 For which, her vertues shall extend applause  
 Beyond the circles fraile mortality drawes;  
 The deathlesse in this vale of death, comprising,  
 Her praise, in numbers, into infinites rising.  
 The daughter, *Tyndarus* begat, begot  
 No such chaste thoughts; but cut the virgin knot  
 That knit her spouse & her, with murderous swords.

For

For which, posterities shall put hatefull words  
 To notes of her: that all her Sex defam'd,  
 And for her ill, shall euen the good be blam'd.  
 To this effect, these, these digressions made  
 In hell; Earths darke, and euer-hiding shade.  
*Ulysses*, and his Son (now past the Towne)  
 Soone reacht the field, elaborately growne  
 By old *Laertes* labour: when, with cares  
 For his lost Son, he left, all Court affaires;  
 And tooke to this rude vpland, which, with toile  
 He made a sweet and habitable soile:  
 VVhere stood a house to him; about which, ran  
 In turnings thicke, and Labyrinthian,  
 Poore Houels, where his necessary men  
 That did those workes (of pleasure to him then)  
 Might sit, and eate, and sleepe. In his owne house  
 An old *Sicilian* Dame liu'd; stidious  
 To serue his fowre age with her cheerefull paines.  
 Then saide *Ulysses* to his Son, and Swaines;  
 Go you to Towne, and for your dinner kill  
 The best Swine ye can choofe; my selfe will still  
 Stay with my father, and assay his eye;  
 If my acknowledg'd truth, it can desery;  
 Or that my long times trauaile, doth so change  
 My sight to him, that I appeare as strange.  
 Thus gaue he armes to them, and home he hied:  
*Ulysses* to the fruitfull field, applied  
 His present place: nor found the *Dolius* there,  
 His sonnes, or any seruants, any whete  
 In all that spacious ground; all gone from thence,  
 Were dragging bushes, to repaire a Fence,  
 Old *Dolius* leading all. *Ulysses* found  
 His father farre aboue, in that faire ground,  
 Employ'd in proying of a Plant: his weeds  
 All torne and tatter'd; fit for homely deeds,  
 But not for him. Vpon his legs he wore  
 Patcht boots, to guard him from the brambles gore;  
 His hands, had thorne-proofe hedging Mittens on;  
 His head a Goats-skin Cask: through all which shone  
 His heart giuen ouer, to abiectest mone.  
 Him, when *Ulysses* saw, consum'd with age,  
 And all the Ensignes on him, that the rage  
 Of griefe presented: he brake out in teares:  
 And (taking stand then, where a tree of Peares  
 Shot high his forehead ouer him) his minde  
 Had much contention. If yeeld to kinde,  
 Make straight way to his father; kisse, embrace,  
 Tell his returne, and put on all the face

And

And fashion of his instant told returne,  
Or stay th'impulsion; and the long day burne  
Of his quite losse giuen, in his Fathers feare,  
A little longer: trying first his cheare  
With some free dalliance; th' earnest being so neare.

This course his choise prefer'd, and forth he went:

His Father then, his aged shoulders bent  
Beneath what yeares had stoop'd; about a Tree  
Busily digging: O, old man (said he)  
You want no skill, to dresse and decke your ground,  
For all your Plants doth order'd distance bound:

No Apple, Pearce, or Oliue, Fig, or Vine;

Nor any plat, or quarter, you confine

To grasse, or flow'rs, stands empty of your care,

Which shewes exact in each peculiare:

And yet (which let not moue you) you bestow

No care vpon your selfe; though to this show

fourward irksomnesse, to what you are,

You labour with an inward forward care,

Which is your age; that should weare all without

More neate, and cherishing. I make no doubt

That any sloth you vse, procures your Lord

To let an old man, go so much abhord

In all his weeds; nor shines there in your looke

A fashion, and a goodlinesse, so tooke

VVith abiect qualities, to merit this

Nasty entreaty: Your resemblance is

A very Kings, and shines through this retreat.

You looke like one, that hauing washt, and eate,

Should sleepe securely, lying sweet, and neate.

*It is the ground of Age, when cares abuse it,*

*To know life's end, and as 'tis sweet, so vse it.*

But vtter truth, and tell; what Lord is he,

That rates your labour, and your liberty?

VVhole Orchard is it, that you husband thus?

Or quit me this doubt; For if *Ithacus*

This kingdome claimes for his: the man I found

At first arriual heere, is hardly found

Of braine, or ciuill; not induring stay,

To tell, nor heare me, my enquiry out

Of that my friend; if stil he bore about

His life and Being; or were diu'd to *Death*,

And in the house of him that harboureth

The soules of men. For once he liu'd my guest;

My Land and house retaining interest

In his abode there; where therefoiour'd none,

As guest, from any forreigne Region

Of more price with me. He deriu'd his race

From

From *Ithaca*; and said, his Father was

*Laertes*, surnam'd *Arcefiades*.

I had him home; and all the offices

Perform'd to him, that fitted any friend;

Whose prooel did to wealthy gifts extend:

Seuen Talents, Gold; a Bolle all siluer, for

With pots of flowers: twelue robes, that had no pleat:

Twelue cloakes (or mantles) of delicious dye:

Twelue inner weeds: Twelue fures of Tapitry:

I gaue him likewise: women skill'd in vse

Of Loom, and Needle; freeing him to chuse

Four the most faire. His Father (weeping) saide,

Stranger! The earth to which you are conuaide,

Is *Ithaca*; by such rude men posselt,

Vniust and insolent, as first addrest

To your encounter; but the gifts you gaue

VVere giuen (alas) to the vngatefull graue

If with his people, where you now arrive,

Your Fate had bene to finde your friend alive;

You shold haue found like Guest-rites from his hand;

Like gifts, and kinde passe to your wish'd land.

But how long since, recti'd you as your guest

Your Friend, my Son? who was th' unhappiest

Of all men breathing, if he were at all?

O borne, when Fates, and ill Aspects let fall

A cruell influence for him; Farre away

From Friends and Countreys; destin'd to alay

The Sea-bred appetites; or (left ashore)

To be by Fowles, and vpland Monsters tore.

His lifes kinde authors; nor his wealthy wife,

Bemoaning (as behoou'd) his parted life:

Nor closing (as in th'obscure) it lyes

To all men dead) in bed, his dying eyes.

But giue me knowledge of your name, and race:

What City bred you? VVhere the anchoring place

Your ship now rides at lies, that mor'd you here?

And where your men? Or if a passenger

In others Keeles you came; who (gisting Land

To your adventures heere, some other Strand

To fetch in further course) haue left to vs

Your welcome presence? His reply was this:

I am of *Alybante*, where I hold

My names chiefe house, to much renowne extold.

My Father *Aphidante*; fam'd to spring

From *Polyphemus*; the *Molosian* King:

My name, *Eperitus*. My taking land

On this faire Isle, was rul'd by the command

Of God, or Fortune: quite against consent

Of

Of my free purpose; that, in course was bent  
 For th' Isle *Sicania*. My Ship is held  
 Farre from the City, neere an ample field.  
 And for *(Vlysses)* since his passe from me  
 'Tis now five yeares. Vnbless'd by Destiny,  
 That all this time, hath had the Fate to erre:  
 Though, at his parting, good Birds did augure  
 His putting off, and on his right hand flew;  
 VWhich, to his passage, my affection drew:  
 His spirit ioyfull, and my hope was now  
 To guest with him, and see his hand bestow  
 Rights of our friendship. This, a cloud of griefe  
 Cast ouer all the forces of his life.  
 VWith both his hands, the burning dust he swept  
 Vp from the earth, which on his head he heapt,  
 And fercht a sigh, as in it, life were broke:  
 VWhich greu'd his Son, and gaue so smart a stroke  
 Vpon his nosegthrils, with the inward stripe,  
 That vp the Veine rose there; and weeping ripe  
 He was, to see his Sire feele such woe  
 For his dissembl'd ioy; which now (let goe)  
 He sprung from earth, embract and kiss his Sire:  
 And said; O Father: he, of whom y'enquire  
 Am I my selfe, that (from you, twenty yeares)  
 Is now return'd. But do not breake in teares;  
 For now, we must not formes off kinde maineaine,  
 But haste and guard the substance. I haue slaine  
 All my wiues wooers; so, reuenging now  
 Their wrong so long time suffer'd. Take not you  
 The comfort of my comming then, to heart  
 At this glad instant; but, in prou'd desert  
 Of your graue iudgement; giue moone, glad suspence,  
 And, on the sodaine, put this consequence  
 In act as absolute, as all time went  
 To ripening of your resolute assent.  
 All this haste made not his faide faith, so free  
 To trust his words; who said, If you are he,  
 Approue it by some signe. This (saide then see  
 (Replied *Vlysses*) giuen me by the Bone  
 Slaine in *Parmausus*; I being sent before  
 By yours, and by my honour'd Mothers will,  
 To see your Sire *Antolycus* fullfill  
 The gifts he vow'd, at giuing of my Name.  
 Ile tel you too, the Trees (in goodly frame  
 Of this faire Orchard) that I askt of you  
 Being yet a childe, and follow'd, for your show  
 And name of euery Tree. You gaue me then  
 Of Figge-trees, forty; Apple-bearers, ten;  
 Pearre-trees, thirteene; and fifty rankes of Vine;

Each

Each one of which, a season did confine  
 For his best eating. Not a Grape did grow;  
 That grew not there, and had his heavy brow  
 When *Ioues* faire daughters (the all-ripening how'rs)  
 Gaue timely date to it. This charg'd the pow'rs  
 Both of his knees and heart, with such impressiō  
 Offodaine comfort, that it gaue possession  
 Of all, to *Trance*: The signes were all so true,  
 And did the loue, that gaue them, so reueue.  
 His cast his armes about his sonne, and funke;  
 The circle, slipping to his feete. So thrunk  
 VVere all his ages forces, with the fire  
 Of his yong loue rekindl'd. The old Sire,  
 The Son tooke vp, quite liuelesse: But his breath  
 Againe respiring; and his soule from death  
 His bodies pow'rs recovering: Out he cried,  
 And said; O *Iupiter*! I now haue tried,  
 That still there liue in heauen, remembering Gods;  
 Of men that serue them; though the periods  
 They set to their apparances, are long  
 In best mens sufferings; yet, as sure, as strong  
 They are in comforts: be their strange delays  
 Extended neuer so, from dayes to dayes.  
 Yet see the short ioyes, or the soone-mixt feares  
 Of helpes with-held by them, so many yeares:  
 For, if the wooers now, haue paid the paine  
 Due to their impious pleasures; Now, againe  
 Extreame feare takes me, lest we straight shall see  
 Th' *Ithacensians* here, in mutinie;  
 Their Messengers dispatcht, to win to friend  
 The *Cephalenian* Cities. Do not spend  
 Your thoughts on these cares (saide his suffering son)  
 But be of comfort; and see that course run  
 That best, may shun the worst: Our house is nere;  
*Telemachus*, and both his Herdsmen, there  
 To dresse our supper with their vniost haft;  
 And thither haste we. This saide; Forth they past;  
 Came home, and found *Telemachus*, at feast  
 With both his Swaines: while who had done, all drest  
 VVith Baths, and Balmes, and royally arraid  
 The old King was, by his *Sicilian* Maid.  
 By whose side, *Palas* stood, his crooke-age streitning;  
 His flesh more plumping; and his looks enlightning:  
 VWho yssuing then to view, his son admir'd  
 The Gods Aspects, into his forme inspir'd:  
 And said; O Father: certainly some God  
 By your addressiō in this state, hath stood;  
 More great, more reuerend, rendring you by farre,

I i 4

At

At all your parts, then of your selfe, you are.

I would to *Ioue* (said he) the Sun, and She  
That beares *Ioues* shield, the state had stood with me,  
That helpt me take in the wel-built Tow'rs  
Of strong *Nereus* (the *Cephalian* pow'rs  
To that faire City, leading) two dayes past,  
While with the wooers, thy confict did last;  
And I had then bene in the wooers wreake;  
I should haue helpt thee fo, to render weake  
Their stubborne knees, that in thy ioyes descit,  
Thy breast had bene too little for thy heart.

This said; and supper order'd by their men,  
They sate to it; old *Dolius* entring then;  
And with him (tyr'd with labour) his sonnes came,  
Call'd by their Mother, the *Sicilian* dame  
That brought them vp, and drest their Fathers fare.  
As whose age grew, with it, encrease her care  
To see him seru'd as fitt. VWhen (thus set)  
These men beheld *Vlysses* there, at meate;  
They knew him; and astonisht in the place,  
Stood at his presence: who, with words of grace  
Call'd to olde *Dolius*, saying; Come, and eate,  
And banish all astonishment: your meate  
Hath long bene ready, and our felues made stay,  
Expecting euer, when your wished way  
VVould reach amongst vs. This brought fiercely on  
Old *Dolius* from his stand; who ran vpon  
(VVith both his armes abroad) the King, and kist  
Of both his rapt vp hands, the either wrist;  
Thus welcomming his presence: O my Loue,  
Your presence heere (for which all wishes stroue)  
No one expected. Euen the Gods haue gone  
In guide before you, to your mansion:  
Welcom, and all ioyes, to your heart, contend.  
Knowes yet *Penelope*? Or shall we send,  
Some one to tell her this? She knowes (said he)  
VVhat need these troubles (Father) touch at thee?

Then came the Sonnes of *Dolius*; and againe  
VVent ouer with their Fathers entertaine;  
VVelcom'd, shooke hands; & then to feast sate downe;  
About which, while they fate; about the Towne  
Fame flew, and shriek't about, the cruell death  
And Fate, the wooers had sustain'd beneath  
*Vlysses* roofes. All heard, together all,  
From hence, and thence met, in *Vlysses* Hall,  
Short-breath'd, and noisefull: Bore out all the dead  
To instant buriall: while their deaths were spread  
To other Neighbor Cities, where they liu'd:

From

From whence, in swift fisher-boats, arriv'd  
Men to transfer them home. In meane space, here  
The heauy Nobles, all in counsaile were;  
Where (met in much heape) vp to all arose  
Extremely-greiv'd *Eupithes*; fo to lose  
His Son *Antinous*; who, first of all  
By great *Vlysses* hand, had slaughterous fall.  
VVhole Father (weeping for him) saide, O Friends,  
This man hath author'd workes of dismal ends,  
Long since, conueying in his guide, to *Troy*,  
Good men, and many, that did ships employ;  
All which are lost, and all their Souldiers dead;  
And now, the best men *Cephalenia* breed  
His hand hath slaughter'd. Go we then (before  
His scape to *Pylus*, or the *Elean* Shore  
VVhere rule the *Epeans*) 'gainst his horrid hand:  
For we shall grieue, and infamy will brand  
Our Fames for euer, if we see our Sons  
And Brothers end in these confusions,  
Reuenge left vninflict. Nor will I  
Enioy one dayes life more; But grieue, and die  
VVith instant onset. Nor should you forbide  
To keepe a bafe, and beauly name alive;  
Haste then, let flight preuent vs. This with teares  
His griefes aduuld, and made all sufferers  
In his affliction. But by this, was come  
Vp to the Counsaile, from *Vlysses* home  
(VVhen sleep had left the, which the slaughters there  
And their selfe dangers, from their eyes, in feare,  
Had two nights intercepted) those two men,  
That iust *Vlysses* sau'd out of the slaing;  
VVhich *Medon*, and the sacred Singer were.  
These stood amidst the Counsaile; and the feare  
The slaughter had impress'd, in eithers looke  
Stucke stil so gastly, that amaze it strooke  
Through eury there beholder: To whose cares  
One thus enforc't, in his fright, cause of theirs:  
Attend me *Ithacensians*; This sterne fact  
Done by *Vlysses*, was not put in act  
VVithout the Gods assistance; These selfe eies  
Saw one of the immortall Deities  
Close by *Vlysses*; *Mentor* forme put on  
At eury part: and this fure Deity, shone  
Now neere *Vlysses*, setting on his bold  
And slaughterous spirit: Now, the points controll'd  
Of all the wooers weapons; round about  
The arm'd house whisking; in continuall rout  
Their party putting, till in heapes they fell.

This

This newes, new fears did through their spirits inspel:  
 When *Haliburfes* (honor'd *Majors* sonne;  
 VWho of them all, saw onely what was done  
 Present, and future) the much-knowing man  
 And aged Heroe, this plaine course ran  
 Amongst their counsailes: Giue me likewise care;  
 And let me tell ye, Friends; that these ill beare  
 On your malignant spleenes, their sad effects;  
 VWho, not what I perswaded, gaue respects:  
 Nor what the peoples Pastor (*Mentor*) saide;  
 That you should see your issues follies staid  
 In those foule courses; by their petulant life  
 The goods deuouring, scandaling the wife  
 Of no meane person; who (they still would say)  
 Could neuer more see his returning day:  
 VWhich yet, appearing now: now giue it trust,  
 And yeeld to my free counsailes: Do not thrust  
 Your owne safe persons, on the acts, your Sons  
 So deereely bought, left their confusions  
 On your lou'd heads, your like additions draw.

This stood so farre, from force of any Law  
 To curbe their loose attempts, that much the more  
 They rusht to wreake, and made rude tumultore.  
 The greater part of all the Court arose:  
 Good counsaile could not ill designs dispose.  
*Eupitheus* was perswader of the course;  
 VWhich (complete arm'd) they put in present force:  
 The rest, late still in counsaile. These men met  
 Before the broad Towne, in a place they set  
 All girt in armes; *Eupitheus* choosing Chiefe  
 To all their follies, who put griefto grieft;  
 And in his slaughter'd sons reuenge did burne.  
 But Fate gaue neuer feete to his returne;  
 Ordaining there his death. Then *Pallas* spake  
 To *Ioue*, her Father, with intent to make  
 His will, high Arbitrer, of th'act design'd;  
 And askt of him, what his vnsearched mind  
 Held vndiscouerd; If with Armes and ill,  
 And graue encounter, he would first fulfill  
 His sacred purpose; or both parts combine  
 In peacefull friendshipp? He askt, why incline  
 These doubts, thy counsailes? Hast not thou decreed  
 That *Ithacum* should come, and giue his deed  
 The glory of reuenge, on these and theirs?  
 Performe thy will; the frame of these affaires  
 Haue this fit issue. VWhen *Vlysses* hand  
 Hath reacht full wreake; his then renown'd command  
 Shall reigne for euer: Faithfull Truces strooke

Twixt

Twixt him, and all; For every man shall brooke  
 His Sons and Brothers slaughters; by our meane  
 To fend *Obliuion* in; expugning cleane  
 The *Charaſter* of enmity in all,  
 As in best Leagues before. *Peace, Feastinall,*  
 "And *Riches in abundance, be the state,*  
 "That crowne the close of *Wise Vlysses Fate.*  
 This spur'd the Free; who, from heathens Continent  
 To th'*Ithacensan* Isle, made straight descent:  
 Where (dinner past) *Vlysses* said; Some one  
 Looke out to see their neere neesse. *Dolius* sonne  
 Made present speed abroad, and saw them nie;  
 Ran backe, and told; Bad Arme; and instantlie  
 Were all in armes. *Vlysses* part, was four;  
 And fixe more sons of *Dolius*: All his powre  
 Two onely more, which were his aged Sire;  
 And like-year'd *Dolius*, whose liues flaked fire;  
 All white had left their heads: yet, driuen by Neede,  
 Made Souldiers both, of necessary deede.  
 And now, all girt in armes; the Ports, set wide;  
 They fallied forth, *Vlysses* being their guide.  
 And to them, in the instant, *Pallas* came,  
 In forme and voice, like *Mentor*; who, a flame  
 Inspir'd of comfort in *Vlysses* hart  
 VWith her scene presence. To his Son, apart  
 He thus then spake; Now Son, your eyes shall see  
 (Expof'd in slaughterous fight) the enemy;  
 Against whom, who shall best serue, will be scene:  
 Disgrace nor then your race, that yet hath bene  
 For force, and fortitude, the formost tried,  
 Of all earths off-springs. His true Son replied;  
 Your selfe shall see (lou'd Father) if you please,  
 That my desertings shall in nought digresse  
 From best fame of our Races formost merit.  
 The old King sprung for ioy, to heare his spirit:  
 And said; O lou'd Immortals, what a day  
 Do your cleere bounties to my life display?  
 I ioy, past measure, to behold my Son  
 And Nephew, close in such contention  
 Of vertues martiall. *Pallas* (standing neere)  
 Said, O my Friend! Of all, supremely decree  
 Seed of *Arcesius*, Pray to *Ioue*, and her  
 That rules in Armes, (his daughter) and a dart  
 (Spritefully brandisht) hurle at th'aduerser part.  
 This said, He pray'd; and she, a mighty force  
 Inspir'd within him; who gaue instant course  
 To his braue brandisht Lance, which strook the braue  
 That cheekt *Eupitheus* Caske; and thrust his paffe

Quite

Quite through his head; who fell, & founded falling;  
His Armes, the found againe, from earth recalling.

*Vlyses*, and his Son, rusht on before;  
And with their both-way-headed Darts, did gore  
Their enemies breasts so thicke, that all had gone  
The way of slaughter, had not *Pallas* throwne  
Her voice betwixt them, charging all to stay  
And spare expence of blood. Her voice did fray  
The blood so from their faces, that it left  
A greenish paleness. All their hands it rest  
Of all their weapons; falling thence, to earth:  
And to the commune Mother of their Birth  
(The City) all fled, in desire, to save  
The liues yet left them. Then *Vlyses* gave  
A horrid shout; and like *Ioues* Eagle flew.  
In fiery pursuite, till *Saturnus* threw  
His smoking lightning twixt them; that had fall  
Before *Amerus*: who then out did call  
Thus to *Vlyses*: Borne of *Ioue*! abstaine  
From further bloodshed; *Ioues* hand in the flames  
Hath equall'd in their paines, their prizes to thee;  
Abstaine then, lest you moue the Deity.

Again then, twixt both parts, the seed of *Ioue*  
(*Athenian Pallas*) of all future loue  
A league compos'd; and for her forme, took choice  
Of *Mentors* likeness; both in Limb and Voice.

### The End of the XXXIII. and last

Booke of *Homerus Odysseus*

So wrought diuine *Vlyses* through his wnes;  
So crown'd the Light with him, his Mothers Thracian  
As through his great Renewer, I haue wrought;  
And my safe saile, so sacred Anchor brought.  
Nor did the Argiue ship, more barthen feele,  
That bore the Care of all men in her Keels;  
Then my aduenturous Barke: The Colchian Fleete,  
Not halfe so precious, as this saile of Greece.  
In whose songs, I haue made our flowers reuerce,  
And Greece it selfe veils in our English voice.  
Yet this inestimable Pearle, with all  
Our Dughill Chanticheries, thus obdurate call;  
Each Moderne scraper, this Gem scratching by;

His Oate preferring far. Let such, let by:  
So scorne the stars the clouds; as true-soul'd men  
Despise Deceiters. For, as Clouds would faine  
Obscure the Stars: yet (Regions left below  
With all their enckies) bar them but of (how;  
For they shine euer, and wil shine, when they  
Dissoiue in finkes, make Mire, and temper Clay:  
So puffs Impostors (our Muse-vapours) strine,  
With their selfe-blowne additions, to deprive  
Men solid, of their full; though infinite shore  
They come in their compare; and false reports  
Of leuelling, or touching, at their light,  
That still retaine their radiance, and cleere right;  
And shal shine euer! When, alas, one blast  
Of least disgrace, teares downe sh Impostors Mast;  
His Tops, and Tacklings; His whole Freight, and He  
Consecrate to the Fishy Monachy;  
His trash, by foolish Fame bought now, from hence;  
Given to serue Mackerell forth, and Frankincence.  
Such then, and any; too soft-ey'd to see  
Through workes so solid, any worth so free  
Of all the learn'd professions, as is fit  
To praise at such price; let him thinke his wis  
Too weake to rate it; rather then oppose  
With his poore pow'rs, Ages, and Hosts of Foes.

### To the Ruines of Troy, and Greece.

Troy rackt; Greece wrackt: who mounnes? Ye both may boast;  
Else th' Ithads, and *Odysseus*, had bene lost.

### Ad Deum.

He onely true God, (betwixt whom and Me,  
I onely bound my comforts; and agree  
With all my actions) onely truly knowes,  
And can iudge truly me, with all that goes  
To all my Faculties. In whose free grace  
And inspiration, I onely place  
All meanes to know (with my meanes; Study, praise,  
In, & from his word taken) faire by faire,  
In all continual contentation, rising  
To knowledge of his Truth; and praising

His

*His wil in it, with my sole Saviours aide,  
Guide, and enlightning: Nothing done, nor saide,  
Nor thought that good is: but acknowledged by  
His inclination, skill, and faculty.  
By which, to finde the way out to his love  
Past all the worlds; the sphere is, where dath move  
My studies, prairs, and pow'rs: No pleasure taken  
But sign'd by his: for which, my blood forsaken,  
My soule I cleave to: and what (in his blood  
That hath redeem'd, cleans'd, taught her) fits her good.*

Deo opr. Max. gloria.

FINIS.

